THE

PEDESTRIAN:

A SUMMER'S RAMBLE IN THE TYROL,

AND SOME OF THE ADJACENT PROVINCES.

MDCCCXXX.

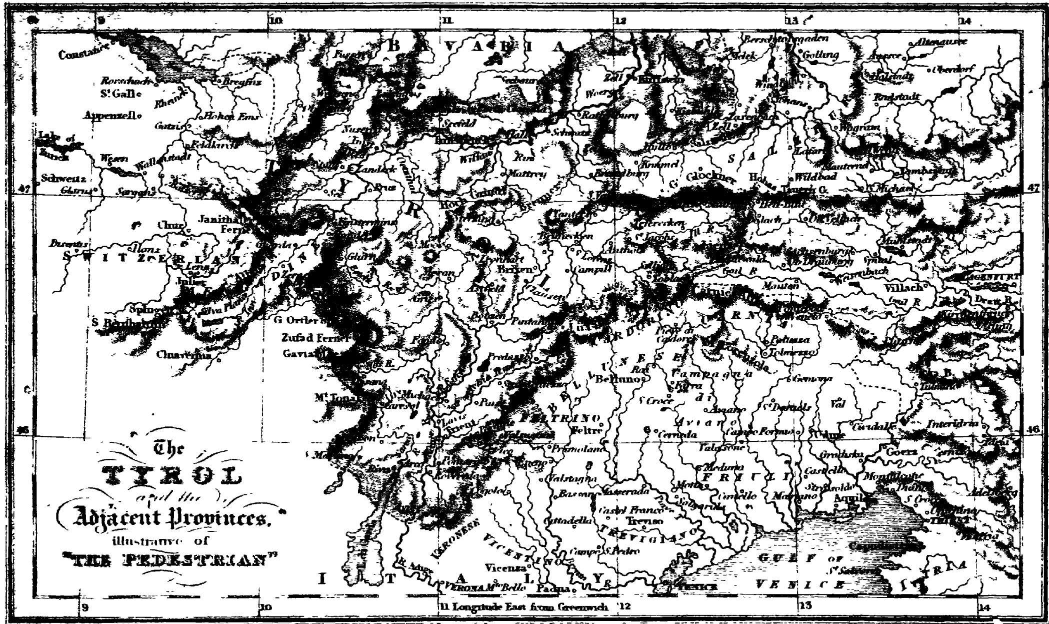
BY CHARLES JOSEPH LATROBE,

AUTHOR OF 'THE ALPENSTOCK, OR SKETCHES OF SWISS SCENERY AND MANNERS.'



Page 53

PUBLISHED BY R. B. SEELEY AND W. BURNSIDE.
AND SOLD BY L. B. SEELEY AND SONS,
FLEET STREET, LONDON.
MDCCCXXXII



London Published by R B Seeley & W Burnside 172 Fleet Street

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE frequent recurrence of certain German affixes to proper names in the course of the following pages, may, perhaps, demand that they should be explained at the outset. They could not have been continually exchanged for the corresponding English terms, without circumlocution; and after the reader has once made himself familiar with the following summary vocabulary, it is hoped that no obscurity will result from their having been retained.

BACH—a brook.
BERG—mountain.
BRÜCKE—a bridge.
BURG—castle.
BÜHEL—a knoll.
DORF—village.
GAU—district.
HÖHLE—cavern.
JOCH—a mountain ridge.
KOPF, KOFEL, SPITZ—head, or summit of a mountain.
LOCH—cavern, deep glen, or cavity in the mountains.
STEIN or FELS—rock.
THAL—valley.
WALD—forest.
WAND—wall, or precipice.

For such as are not familiar with the German language, the writer takes the liberty of adding some general directions for the pronunciation of the proper names:

The pronunciation of the vowel *a*, is like a in *fāther* and *măn*: *e*, like e in *thēre* and *mĕt*: *i*, like ee in *sēēn*, and i in *wĭt*: *o*, like o in *rōde* and *fŏr*: *u*, like u in *flūte* (or oo in *moon*) and u in *pŭt*: *y*, like *i*. *Au* is sounded like ow in *fowl*: *ai* and *ei*, nearly like i in *mine*: *ie*, like ie in *mien*: *ae* or *ä*, like a in *fate*: *ou*, like *oo*: *eu*, *oe* or *ö*, and *ue* or *ü*, are peculiar sounds, corresponding nearly to the y in *why*, and to the French oeu in *coeur*, and u in *une*. The letter *j* is pronounced like *y*: *ch* is a guttural, except at the commencement of a word: *th* is pronounced like *t*: and *z* like *tz*.

The Vignette on the Title-Page, engraved by S. WILLIAMS, after a correct sketch, represents the Martins-loch, on the Martins-wand. (See page 52.)

Of the accompanying Map little need be said; though the scale is small, it is sufficiently correct, to allow the reader to follow the traveller in the greater part of the routes described.

CONTENTS.

THE PEDESTRIAN.

INTRODUCTION.

'Not that, which men do covet most, is best,
Nor that thing worst, which men do most refuse:
But fittest is, that all contented rest
With that they hold: each hath his fortune in his breast.
* * * * * *
It is the mind, that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poor:
For one, that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store;
The other, that hath little, asks no more,
But in that little is both rich and wise.
For wisdom is most riches; fools therefore
They are that fortunes do by vows devise,
Sith each unto himself his life may fortunize.'

TIME presses forward with the speed and rush of the wind. When the writer of the following pages, in the autumn of 1829, stood on the southern slope of the Jura, in full view of the snowy Alps of Switzerland, after an absence of three summers, he found it difficult to conceive that so large an interval of time had interposed since they last rose before him. And, perhaps, few have been favoured to re-enter the scenes of former enjoyment after an equal interval has elapsed, with so little cause of regret,

In my favorite haunts, the face of external nature had suffered no change, but that produced by successive seasons. Death had spared the circle of which I had formerly been a member; and few and unimportant were the changes effected in the state of those objects, which, trivial in themselves, yet influence the mind by their accidental relation to some points of real interest.

To such of my readers who may have perused the pages of a former volume of wanderings, it will not be deemed singular that I resumed the same winter-quarters as formerly; and took advantage of the remaining days of autumn to revisit the neighbouring Canton of Berne, and the scene of so much healthy enjoyment in the Simmenthal.

To them it may be interesting to hear that the parsonage and its inhabitants had in the interval held the 'noiseless tenor of their way,' experiencing, in the cool shade of their sequestered valley, that content and peace which are of such difficult attainment in the more crowded haunts of busy man. As in former days, the bells of the grazing cattle chimed the live-long day from the green pastures; and the sounds of rural toil mingled with the rush of the Wildebach. The winter torrents had spared the depth of the valley; and the smooth sides of the mountains bore no marks of those fearful catastrophes which had shortly before ravaged other portions of the Alps. My old quadruped acquaintance, Scumah, had grown fat, and correspondingly stupid—cowardly too beyond all endurance. David, the schoolmaster, had at length changed his state. After having been, as elsewhere recorded, most unfairly jilted

by Rosieckäteli, it seems that he remained for some months in a state of physical stupor and mental bewilderment. This however, after exhausting the patience of all his neighbours, at length blew over; his courage returned, and he offered his pledge of faith to a Susie, who proved propitious to his great content; and I found they had been some time married. Since wedlock, he has been sadly perplexed in the choice of the two professions which appeared open to him, viz. school-keeping and shop-keeping. His doubt however ended in his deciding in favour of the latter, and he now doles out tobacco and snuff to the parents, instead of dispensing knocks and knowledge to the children.

As to the town of NEUCHATEL, rapid improvements in the erection of new buildings, and the destruction of the low arcades in the main streets had produced a change. The new Gymnasium, a handsome and spacious edifice, was fast rising upon a spot, which but eight years before had been covered by the waves of the lake.

The winter of 1829-30 will long be remembered for its extraordinary severity throughout the continent. It is upon record that the lake of Neuchatel was frozen completely in the years 1420, 1515, 1573, and 1695: but from this last epoch, never completely till the present winter.

From the middle of December when the frosts set in, till the first week in February when they gained their greatest intensity, the thermometer varied on the shore of the lake, from 13° of Fahrenheit to zero, and in the mountains above, fell to 20° and 28° below

zero. After being partially covered several times in the interval, but as often cleared by the east wind, to which its surface is much exposed, the lake was seen to freeze completely during the first days of February, and was subsequently crossed in many directions by the adventurous youth of the neighbouring country. The sheet of ice before the town bore all the appearance of a fair. The thermometer on the evening of the 7th was still 12 degrees below the freezing point, and in the course of the night, rose by a wonderful change in the atmosphere to 18° above. The thaw commenced with unexampled activity, and continued for the four following days, when the Bize rose and completed the destruction of the ice on the greater part of the lake.

The whole of the lake of Bienne, sheltered as it was by the Jura, had, during this whole period, remained solidly frozen, and was traversed by carts and sledges in every direction. The Isle of St. Pierre was crowded with visitors; as many as forty horse-sledges having been there at the same time.

It never happened that I had an opportunity like the present, of remarking those singular sounds which proceed from a thick and extended field of ice, when either acted upon by the wind, or by a sudden change of atmosphere. To describe these would be no easy matter. They are various in their character, and for the greater part impress upon the mind during the dim twilight a degree of solemnity and awe; the causes of which it would be difficult to unravel.—While listening to them, I could readily comprehend that the inhabitants of the 'frozen north' should be inclined to the indulgence of superstitious fancy.

In saying this, I allude not so much to those concussions more or less violent, observed when the ice begins to break up, either from the winds or waves acting upon its edges, or from that ground-swell which is the most powerful agent in its destruction, as to sounds which are produced, as I imagine, by another cause, which I would attempt to explain.

After the formation of a large unbroken sheet of ice, like that of the Bay of St. Blaise, situated near the eastern end of the lake, we will suppose that the Bize, blowing from that quarter, rises and sends the mass of water gradually towards the west. The whole sheet of ice then sinks lower, but to not an exact level, as *that* it can hardly gain, if it be of considerable thickness and strongly dove-tailed into the inequalities and undulations of the shore. The outer edges and portions adjoining will incline and lie upon the water, while a considerable volume of air will gradually accumulate in the interior, towards the upper end of the sheet, and fill the cavity between the ice and the water. If then, the wind changes and blows strongly from the westward, the waves return—the edge of the sheet rises, and the air seeks to escape by every possible outlet. It is at this time that the most extraordinary sounds issue from the ice. Their indistinctness, variety—the rapidity with which they seem to shift from one portion of the vast field to another, now at your feet, then far away in the distance—the melancholy scale in which most of them run—the utter silence that fills up the pauses, are all calculated to excite the imagination; and I can excuse the superstitious heathen who trembles as they strike upon the

ear, and deems them the long-drawn sighs, the choaked utterance, and the pain-extorted syllables of the unhappy dead.

o

But I have no intention of detaining my reader here. Severe as the winter had been, the spring came early, and with its usual sweets. On May-day I repaired to the Simmenthal to pass a tranquil Sunday, before my intended resumption of my former solitary perigrinations and final departure from the neighbourhood of friends, for the longest, and as it proved, most eventful ramble I had ever projected.

In visiting the portion of the Alps stretching to the eastward of the Gothard, which had been the boundary-stone of my former researches, I had several objects in view. A principal one, which referred to the acquisition of solid information with regard to an epoch in the history of the interesting people inhabiting the Tyrolese Alps, failed, from circumstances over which I could exercise no controul. Others, perhaps, were attained. The knapsack and alp-pole, which had been my servants in former years, ministered again to my few wants and necessities. In how far years had changed or modified the powers and dispositions of the wanderer himself will be seen from the following pages. They contain a faithful transcript of the ideas and impressions suggested at the time; and, if in general read with the same indulgence as was bestowed upon the former volume of similar sketches, may perhaps be appropriately considered as a companion to the ALPENSTOCK.

CHAPTER I.

> 'Then gin I think of that which nature said
> Of that same time when no more change shall be,
> But stedfast rest of all things firmly stayd
> Upon the pillours of Eternity ;
> That is contrarie to mutabilitie :
> For all that moveth doth in change delight :
> But henceforth shall all rest eternally
> With Him who is the God of Sabaoth hight :
> O that great Sabaoth's God, graunt me that Sabaoth's sight!'

At a certain period in the history of English literature, it may be recollected, that there was a reigning fashion, of ushering a fresh volume into the world with a prefatory address to the Reader.

The fashion however has long gone by, perhaps more because the form had become mere fashion, than for any other reason ; and the present age has brought to light a crowd of authors, who study to make their entry into the world of letters with an appearance of utter nonchalance and indifference to the fate that may await them, or the verdict which the public may pass upon their productions. Now, though I have certainly nothing against these unceremonious gentlemen, and believe that their manner of proceeding may be perfectly suited to the taste of the times, yet, I avow, that I never take an old volume in hand, commencing with a few pages addressed directly to me, as 'Kind

AND COURTEOUS READER,' without feeling that my good will is at once bespoken for the author, if not for his book.

I must announce myself to be a lone man, and entering upon the relation of a solitary journey. When an individual must speak to and of himself, as much as loneliness, and the want of companionship oblige me to do, he must have a prodigious share of self-complacency, if he does not now and then feel ennui, and conceive the wish that some fortuitous circumstance might procure for him a change of society. To satisfy this feeling in some measure, I desire to follow the example of my predecessors of old, and make a friend of my READER; craving permission at the outset, to address him from time to time as my companion. I will do my utmost not to abuse his courtesy. It is something to be able to imagine yourself in good and choice society; that you have a companion with whom you may converse, and whom you may make a sharer of the thought and feeling of the moment,— even though the next may dispel the illusion, restore your solitude, and make you doubly feel that your visitant is but a shadow of the imagination.

How often or how seldom the occasion may occur, when I may chance to invoke and address my companion, time and circumstance will determine. In the mean time, I turn to the commencement of my pilgrimage.

• •

To the events and scenes of the first week, namely, from *May 3rd*, when I quitted Erlenbach in the Simmenthal, to my arrival at Coire, the capital of the

Grisons, I do not deem it necessary to solicit much attention. My route was precisely that described in the autumn of 1826.

To the spirits of those who look around for good or bad omens at the out-set, a glorious sunrise cannot fail to bring comfort and good assurance; and with such was I favoured, when, issuing from the gorge of the Simmen near Wimmis, I bent my steps toward the town of Thun.

I do not envy the man who can breathe the perfumed air of a May-morning, and gaze upon the bright face of renewed nature without emotion. I am no longer a boy, but, at such moments seldom fail to find my spirit imbued with the feelings of one; and fresh, cheering, and delicious they are.

The passage of the lakes of Thun and Brienz occupied the first day. I quitted the village of Brienz at an early hour on the following morning, and proceeded towards the Brünig, over a pathway, strewed with the catkins of the wallnut, and the white petals of the cherry and plum. The view from the ridge between the two cantons of Berne and Unterwalden has been elsewhere sketched; it is exquisitely beautiful. The weather was, like the preceding day, clear and hot; and a small cloud of white vapour hovering over the peaks of the Pilatus, gave me certain intelligence that Pontius, according to the common tradition, was busy cooking something or other: but, whether the pot of brewis which he keeps to himself, or the cauldron of thunder which he so often dispenses to the neighbouring districts, it was impossible to decide.

Noon found me at Sarnen; and evening, snugly sheltered in the sequestered village of Gersau on the further shore of the lake of the Forest-Cantons.

Thence I proceeded through the Muottathal, and over the Bragel. The quantity of snow still lying on the higher ridges of this mountain took me by surprize, as in consequence of the uncommon heat of the season, I had not calculated upon meeting with such an obstacle. It cost me, however, a couple of hours' extra exertion; and by the time I had got fairly over the main ridge, and was in full descent towards the canton of Glaris, the evening began to decline. While the last glimmer of departed day was lingering on the huge square masses of the Glarnish, I entered a small mountain cabaret, situated about a mile above the lake in the Klönthal, and there found shelter and entertainment, such as it was.

The following day brought me by way of Mollis, Wesen, and Wallenstatt to Sargans; and continuing my route for an hour by moonlight, I reached Balzers, situated beyond the Rhine in the principality of Lichtenstein.

Various circumstances had combined to make these few preparatory days' travel a school of experience to me. I was glad to sit down quietly for a day or two in my ancient quarters, to consider my plans and projects, and contrive to render the weight of my knapsack more bearable. The art of comprising among its contents no more than is really and absolutely necessary, is a lesson of much more difficult apprehension than might be supposed.

The Rhine had not been idle during the three years

of my absence. The gradual rise of its bed, and consequent spread of its waters over a very wide track of country, which otherwise would be well calculated for the purposes of agriculture, has at length attracted the attention of both the Austrian authorities in Lichtenstein, and the government of the neighbouring cantons; and a scheme has been drawn up, of cutting a new channel for this unruly river, from the Zollbrück to the lake of Constance. But such an enterprise will scarcely be put in execution; for the countries interested possess neither the requisite energy nor capital. Even in such parts of the plain as lie sufficiently high or distant from the present course of the river, the draining is but indifferently maintained, the few ditches which exist being choaked with reeds and frogs.

And now, gentle reader, the moment strikes me as auspicious for the commencement of our better acquaintance, and I would not let it pass by unimproved. I will, for the moment, believe that you are of the male sex, a lover of strange sights, and given to wander abroad among the bright and curious scenes of nature like myself. That moreover you permit me to assume the ability of giving a useful hint upon such subjects as experience, my sole master, has rendered familiar to me. Much that I have learned may be deemed inapplicable to wanderings in a region widely differing in its character from that in which we now are; but something may surely be found of general application. If even many of my observations be of no great utility to yourself, who knows but they may be useful to your children after you, especially if, as is not unlikely considering the humour of

the age, you should be blessed with a son who prefers a rambling to a sedentary life. To be still more explicit, I should desire, from time to time, to take advantage of any chance word or idea, or perhaps of an accidental pause in the regular course of the relation into which I have entered, and note down for your instruction and amusement such stray pieces of information, as, supposing you to be starting upon a long and solitary pilgrimage, may be deemed applicable to your situation as well as my own. I may be sometimes abrupt, sometimes a little capricious in my mode of instruction; but *that* you will pardon. To the more sober topics connected with this subject I will return on the first convenient occasion, and in the mean time explain why I started off from my relation with so little apparent reason.

I am a great and ardent admirer of the works of God, in all of which, from the stars of heaven to the midge sporting in the sun-beam, I find abundant food for thought, whenever I raise my mind to the earnest contemplation of them.

Thus, while either seeking to divert my thoughts from passing subjects of annoyance incidental to my mode of travelling, or sitting down for the sake of repose, I court the instruction and entertainment derivable from the fixed contemplation of any object that presents itself most readily to my notice: and it is a habit that I would, with all modesty, deem worthy of imitation. Perchance, while resting by the road-side, I take into my hand the first flower or insect that comes in my way, examine the structure of the one, or the form and habits of the

other, with earnest and fixed attention. And how many times have I risen from that silent contemplation, with a mind utterly weaned from the heaviness occasioned by ruminating over the existence of some petty sorrow—entirely engrossed with the wonders thus unveiled to me, and a heart filled with adoration of the greatness and goodness of that God, who is the Maker and Sustainer of all things. Examined in this temper of mind, I have seldom held a flower in my hand, which I did not think curious and beautiful enough to have bloomed in paradise; and never returned the insect or reptile to its bed of leaves, without a feeling that the link that binds me to every living thing had become strengthened, and my sympathy towards the subject of my investigation excited and increased.

During my twilight walk from Sargans to Balzers, what between the refreshing cool of the evening, and the sight of the full round moon rising over the peaks of the Falknis, I quite forgot the fret which I had allowed to take possession of me, in consequence of the preceding walk of four leagues in burning heat, and under the galling weight of an unaccustomed burden. Another cause of distraction arose, from an animal, or reptile, if you will, which seems to be despised beyond all measure by the English, partly, doubtless, for no other reason, but that it has the misfortune to be palatable to the French.

I have already said that the marshes were full of frogs. That ancient and eccentric pedestrian, Mr. Thomas Coryat, was struck with equal astonishment with myself, at their incredible number in the alpine

vallies. 'I noted,' says he in his Crudities, 'marvellous abundance of little hip-frogges in that part of the valley Telina where I travelled: I never saw the hundredth part of them in so short a space.' But it was not their numbers, so much as their loquaciousness that drew my attention.

They seem, about twilight, to have the same kind of inclination as the nobler order of which I have the honour of being a member, to assemble together in select coteries; perhaps to croak scandal, discuss frog politics, make music, or for other purposes equally instructive and important no doubt, but sometimes difficult to be surmised. They seemed to be all convened upon the surface, from the veteran who had croaked till he was hoarse, and whose toes had become quite pale with age and paddling about in the water, through all the gradations, to the small fry which had hardly yet contrived to grind off the stumps of their tails among the pebbles, and do away with that unwelcome witness of recent emancipation from the tadpole state.

There was one society in particular, to which I gave especial attention. I took great pains to comprehend their motive for assembling in a small marshy pool close to the road side, and keeping up such a discordant hubbub; but like the astronomer in the fable, whose elevated eyes and thoughts were the means of his legs being beguiled into the horse-pond, I had nearly been punished for my abstraction; and as I have just recommended the cultivation of that quality in my reader, it is but right to add, that there are dangers attending it.

I had been slily overlooking their operations for some time, when, fortunately perhaps for the harmony of the meeting, though unfortunately for me, the rail upon which I was leaning partially gave way, and the stumble and plunge which I consequently made when unceremoniously precipitated into the midst of the assembly, caused a sudden and simultaneous adjournment; and so alarmed did they seem at what perhaps appeared to them to be a second descent of King Log into their midst, that not a croak could I hear from their pool, as long as I remained within moderate ear-shot.

About four o'clock in the afternoon of *May 8th*, the heat of the day being well nigh spent, I quitted Balzers, and keeping steadily to my object, reached the town of Coire, six leagues distant, soon after eight in the evening. The whole of this line of route, by the Luciensteig and Mayenfeld, abounds in fine displays of distant mountain scenery. The Falknis continues to bear an imposing appearance to the North East; the mountains of the Prettigau tower over the Rhine valley to the East, and soon after passing Zollbrück, the Galanda rises in sight. The town of Coire does not make its appearance till the moment you are close to its gates. It is placed in an angle of the mountains at the junction of the Schalfikerthal with the Rhine valley. The summits around it rise mostly to the height of 7000 or 8000 feet and upwards.[1]

[1] The Galanda 8253 feet. The Scesa Plana, in the chain of the Falknis, 9207 feet.

Coire is a singular old town, and contains many objects worthy of notice, in a morning's ramble, but I am incapable of giving a detailed account of them, as my glance was unusually hurried. A change of weather, which had been predicted, came not, and I was spurred forward by the hope of getting safe across the Julier into the Engadine, before it should take place. This was a matter of the utmost consequence to me. I accordingly secured the letters awaiting my arrival here at an early hour of the day following, and prepared to cross the mountains towards the valley of Oberhalbstein, leading towards the Julier-pass. A walk of four leagues over a singular line of country, and the passage of a ridge about 5000 feet high, brought me to the village of Lenz early in the afternoon. The character of this passage is wild, though numerous villages diversify the route. The principal are Churwalden and Parpan. The church-architecture in particular begins to savour of Italy. This is principally the case in the valley of Oberhalbstein, through which I proceeded, in the course of the afternoon, to my night quarters at Tinzen. All the villages have one or more churches of very decent Grecian architecture, with high towers or steeples. That of the village of Tiefenkasten, situated as the name bespeaks, in a profound hollow, is a fine subject for the pencil. Savognin, another village nearer Tinzen, has no fewer than three churches; two with towers and steeples, and one with tower and cupola. These vallies are Roman Catholic, while those near Churwalden are reformed.

From Tinzen I had before me a walk of six leagues over the Julier to Silva Plana in the Engadine, but

was greatly disappointed in my expectation of making good the passage before noon on *May* 10*th.* as all objects appeared in the morning buried under fresh-fallen snow.

Here was I then, shut up in one of the bleakest corners of the habitable world. However, I had sufficient employment for the leisure thus unexpectedly afforded. My pen claimed attention; I undertook to re-string and re-tune an old spinet belonging to the people of the house; and there was a large organ in the church hard by. The latter was far from being a despicable instrument. It had many good stops; but especially a trombone in the great pedal, in chanting the praise of which the village organist was quite enthusiastic. He perhaps thought it might be heard in purgatory should the wind set that way. My quarters, though in the house of the principal magistrate of the village, were but homely. I was terribly plagued during the night by the mice running about, and working among the loose straw which, stuffed into a coarse canvas bag, served me for a mattress. I could even feel them at times ferreting away under my pillow.

P. M. The snow continued to descend without intermission. I had written my letters, tuned the spinet, played upon the organ till my feet, fingers, and ideas were frozen, and had considerable difficulty at times to repress a rising spirit of discontent, as there seemed no pause in the storm, and no hope of speedy liberation from my state of thraldom. All around me, Landvogt Doesch, and his wife, son, and neighbours, were croaking prophets, and seemed to exult in the idea

that I must remain their captive for days to come. But, before I retired to rest, I made up my mind to attempt at all risks, to get forward the following day to Stalla the highest village on this side the Julier. There, it is true, I might be equally weather-bound, but in a position to profit by the very first chance of crossing the mountain. At night I got a cat into my chamber to keep the mice quiet, which she did, I am glad to say, pretty effectually.

May 11th. There is a certain love of mischief inherent in human nature; and I am convinced that the French philosopher was in the right, when he laid down the axiom, that there is generally something in the misfortunes of others, let them be who they may, that is not altogether disagreeable. So I take it for granted, that I shall elicit little unmitigated sorrow at the mishaps which may befal me.

The snow-storm ceased during the night, and the morning proving brighter than could have been anticipated, I quitted Tinzen* as intended, to essay if I could not ascend the valley, and reach Stalla. The snow was deep, and scarcely sufficiently tracked by one or two peasants who had preceded me, to enable me to choose a certain path up a ravine, at all times devious and stony. After passing through a pine forest, the openings of which commanded a view of the singular vale in which Tinzen lies, I gained the hamlet of Rofna, situated at the northern end of a small level plain, quite hemmed in by the mountains. Of the forms and dimensions of the latter, some idea might be formed, as the clouds were at this moment sufficiently light and shifting. Here I was betrayed into the choice

of a foot-path, or at least of a track which seemed to indicate one, and following it through deep snow to the further extremity of the plain, reached a steep and narrow glen. I toiled upwards with many a slip and a slide from the faithless footing, and many a thump from the masses of snow which fell from the pines among which I was obliged to climb. The ridge I found occupied by a number of châlets, which I passed, and sliding down a long declivity of untracked snow, once more hit upon the proper mule-road. This led me through a maze of immense fragments of slate-rock to the village of Mühlen,—the clouds in the rear gradually thickening and enveloping the Tinzerspitz and his neighbours with that peculiar haze, which every practised eye understands to be a distant snow-storm. At this moment Stalla, and Stalla alone was my ultimate object. The road bordering a narrow ravine of great depth, now overhung the foaming torrent, as it pursued its course down the valley, and was commanded by the solitary tower of a ruined castle, half-buried in the pines. A bridge, thrown across the stream just below the rock on which this castle stands, leads the traveller to the right bank. In this manner, I kept toiling upwards through a most uncomfortable and snowy region to the village of Marmels, and still further to Stallvedro. A quarter of an hour after re-crossing the torrent at this latter place, I entered Stalla, which, with its two churches, cuts a singular figure in the midst of the high snowy summits, by which its little valley is surrounded. During the latter part of my walk, the air had cleared considerably; and though I could not discover sure tokens of fixed

fine weather, yet, as it had held up tolerably till this hour, there was room to expect that it might continue to do so, for the afternoon at least. If this were really the case, the very uncertainty was rather an argument to attempt something, provided that the passage of the mountain was any way practicable. In short, I determined to proceed rather than run the chance of being detained for an indefinite time on the wrong side of the Alps.

With this resolution in my head, I was not in a condition to spend much time in taking rest or refreshment. I took a draught of wine, secured a crust of bread, and proceeded. Two tracks now presented themselves. *That* to the right hand, leads over the Septimer into the Bregaglia. Avoiding it, I followed the other with a light step and heart, for I felt assured that I should not repent my decision. The sun now shone out with dazzling power; but I was too happy in fancying that I had had precursors, and in following them, to care for the inconvenience, and therefore pressed forward.—One or two hamlets were passed, and it was not till the highest had been reached, that I found myself deceived in supposing, that the mountain had been passed, and the passage opened since the snow storm—as here all tracks whatsoever, came to an end. However, the position and direction of the Julier could not well be mistaken; and my first care was to regain the road, which, partly owing to the aforementioned footmarks, and its being buried deep under the fresh-fallen snow, I had forsaken at an early period. After floundering through two or three deep drifts, I succeeded, nor did I again wander

from it during the two hours of severe exertion, which were required to gain the summit of the ridge. Unwearied attention, some experience, and perfect coolness, were necessary to effect this object. The route, though good in itself, was only at times distinguishable by the heads of the curb stones, marked among the innumerable fragments of rock which peeped above the surface, now by their regularity of distance and form, and again by the zig-zag lines which indicated their course under the snow. To give however an idea of the fatigue of dragging myself through the soft and untrodden snow, and the occasional plunge into the deep drifts which filled up the hollows, is impossible.

Several times I was so deeply buried in the latter, and so forced down and jammed in by the weight of my knapsack, that prudence made me lie motionless, and wait awhile, till my strength should have become reinforced, and capable of being exerted with effect to extricate myself. At length I stood on the highest ridge between two pillars attributed to Julius Cæsar, but which can hardly have been the work of a Roman General commanding legions. They are composed of rough granite, about four feet high, and appear to have been even originally of the rudest construction. They are called the *Julius-Säulen*—whence they are ascribed by some to Julius Cæsar. Others however, derive the name from the *Jul-feste* of the Celts; and it is supposed that they formed part of an altar where the ancient inhabitants held the festival of Jul, at the time of the winter solstice, when they sacrificed on the summit of the mountains in

honour of the Sun. They may however be Roman milestones.

On this spot I should willingly have rested a little, but there had been still another change in the aspect of the heavens. Thick clouds began to drive forward from the westward, and to curtain one after another of the granite summits around me in a shower of sleet. I continued my course, and descending as swiftly as the snow would permit, soon made my approach to a region where the route being more visible, less imperative attention was necessary. Here I had full time to congratulate myself, and thank God for the success of my hazardous experiment, as I was speedily overtaken by a dark tempest of wind and sleet, which, had it come down at an earlier hour, would have rendered advance impossible. At this moment, however, it only added a spur to the rapidity of my movements, and under its influence I soon gained the level of the lakes in the Engadine, and entered the inn at Silva-Plana.

A very few observations remain to be recorded with regard to the features of the Pass of the Julier; and the country by which I had taken my route towards it.

I made many attempts during my brief stroll amongst the mountains of the Grisons, to define to my own satisfaction the difference of their character, and that of the other ranges more to the westward. One thing certainly strikes the traveller, and that is the extraordinary number of well-built villages in the higher vallies. Perhaps I should add the absence of those swelling undulations on the sides of the mountains, which

give so great idea of the fertility of the middle regions in other parts of the Alps, because the pastures are in a measure spread out to the gaze of the inhabitants of the vales.

The mountains surrounding the Pass of the Julier are not striking in their outline, having generally roundish heads. As far as I could discover, they seem to be composed of compact slate, and towards the summit of the Pass, of granite. There is a fine display of *débris* from Tinzen to Stalla. The pasturage on the south side seems to be very scanty, though I am informed that it is famed for its excellent quality, The whole is thickly strewed with granite fragments. As the traveller descends the last stage of the pass, he catches a view of one of the chain of lakes which occupy the head of the Engadine, but whether the first or second I am unable to say, as my sight was obscured and bewildered by the tempest.[1]

May 12th.—I quitted my lodging at a tolerably early hour, and commenced my progress down the valley. The condition of the whole of the superior portion of the vale covered with a thick carpet of snow, prevented my following up the various excursions I had originally in view. The more open portion of the Upper Engadine commences below St. Moritz. Of the Maloya which forms the barrier at the head of the valley, I could distinguish nothing,—neither of the flanks of the two chains, between which it is formed. The northern consists of the various ridges of the Julier, Albula, Scaletta, Fluela, and Selvretta; and the south-

[1] Village of Stalla, 5630 feet. Ridge of the Julier, 6830 feet. Silva-Plana, 5560 feet.

ern of the Bernina. It may be said that this remarkable vale, nearly sixty miles in length, elevated between 5500 and 3840 feet above the sea presents a spectacle of greater opulence than any other in the Alps, or probably any other region in Europe of like elevation. The natural productions are as meagre and as few in number as elsewhere at this height, where nine months winter and three months' mountain-summer, is the lot of the inhabitants. Yet here, and principally in the Upper-Engadine, at the height of 4000 feet above the sea, the traveller meets with numerous villages displaying a degree of luxury in their architecture, and interior and exterior arrangements, which appears singular, when contrasted with the forbidding features of the savage landscape in which they are placed. Some of the highest villages are the most striking in this respect; and were Celerina, Samaden, and Bevers, placed in any other country, they would be called really handsome. Industry is the source of all this wealth, though the theatre of its exertions must be sought for elsewhere than in the Engadine. The natives are to be found scattered through every town and country in Europe, where they are well known as successful refiners of sugar, and as deeply skilled in the art of confectionary. Their love of home, brings them back at a later age to this valley, with full purses, devoted to the embellishment of their native village. The architecture is peculiar. The houses are built of rough stone, with a coating of white plaster on the exterior, and a wainscot of larch in the interior. The windows are numerous, but in general small, square, and deeply sunk in the wall, like the em-

brasure of a battery. Here and there the white stucco is painted, but seldom tastefully. But above all, the churches are so elegant that it is difficult to believe oneself in a protestant district—for our good reformers, in general, seem to have been of opinion that good taste was of the party of the Pope and Cardinals, and to have abjured it accordingly in their ecclesiastical edifices. The churches of the villages above named, are, for the most part, decorated with quadrangular towers, and cupolas of goodly height and proportion. Further down, towards the Lower-Engadine, spires become more frequent.

Of the people and their language more anon. While my sight was regaled in this manner, my feet were very busily employed in splashing through the mud and snow which filled the valley, and by noon I was advancing fast towards a better climate. Between Celerina and Samaden, the river Inn first intrudes itself upon notice, by approaching the road; but it is here a dull sluggish stream. Below the village of Scanf, however, it approves itself a worthy offspring of the Alps and their glaciers, dashing down a deep ravine with a sheet of foam and a wave as green as the sea.

The penalty I had paid for my exposure to the refraction of the sun's rays from the snow the preceding day, involving the loss of my skin as far as face and hands were concerned, I made no use of letters of introduction with which I had been furnished, and hastened forward.

The forests of Engadine are almost wholly composed of larch, and give a peculiar character to the slopes of the mountains. The forms of the latter in the Upper-

Engadine are far from striking, having roundish heads and flanks which descend steeply but tamely towards the valley.

After the village of Brail, the Lower-Engadine commences, and with it the scenery takes a much more romantic character. Zernetz is situated in a small vale into which three several vallies are seen to open, viz. those of the Upper and Lower Engadine, and the Val de Forno, from the latter of which a powerful stream comes rolling into the Inn. I had fixed upon this village for the termination of the day's march; but when I arrived there and still saw the sun far too high to permit me to betake myself to night quarters, I determined to attempt the next stage of the valley, which opened straight before me, towards the village of Süss. I pursued therefore a romantic forest-path strewed with the fawn-coloured needles of the larch, and rendered musical by the roar of the Inn at my right hand:—often looking back to the snowy dome-formed head of the Scaletta, and forward to one or two noble summits attached to the Silvretta. I reached Süss, but not liking the appearance of the cabarets, determined to push on to the next village, Lavin. I forgot to mention, that soon after crossing the limits of the Upper Engadine, the snow had ceased to cover the lower grounds. The *Gentianas* and *Primula farinosa* struggled to hold up their heads though it was evident that vegetation had suffered much; and at Zernetz and Süss, no snow was to be seen. Step after step brought me to Lavin, where I saw no inn of any description, and was therefore constrained to proceed yet another league on the chance of finding one at Guarda.

Hitherto the road had led me along the river-side, and I had flattered myself, that every additional step would remove me further from that portion of the country still covered with snow, from which I now considered myself to have escaped. Judge then of my vexation and dismay, when upon reaching a gentle eminence I saw this said village of Guarda perched up many hundred feet upon the mountain side to the left, fairly within the limit of the snow, which was thickly spread upon every roof. However I was 'in for it,' and therefore climbed and climbed. Some recompence I got from the enlarged view thus obtained of the surrounding mountains, more especially those in the lower part of the Engadine; such as were in my more immediate neighbourhood, although round-headed and marked by but few rocky inequalities, were yet majestic from their very solidity, and the manner in which they were ranged, one after the other, with their vast sides clothed with forests, and furrowed by the course of avalanches. Those in the distance, from their rocky and varied outline, promised fresh gratification for the morrow. Just before reaching Guarda, the pathway is unexpectedly interrupted by one of those deep indentures in the mountain side which so often disappoint the traveller, and the road must make a long circuit before it can gain the opposite side of the ravine. The gorge was not however uninteresting, from the quantity of fine larch with which it was filled. At Guarda, in spite of the snow, I contrived to feel at home in a very indifferent inn; yet was not sorry to make my escape early the following morning, and hasten toward

a more inviting tract of country. Some hours, however, elapsed before it was reached, as I preferred keeping to the heights, in spite of the snow and mud.

I should soon have attained the village of Fellan, posted similarly to Guarda on the mountain side, had not the frequent recurrence of deep ravines or clefts in the flanks of the mountain, thrown serious obstacles in my path. Any one less obstinate in pursuing a course would surely have been discouraged, especially, when the footway suddenly led me so deep into the mountains to the North that I almost lost sight of the main valley, and could descry the bleak and snowy interior of that part of the chain,—and all this, to avoid a chasm that would have been crossed by a pistol ball. The outline of the mountains on the left grew more and more tame; but the varied forms of the rocky-headed barrier opposite, made full compensation. From the dripping roofs and muddy streets of Fellan, half an hour's winding descent conducted me to quite a different climate. In the neighbourhood of Schutz no snow was visible, but the finest meadows and corn land, with the crops in a very forward state. About six miles further down the valley, I reached the remarkable wooden bridge which spans the savage gorge of the Wraunca, as it comes foaming from the defile of Ramonsch. Above this Pont-Piedra, as it is called, rise the ruins of the ancient castle of Tschanuff, on a shady rock to the left of the torrent. This was the most picturesque spot I had observed in the Engadine. On the hill-side beyond, lies the village of Remus, whither I directed my steps. The Pont-Piedra is thrown over the abyss in a single wooden

arch of about sixty feet span, and is boldly and cleverly constructed.

On entering the village, I inquired of such human beings as I met, where I should find some house of entertainment. It seemed however, that every individual I fell in with was totally ignorant of German, and only skilled in the Ladin, the singular language current in this nook of the Alps. After some delay, I fancied myself in a fair way of being safely towed into port,by a burly good-humoured fellow, who, apparently guessing my necessities, accosted me in a vile compound of Ladin and German, put his arm within mine, and led me in triumph through the village. I am by nature unsuspicious, and have an old-fashioned habit of believing every man with whom I come in contact to be 'chevalier sans peur et sans reproche,' till I see good reason to surmise the contrary: and I assure you, reader, that is the easiest way of getting through the world. I therefore let myself be guided for a moment with pleasure. A side glance at my companion showed me, that he was marvellously ill-apparelled; however recollecting that I had no skin on my nose, I thought I was not warranted to turn it up either in contempt or disgust. Nevertheless, after proceeding about a hundred yards in this brotherly manner, I perceived that my cicerone's gait was somewhat serpentine; that he leaned upon my arm rather more heavily than was consistent with even the patronage he was affording me; and that, upon the whole, he bore considerably towards a deep ditch to windward. My first impulse of indignation at finding that I was actually staggering in fellowship with a tipsy man, prompted me

to let him continue on the same tack till we should be at the edge, and then, by suddenly slipping the towing rope, let him tumble in; but my philanthrophy got the better of my indignation, and I therefore exerted myself with greater vigour, and acting like the weather-board of a Dutch lugger, kept him and myself from going out of course. Under this arrangement we soon reached the cabaret, where I had all the trouble in the world to pacify the sottish scroundrel, who attempted to pick two several quarrels with me; to wit, one, because I would not invite him to drink out of my stoup, and a second, because I refused to pledge him in his. Shaking myself loose from this discreditable companionship, I pursued my course towards the Martins-brück, keeping for the most part the edge of the river, and winding through thickets of alder, barberry, and the prunus padus, which have covered the level deposits of sand and pebbles brought down by the stream in times of flood.

At the Martins-brück, the vale of the Inn opens for an instant, but soon contracts into deep and gloomy ravine, surrounded by bare and precipitous heights, which forms the entry into the savage pass of the Finstermünz. The road, in the mean time, crosses the bridge to the right bank, enters the Tyrol, and winding over a forested mountain to a considerable height, conducts the traveller into the little alpine valley of Nauders.

My quarters were in a clean tidy little inn; and I found time, during the course of the evening, to put upon paper many little memoranda relative to the singular district, which I had just traversed through its entire

length; and as the subject is an uncommon one, shall here transcribe some further remarks upon the Engadine, its history and language.

Upwards of 600 years before the birth of Christ, this portion of the Alps became inhabited by an Italian race, to which the Greeks and Romans give the name of Tyrrhenians or Etruscans. Their native country appears to have been that portion of Italy now called Tuscany, and it is probable that they were driven from their homes by an irruption of the Gauls. From the name of Rhetus the chief of the refugees, the whole district occupied by them took the name of Rhetia. The first settlers retired to the Grison-Oberland, where they called their principal valley Domestica, now Tomiliasca. They seem to have intermixed peaceably with the old Celtic inhabitants, and to have built towns and castles, the names of many of which still speak their origin.[1] The form of government, in judicial matters, to this day bears evident marks of its Tuscan origin.

The Rhetians preserved their independence, and were even occasionally at war with the Romans till the age of Augustus, when shortly before the Christian era, they were subdued.

The Engadine is supposed to have been peopled by refugees in the time of Hannibal's invasion of Italy.

On the decline of the Roman power, Rhetia fell successively under the dominion of the Ostrogoths, Lombards, and Franks. Then followed the feudal

[1] Tusis, *Tuscia*, (in Italian, *Toscana*,) Rhealta, *Rhetia alta*; Rhezunz, *Rhetia ima*.. In the Engadine—Lavin, *Lavinium*, Sus, *Susa*; Zernetz *Cerneto*; Ardetz, *Ardea*, &c.

times, from the thraldom of which the country became freed by the formation of the three celebrated leagues, those of Maison-Dieu, in 1396, and of Cadet, at Trons, in 1424; and that of the Seven Jurisdictions, in 1436. Since this time the inhabitants and country have been known by the name of the Grisons.

The primitive language of this people became, in the course of centuries, and through intercourse with the various nations by which they were subjugated, abandoned by the greater portion of the inhabitants of the country. Still it survives in the more remote and elevated vallies of this portion of the Alps, and presents a singular instance of the preservation of the language of ancient Latium and Etruria, in a form entirely distinct from that which it assumed under the Romans.

More than half the inhabitants of the Grisons, as well as of several vallies contiguous to the Tyrol, speak this language. The abbey of Disentis, founded in the seventh century, contained a library full of most curious works relative to this ancient tongue, —among others, a translation of the Four Evangelists, and a great number of ecclesiastical works and manuscripts. On the French irruption into the Grisons in 1799, they were lost to the country by the destruction of the monastery.

The language is divided into two principal idioms, the Romane or Cialover, spoken by the peasants of the vallies watered by the Further and Middle Rhine, and the Ladin in use in the Engadine. The former appears to be the most ancient, and to owe its rise to a mixture of the language of ancient Etruria with

that of the Lepontii, the Celtic tribe inhabiting this portion of the Alps at the time of the emigration.

The Ladin, being of later origin, has more affinity with the vulgar or Roman idiom.

The earliest writings extant in these dialects are some dramatical performances in verse, on Scripture subjects.

When the people of the Grisons embraced the reformation in great numbers, the Rhetian language was made the language of the pulpit, and books began to be printed in it. The first was a Catechism, in 1551, in the Ladin idiom of the Engadine. In 1640, a translation of the New Testament appeared, many detached portions of the Bible having previously been printed. Indeed the New Testament was translated into one of the dialects as early as 1560. The entire Bible appeared in 1748.

The Romane library comprises about 30 volumes, consisting almost wholly of books of devotion; and the Ladin enumerates probably as many. I add, by way of curiosity, the Lord's Prayer in both these idioms.

ROMANE.

Bab nos, ilg qual eis Tschiel. Soing vengig faig tieu Num. Ticu Raginavel vengig nou tiers. Tia Velgia daventig seo enten Tschiel, aschi er in Terra. Nics Paun da minchiagi dai a nus oz. A nus pardunne nos Piccaus sco nus pardunein a nos Culponts. A nus manarbuc en Pruvament, mo nus spindre d'ilg mal. Parchei ca tieu eis ilg Raginavel, a la Pussonza a la Glierga a semper. Amen.

LADIN.

Bap nos, quel chi est ils Cels. Fat songh vegnia teis nom. Teis Reginom venga nan pro no. Tia Vöglia dvainta in Terra seo in Cel. Nos pan d'iminchia di da a no hoz. Perduna'ns a nos Debitatuors. Et nu'ns manar in provamaints mo spendra'ns dal mal. Perche teis ais il reginom, la pussanza et la gloria in Eternum. Amen.

The castle of Nauders is kept in repair by the Austrian government, but is far from being a picturesque object. A road leads from hence to Glurns in the vale of the Adige, which being passable for *tolerably large carriages, forms the main communication* between the Engadine and Upper-Innthal, and the south of Tyrol. Before I quit this corner of Switzerland, I have yet two observations to make, one relative to the dogs, and the other to the coin in general use.

A more inhospitable, ungenerous set of quadrupeds than the former does not surely exist in civilized Europe. I hardly saw one, in my whole walk through the valley, from Silva Plana to the Martinsbrück (and they seem attached to every house), which did not fly at my heels; so that, passing through their villages, I and my pole had to be continually on the alert. The worst was, that in conformity with the custom of many continental towns, the water-spouts, carrying off the drainings from the roofs, empty their contents, from the height of twenty feet, into the middle of the narrow streets; and the snow being in a melting state, I found that, to escape a bath, I must keep close to the houses. This gave the vicious curs the best opportunity in the world of sallying forth without the slightest warning; so that I was kept continually in a ferment, between Sylla and her dogs on one side, and Charybdis and her waterspouts on the other. The position was perfectly classic, and might have had charms for a better scholar than myself; for me, I own, it had none, and I had much difficulty in maintaining good temper, and not wreak-

ing my rising vengeance upon the canine tormentors within my reach, the more so, as the spouts were quite beyond it.

Now as to the money—there is a certain little coin, about the size of a pea, and called *blutzkers*, which is the offence of my eyes, and the terror of my arithmetic, and I only mention it to protest against such abominations. A blear-eyed old crone spent, yesterday, at least twenty minutes, in counting me out some hundreds in change of a crown-piece.—But with the Tyrol commences another division of our wanderings.

CHAPTER II.

> '——— Well they know the strength
> Of their own fastnesses, the mountain paths
> Impervious to pursuit, the vantages
> Of rock, and pass, and woodland, and ravine.
> And hardly will ye tempt them to forego
> These natural aids wherein they put their trust;
> As in their stubborn spirit, each alike
> Deemed by themselves invincible, and so
> By Roman found and Goth—beneath whose sway
> Slowly persuaded rather than subdu'd
> They came.'

BEFORE entering upon the relation of my rambles in that romantic portion of the Alps, over whose border I passed yesterday evening, it may be well to occupy a few lines with a brief sketch of its geographical position and former history.

The County of Tyrol embraces the central and eastern portion of the Rhetian, and the westernmost parts of the Carnic and Noric Alps. A line drawn through the glacier of the Ortler, in a direction nearly north and south, will give a general idea of its western limits, and the line of separation between it and the Val Telline, the Grisons and the Voraarlberg. To the east, the snowy pyramid of the Great Glockner rises from its sea of ice, as the boundary-stone of the three provinces of the Tyrol, Salzburg, and Carinthia. The chain of mountains to the north of the vale of the Inn overlooks the well-cultivated plains of Bavaria;

and from the southern declivities of the Alps, a multitude of streams wind downward towards the teeming plains of Friuli and Lombardy.

This portion of the Alps having been subjugated by the Roman arms in the time of Augustus, subsequently shared the chequered and declining fortunes of the Empire, and many of the powerful and innumerable swarms of the north found passage over the Rhetian Alps, and through the heart of the present Tyrol, towards the fair plains of sunny Italy. Having been the scene of many severe struggles between the Romans and their Gothic invaders, it fell eventually under the sway of successive dynasties of the latter, till after the fall of the empire of the Ostrogoths. Then the northern portions seem to have attained some degree of independence, while the southern or Italian part was attached to the kingdom of the Lombards.

During the middle ages, the whole country was broken up into small states, and came into the power of a number of petty temporal and spiritual lords; under nominal vassalage to the German emperors. But it may readily be conceived that peace, and advancement in civilization, were utterly inconsistent with the continual bitter feuds to which this system gave rise. The nobles seemed to have been, for the greater part, of the same dispositions with the vultures, into whose secluded retreats they intruded themselves; building their castles frequently in the wildest and most inaccessible solitudes, and waging upon their neighbours, and upon travellers and merchants the most unlawful aggression. In course of time, certain of these petty sovereigns gained a preponderance

in the country, and among the earliest were the Counts of Andechs, one of whom, in the time of Rudolph of Habsburg, attained great ascendancy in South Tyrol. Mainhard, a noble of this race, and count of Goerz and Tyrol, greatly enlarged the possessions of his family, and seems to have made acquisitions in the vale of the Inn. His castle was at Tyrol, or Teriolis, near the town of Meran, in the upper valley of the Adige. Of the latter town he subsequently took the title of Duke. He appears to have been a man of talent and noble mind, and the old chronicler Guler makes especial mention of his death in the odour of sanctity. The last branch of this race became extinct in the person of Margaret, surnamed Maultasch. Her first husband had been of the house of Austria: by her second, a Bavarian prince, she had an only son, upon whose premature death, she left her possessions by bequest to the dukes of Austria. A war, ruinous in every way to the inhabitants of Tyrol, was the consequence; the dukes of Bavaria disputing the possession: and it was not terminated till duke Rudolph consented to buy off the claims of his rival. Their lawful possession of Tyrol was afterwards confirmed to the Dukes of Austria by the emperor Charles IV, and from that time, with the exception of a brief space during the late wars, it has remained attached to the imperial house.

Many of the princes of Austria appear to have fully appreciated the value of the Tyrol, and to have treated it with becoming indulgence and justice. Amongst these we may notice Frederic IV. to whom the Tyrolese ascribe the foundation of their comparatively free

constitution, and their possession of many immunities which they well merited and repaid, by their faithful adherence and devotion to the House of Habsburg. None have had their fidelity more severely tried—none have proved more faithful and more true. Till lately, Austria does not seem to have looked upon the Tyrol as a source of revenue, though the mines were considered imperial property; but rather as a country whose character demanded and deserved the utmost consideration; not only from dictates of policy, but from kindly feeling and gratitude for long-tried fidelity, Till lately, their ancient rights, privileges, and immunities were considered inviolate. Opportunities will doubtless not be wanting in the following pages, to give some detail of the events of the late war, and the changes which these have entailed upon Tyrol. It may however be mentioned, that the country is governed by a representative body, convened from time to time, and composed of deputies from the Four Estates.

Leaving Nauders, our route descends rapidly into the gully through which the stream traversing the village, finds its way to the Inn; and leads us deeper and deeper into a small ravine, defended, in the narrowest part, by a fortification called the Wall of St. Nicholas, till swallowed up in the great gorge of the Finstermünz.

I am now no novice in scenes of alpine sublimity and grandeur, and cannot stop and utter a superlative, at every fresh scene of mountain magnificence; yet I was extremely struck by the sight and passage of

this great and profound trench in the very heart of the Alps.

In the part where the road from Nauders falls upon it, it forms a vast cradle, thickly wooded with larch and pine, and deeply sunk in the bosom of the mountains. Into this the Inn worms its way by a narrow defile, surrounded by precipitous steps, over which a few straggling and dizzy foot-paths, frequented only by the smuggler and the chamois-hunter, are seen to stray. Where the Inn attains the narrow cleft, which forms the termination of the Finstermünz, a bridge has been thrown over its torrent, and an assemblage of singular old buildings, a gateway, chapel, and auberge, arrest the attention. A few steps farther, the glen gradually opens into a vale of more ordinary character, in which the river mostly usurps the entire level, or reluctantly gives place to a few scanty patches of cultivation. The mountains in advance are not picturesque, being more or less round-headed ; but when opportunity is afforded for the eye to glance up into the interior of the country, through some lateral openings, rocks and summits of another character may be distinguished.

A second division of the valley, may be said to commence with the village of Birkach. Here it widens, and continues comparatively fruitful and expanded to the bridge of Schöneck. From this point to the bridge of Pruz, the landscape is sadly deformed by the marvellous sterility of the ridges to the left ; but the neighbourhood of the latter locality presents by far the most picturesque scene between Finstermünz and Landeck. A towering rock rises on the left bank of the

river, crowned by the ruins of a large castle; while alpine pastures and single farms cover the mountains on the same side to a considerable height. To the east, the smiling vale of the Vaca opens into the Innthal, presenting to the view a long chain of varied heights, diminishing in the perspective. Immediately below the village of Pruz, the Inn passes into a second narrow gorge, at the entrance of which the traveller crosses the wooden bridge, celebrated for the many fierce struggles which took place in its vicinity, between the Bavarians and the Tyrolese. The pastures again cease, for a time, to enliven the bosom of the vale, and the Inn, with his numerous sand and pebble-beds, becomes the sole occupant. The road is carried along the foot of precipitous hills, exhibiting alternately rocky ledges, and steeply inclined earth-slips, descending from a great height, and partially covered with low bushes. From hence to Landeck, the scenery is distinguished by all those characteristic features which form the more agreeable scenes among the alps, the eye embracing at the same moment the sublime and savage features of the mountain pass, and many a delightful and beautiful spot of upland cultivation, green pastures, hamlets embowered in trees, and frequent farms scattered over the mountain side. The mountains beyond Landeck, tower over the termination of the pass, and though they were partially wrapped in haze, it was easy to perceive that they belonged to a far more picturesque class than any which had met my view since I entered the heart of the Grisons. Just at the point where the Inn reaches the end of the defile, the castle of Landeck is seen perched high on the rocks, and the close ravine

gives place to a noble valley, whose diversified surface sprinkled with villages, and clothed with vegetation, forms a scene of uncommon beauty. Rain had set in a hour before I reached the town; I therefore sought out a shelter for the evening, and hoped for a clearer sky on the morrow.

This was not wanting, and the bright sun and balmy air of a May-morning enticed me forth at an early hour, much delighted with the noble features of the country surrounding me.

Landeck is a town of some importance and bustle. It is situated in that portion of the Stanzerthal, where the more abundant and more nobly-descended stream of the Inn, bursting through the narrow ravine before described, enters the valley, and mingles its waters with those of the Rosanna. It forms a point of junction for the three principal roads of N. W. Tyrol, viz. those of Switzerland by the vallies of Montafun and Stanz, and of S. Tyrol and the Engadine: and that of Inspruck and the Lower-Innthal. The town occupies the uneven and broken ground on either side of the Inn, the instant it escapes from the defile; two wooden bridges forming the communication. The castle is a heavy building in bad repair, rising on a rock on the right bank, and is the residence of the official post-master. From any attempt to describe its architecture, I turn with pleasure to the neighbouring church.

A visit to this was indispensable, from the promise which its position, a little to the right of the castle, seemed to hold out of an extended view: but I did not suspect, that I should find appended to the high Gre-

cian tower which was my guide in threading the narrow streets of the town, the most singularly beautiful and regular Gothic structure I have seen amongst the Alps. It has three aisles, the centre one terminating in a deep semi-octagonal apsis, light pillars, brackets and windows of the perpendicular style, very good tracery in the latter, and an excellently groined roof, both in the main and side aisles. The groining struck me much from its elegance and simplicity. The doorways are also in strict harmony; and there is a purity and chasteness in the general proportions which not all the gaudy and cumbersome trappings of a Roman Catholic interior could destroy. The position is perfectly beautiful, and the view commanded by it, no less so.

Here the traveller sees the first specimen of the bold and rocky range of mountains, which forms the northern screen to the valley of the Inn for so many leagues without interruption. The principal summits over this portion of the valley are Freyspitz, Landschaftkopf, and Partschinspitz.

After several hours spent in rambling about the environs of Landeck, I resumed my journey, and descending the valley, passed Zambs, a most picturesque convent; then forward, under the shade of the Cronberg, a castellated hill, which cannot fail to remind the traveller of the Drachenfels on the Rhine; and early in the afternoon began to approach the market-town of Imst. Instead of turning however to the northward into the entrance of the Gigerthal, where this little town is situated, I kept closer to the river, and gained the village of Karmezöften by a shorter foot-path;—often looking back to the last section of

the valley from the Cronberg to the junction of the Inn and the Gigerbach, which is wonderfully striking from the precipitous outlines of the surrounding mountains— more than usually so at this moment, from the gradual approach of a thundergust from the Oberland. Forward it came, shrouding one enormous rock after another in its dim and vaporous mist, and spreading a shade of the deepest indigo over the flanks of the mountain and the depth of the valley. The tall spire of a village-church in advance, seemed to indicate a place of refuge, and thither I hastened. However, the storm appears to have been dispersed, on advancing to the portion of the valley immediately opposite Imst, where an imposing pyramidical summit rises up like a wedge in the centre of the mountains; and the rain passed into the interior of the country to the northward, leaving the vale of the Inn open to my further progress.

The evening-walk to Haimingen was cool and refreshing. After quitting the village of Kawes, the route leads through the fir-forests, and commands, for the most part, a glorious view upon the broad section of the Innthal, commencing at Haimingen, and extending to Thanrein. The Oetzthal opens to the right, and presents a wide entrance sentinelled by noble mountains. This extensive alpine valley, with the glaciers at its head, had long been an object of curiosity, and I looked wistfully into its recesses, while passing over the rocky and broken flanks of the mountains opposite. Common prudence, however, forbade my turning aside, and seeking the higher regions of the central chain at this early season of the year. I comforted myself therefore, with

the hope of passing into it, from Southern Tyrol at another stage of my rambles, and quickened my steps towards the smiling vale before me, which appeared overspread with those many and bright tints which cultivation alone produces.

As evening drew on, thunder clouds of an almost inky hue settled heavily upon the mountains about Zirl and Inspruck, which were now in prospect. In the neighbourhood of Imst, I noticed the first crops of maize. Just at night-fall, having crossed to the right bank of the river, I reached the little woodland village of Haimingen, and found a comfortable inn.

I am reminded by an after-thought to mention, that, while descending from the church of Landeck, I was accosted by an old woman, who, crossing herself, asked me if I had come on pilgrimage on my own account, and of my own free will, or if I had been ordered by the priest. The pious old soul was no doubt struck with the woeful state of my visage, and thought that noother mortal reason but an obligation to do penitence before the shrine of our Lady of Landeck could have brought me out of doors. As I could not but give her to understand that I was not one of the faithful, and had no business, public or private, to transact with her ladyship, she thought proper to make a rapid retreat, without giving me either alms or benediction, both of which I was in some measure led to expect. Fellow-feeling is said to be productive of kindness, and for a few days I had been experiencing the truth of the observation; having been suddenly endowed with a sympathetic commiseration for snakes, serpents, spiders, and reptiles of that description, merely because I recol-

lected that they cast their skins, which said operation, judging from the experience I was making, is by no means as amusing a process as might be supposed. On the contrary, it is attended with infinite perplexity and inconvenience; and, as to outward appearance, I do not wonder that the old woman took me for a pilgrim more sorely vexed than ordinary.

I must insert a date now and then, else my worthy reader may be tempted to suspect that I draw the long-bow—from which vice I would wish to be supposed to be altogether free.

May the 16*th.* My walk from Haimingen to Zirl, demands but few words.

The vale of the Inn increases in interest as you approach Inspruck. The monastery of Stambs, is, I believe, Benedictine, and by far the handsomest in the upper part of the valley. It rises among fat pastures under the shadow of the wooded mountains to the south. From thence to Zirl, a little post-town situated on the left bank of the Inn, the vale is fertile, but not very varied in its character. Here I intended to make a halt of a day or two; and had I not been predisposed, should have been almost compelled to do so, by the torrents which began to descend at an early hour in the afternoon. I made my choice of an inn, a little aside from the great thoroughfares, for I am a great lover of silence, and began to busy myself with various matters which it was high time I got into order.

Hitherto I have noticed no costumes of a remarkably graceful character. In the Engadine there is no characteristic one, unless dirty black caps, body-vestments, and scarlet stockings, be considered entitled

to that distinction. In the Tyrol, or I should rather say the Upper-Innthal, something of a national costume may be perceived. Among the male portion of the community, the black or green high-crowned hat with a tassel may be observed:—not to speak of the chamois leather breeches. To these the more acceptable name of *shorts* applies to the very letter, as they seldom reach the knee. The latter is consequently bare, as the stocking is gartered below it. The women—I only speak of the peasantry, resemble as to their attire, for the most part, those of their class in the neighbouring countries, and may be distinguished from them, chiefly in the three following particulars.—First, the head-gear, consisting of a thick, round, dark blue or black machine, something between the cap of a granadier and a bee-hive in form, and apparently both warm and weighty. Into this, the head is inserted to a considerable depth, and I do not know to what to compare a parcel of old women upon their knees in the fields, for so they are constantly seen, if not to a swarm of gigantic moles.—In the second place, I should notice the stockings, which are ordinarily worn without feet, shoes being also a superfluity.—And thirdly, the petticoat, or petticoats, for to produce the effect usual, they must indeed be many. These start out from the hips with such an unnatural swirl, that not being remarkably long, the lower part of the woman looks like a bell. I understand that a kind of wooden yoke or hoop is used to produce this effect. I shall perhaps get to know for certain, and will not fail to report the progress of my information, for there is no device of this kind, however absurd, which may not hope for fashion-

able adoption sooner or later, such is the taste for monstrosities in the present generation.

A custom which was once the fashion in polite Europe, but which is now, like many other laudable relics of primitive simplicity, exiled to the mountains, is, that the person charged with household matters carries the ensigns of her dignity in a large bunch of weighty keys at one side of her girdle, and a large flap purse at the other. And I have also noticed, by which it will be seen that I have not been deficient in acute observation, that the prettiest person about the premises is in general charged with these insignia, and the duties which they import. There is good sense in that:—a sound that is ever ringing in your ears ought to be associated with some pleasing image, and should not merely serve like the bell on the cat's neck in the fable, to announce the approach of a disagreeable personage.

But, gentle reader, while the rain is pattering upon the casement, and the heavy mist hanging down like a curtain upon the mountain side, I see no reason why we should let the gloom which is deepening without, enter within doors. Many hours have gone by, since I last summoned my fancied companion to hold me company: but the present moment is too propitious—so taking my seat with my back against the great glazed oven which occupies an angle of the Tyrolese kitchen, I invite you to do the same, and to listen to me with indulgence.

You are then a traveller and a pedestrian. I will not suppose you of necessity a solitary one—if you have a companion, so much the better, supposing that your *views* in travelling, your *tastes* and *strength* are

tolerably matched: without this, better that each pursues his own path. Two companions are enough for a journey of this description—three present at least this recommendation, that there is always a casting vote—four may travel together, but are apt to fall into two distinct parties—five is quite out of the question in common cases.

However I suppose you solitary: not rich enough to indulge in needless expense—nor so poor, as to deny yourself any real necessary of life, or to forbid an outlay extraordinary when circumstances seem to require it;—with strength and health sufficient for moderate and occasionally for severe exertion—with youth, good-humour, and elastic spirits, in sufficient quantity.

Beside these, you must have some kind of object in your travels, and some kind of occupation, but beware of undertaking too many. It is always amusing and profitable to write a journal, even though you should not think of making a fool of yourself, by exposing it to the public eye. To draw, to botanize, to collect insects, to study geology,—all are good; but one end in view is sufficient, if you will follow it well and without interruption.

If you keep a journal, write when you can; but never postpone, if there is the slightest possibility of noting down the proceedings of a day at its close. If you get one or two days in arrear, I fear that without much exertion your pen will never overtake you, besides the recollection of what you see loses its freshness, and your description or relation is never so true to nature.

If you sketch, do not be too difficult in choosing your point of view; but when the object first strikes

you,—out with your materials. A careful outline is always valuable, whether you have time to finish it or no.

To botanize is well, even if you only examine and note down the plants, without attempting to carry off the spoil to your *hortus siccus*. If the latter be the case, no time must be lost when you arrive at your night-quarters, to arrange the plants and secure your prize. The botanist and the entomologist, in like manner, have abundant evening's employment. As to the geologist, it is evident, the study must be confined by travellers of our class, to observation and note-taking. You may hammer, and break, and splinter as much as you like, but avoid cramming your pockets. A doubtful specimen or two may be carried forward to the evening's resting-place for the sake of more careful examination, but no collections are compatible with pedestrianism.

As to your equipment, allow me to say thus much: your real necessities will be found to be far fewer in number than you may suppose; and many an article to which you may be tempted to give place in your knapsack, will eventually only cumber you. Your wardrobe should be your first attention in arranging the contents of the latter, because upon that much of your comfort depends. Let the articles be selected with care and forethought; for when, to what is really necessary in this department, you have added those et-ceteras which must be thought of, and those extras which one should always be provided with, your burden will not be far from the weight which it is advisable not to exceed. I am inclined to think, that this

should not exceed twenty pounds, if your strength and activity be ordinary. As to the extras alluded to, I may perhaps be allowed to advise that they consist primarily of a light suit and pair of shoes, for the convenience of change. Woollen socks, cotton shirts, light cloth suit of clothes, and strong shoes are the safest travelling costume—both for wear and tear, and for enabling you to support those fluctuations of the weather to which you must necessarily be exposed. The surtout and umbrella are both needless indulgences, and will injure you by their weight more than they can ever benefit. If you are well wet through, you will walk the better, and probably be dry again before night-fall—if not, your change of apparel will stand you in stead. Besides this, an alpine tempest will laugh at all your wrappings, and blow your umbrella to the moon.

Among your et-ceteras comprise paper, pens, ink, and soap—all scarce articles; but no arms, beyond confidence in God's providence, a cheerful fearless demeanour, prudence and sagacity, your alp-pole, and a good Sheffield whittle. Pocket-pistols with their paraphanalia are weighty, and often useless when they are needed; and reflection and a little experience will show you that there are few situations within or without doors, where ready wit and a prompt hand may not meet with good and powerful weapons at need.

A valise sent forward by some conveyance to the principal towns on your route will afford you the means of refitting from time to time; and, if you fare as well as I have generally done, you will seldom be

in a strait for a laundress, as there are few inns or chålets which will not furnish a good-humoured girl, who will take any portion of your apparel to the well, soak it, and then crush and batter it to very tatters between two stones in her anxiety to render it agreeable to you.

But enough—the chimes are sounding the hour of vespers, and neither the rain nor the pleasure of imparting good counsel must prevent my attending them. I am a protestant, and thank God that I am such: nevertheless I frequently worship in the same temple with a Roman Catholic congregation. I have found that God would meet me there: and depend upon it, that if properly disposed, there is no place where he will not meet you also.

The heavy rain had finished its functions the following morning; but had left all objects clothed in heavy fog. However I was content to remain quiet, and employed myself within doors till the afternoon, when the sky partially cleared, and I took the opportunity that offered to visit the three most remarkable objects in the vicinity of Zirl: the Martins-höle, the Calvario, and the castle of Fragenstein, all on the mountain-side to the north.

The Martins-wand is a precipitous mass of rock, which, fronting the vale of the Inn, acts as a kind of buttress to the Solstein, one of the highest mountains of this range, accessible in about four hours' climb from Zirl. At a very considerable height, the rock bends inward, and gives place to a large hollow of very singular form and depth. To attain this, a small footway leads gradually up through the brushwood which covers the earthy

slopes to the west of the precipice, and then reaching the angle of the latter, winds cautiously round one or two dizzy corners, and ascends finally by a steep and broken staircase cut in the rock, to the landing place under the shade of the impending masses, which hang over the hollow like a pent-house. Here the mountaineer finds himself in a cave about eighty feet broad and sixty deep, situated at the height of 740 feet over the Inn. In this singular hollow which is still above one thousand feet perpendicular below the first green spot on the summit of the precipice above, stands a crucifix eighteen feet high, sustaining a figure of our Saviour, and effigies of John and Mary at the foot. Many come hither on pilgrimage from all parts of Tyrol.

There would seem no reason to doubt the general truth of the historical fragment which has given this spot so peculiar an interest, apart from its claims to examination as a natural curiosity. It appears that in the year 1493, the Emperor Maximilian, who had built a small hunting-lodge upon the Martins-bühel, a knoll between the foot of the precipice and the river, while engaged in the pursuit of the chamois upon the Martinswand, found himself suddenly in a position of the most fearful peril in the vicinity of this cavern. He was not saved from destruction without the intervention of one of those unlooked-for circumstances, which, in the mouth of popular tradition, is generally termed preternatural. If you at this day ask a peasant girl of Zirl what saved the Emperor, she will answer, 'a good angel:' and to such a being, vulgar tradition has always ascribed his preservation. I have however met with a relation of the accident in an old German pamphlet,

which, at the same time that it gives a plain and comprehensible account of the adventure, is written with so much simplicity, that I must tax my memory for the principal facts. It appears that after the young Emperor had been hanging for some time upon the brink of the abyss, his cries for help were heard by a peasant girl, who warned the inhabitants of the Martins-bühel. A search was commenced: his person was discovered and recognized, and the apparent impossibility of rendering him assistance avowed by his subjects; who, after making every effort, are described as collecting together at the base of the impending precipice, weeping, and praying to the saints to render that aid which was out of the power of man. Looking upon their prince as upon one in the agonies of death, they summoned the priests from the nearest chapel, and chanted with them the service for the dying, while the sacred elements and valedictory oil were held up towards him, that the view of them might comfort his parting soul. The Emperor on his part believing his death inevitable, made confession of his sins and prepared for death. The spikes of his crampons had given way, and he was on the point of abandoning the struggle for life, when a voice near him was heard to utter a shrill piercing cry: 'I repent,' moaned Maximilian, believing in his delirium, that the voice was not of this world. It appears that a chamois-hunter, impelled by the heat of the chase, had been led along the face of the same precipice, and suddenly espying a human being below him in the fearful position described, had uttered that wild sound of surprise; and though himself in a perilous situation, eventually succeeded in

withdrawing his sovereign from the jaws of death. If I recollect right, the hardy peasant was afterward knighted, and ennobled by the name of Hollauer, in memory of the cry he had so opportunely uttered at the moment the Emperor was going to shrink from further effort.

The precipices of the Martins-wand were the scene of a terrible combat in 1703; the Tyrolese having taken up that post to obstruct the passage of their Bavarian invaders, upon whom they wreaked a fearful vengeance by hurling down rocks upon them; as well as from the use of the carbine, which had already then become a terrible weapon in the hands of these intrepid mountaineers.

Descending from thence, I gained the valley, and mounted the second elevation, upon which the Calvary is situated. The rock along whose acclivity the line of chapels is carried, forms one of the sides of a most peculiar rift in the mountains immediately adjoining the Martins-wand. From the principal chapel at the summit, you glance over the parapet into a deep and dark chasm, at the bottom of which a mountain-torrent is seen rolling, without the eye being able to trace either the manner of its entry or its exit.

The third object of interest are the ruins of the castle of Fragenstein, of which two keeps and many walls remain. The situation and the view more particularly from their site are very picturesque.

Still later, I strolled to the hamlet of Martins-bühel, situated, as just related, at the foot of the precipices of the Martins-wand, and separated from it by a small sloping wood and the road, principally to see what was

the appearance of the cavern from below; and I first then conceived a true idea of its great height. The lofty cross within it is diminished to a scarcely observable object, and the cave itself would hardly be particularly noticed, as remarkable either for size or figure. The sun was setting over the Upper Innthal, in the midst of one of those glorious assemblages of broken and disjointed clouds, which seem to bring the glory of heaven nearer to the earth. With these the sharp and bold forms of the mountains to the west were intermingled, till it became scarcely possible to discern which was vapour, and which, the solid and unchanging rock.

The little town of Zirl possesses no remarkable feature, and I quitted it early the following afternoon, intending to go straight to Wiltau and Inspruck by the right bank of the Inn. I crossed the bridge and following the footpath running along the base of the secondary hills, was led gradually forward into the fertile plain through which that river pursues its course. It appears to stretch beyond the towns of Inspruck and Hall; whose cupolas and towers rise in the distance from its bosom, among the green fields of maize, which is the staple produce of the country. After proceeding half-way towards the proposed termination of my afternoon's walk, and arriving at the village of Vels, a thought suddenly struck me that it might be well, as I had still time at my disposal, to take a peep at that comparatively elevated range of meadows, which lie above the lower eminences to the right, and are diversified by many beautiful villages. Accordingly I turned sharp round to the right, and ascending gradually, fol-

lowed the course of a brook through the forest, and arrived in about an hour's time at Zambs; a village perfectly Swiss in its style of architecture, situated in broken, but extremely fertile land, extending towards the base of the higher mountains. The church, with a tall spire, was as usual spacious and handsome, and the whole scene so enchanting, that I should have been tempted to spend the night here, had not the cabarets been so miserable. Having satisfied my curiosity, I retraced my footsteps to the village of Vels.

It seems to be a common custom in Tyrol, whenever an accident in the open country has been attended with loss of life, to distinguish the locality by a more permanent memorial than usual in many southern countries. A regular shapely cross, of about six feet high, and carefully painted is erected. Underneath the angular roof which protects the head, a little picture is affixed in a wooden frame, pourtraying the manner of the accident. To this a copy of verses, either by way of epitaph, or in the form of a valedictory address of the sufferer to the traveller, is added. In a country where the storm and avalanche, floods and precipices, so greatly abound, these memorials may be supposed to be tolerably frequent.

About eight in the evening I arrived at Wiltau, took a passing glance at the monastery and church, and finding an inn to my mind, took possession.

May 19*th*. Wiltau is situated so near Inspruck that it may be said in some measure to form the suburb; and what between the clashing and jangling of some thirty or forty bells at a very early hour, and the rays of a cloudless sun darting upon the white-

On either side between the red marble columns that support the roof, and the altar screen, stand eight and twenty gigantic bronze statues, of the Princes of the house of Habsburg, and the illustrious Knights of Christendom.

The noble proportions, elaborate art and workmanship; the curious specimens of ancient armour and costume which they exhibit, and the charm which the names of many of them exercise over the imagination, in contemplating the characters and deeds of past times:—all conspire to render this scene a strangely interesting one.

Besides Rudolph and his immediate issue, the eye meets with several of the illustrious princes of Europe, unconnected with the House of Habsburg.

There stands Theodoric, King of the Goths, and Clovis, the first Christian King of France; and as though for the express purpose of contrast, our own Arthur of England, a fine martial figure, stands with open beaver, between Duke Sigismund, with his heavy robes and heavier countenance on one side, and the grotesquely-armed Theopertius on the other.

Few figures, in the midst of that crowded and imperial assemblage, strike the imagination more than the aged Godfrey of Bouillon, King of Jerusalem, standing erect, with the symbols of holy warfare spread over his shield, and blazoned upon his armour; but instead of the kingly crown or helmet which decorate the major part of his neighbours, bearing upon his head his Master's twisted crown of thorns. Most of the statues bear the date 1513. A number of smaller are placed in niches over the altar screen, and though too high to

be examined, are said to be distinguished by the beauty of the workmanship:

The tomb of Philippine Welser, the loyal and meek-spirited wife of the imperial founder, is also seen in this edifice.

In a corner of the same church, a little to the left of the main entrance, under a plain marble flag-stone let into the pavement, lie the ashes of Andrew Hofer; a peasant,—but their proximity brings no dishonour to the imperial remains which repose under the same roof. It is fitting that this should be his resting place. In this church he celebrated that day of thanksgiving which goes by the name of 'Hofer's festival,' when in 1809 his native country was freed for a third time from a foreign yoke, and its capital again resounded with the name of KAISER FRANZ! a name, which in the war-cry and the prayer of the Tyrolese, always stood linked with GOTT and VATERLAND.[1] How little that proud distinction was merited,—the history of the Tyrol for the last twenty years will tell. But of this in another place.

After a morning spent in making myself familiar with the general features of the town, I returned to Wiltau; and as afternoon advanced, walked in the opposite direction to visit the church and cemetery of that village, said to be the most ancient in the vale of the Inn. It is supposed to be erected on the site of the ancient city of Valdidena. The history of Wiltau is so wonderfully intertwined with the deeds of the two Giants whose effigies ornament the façade, that up to this moment I have been unable to unravel it. The

[1] The Emperor Francis, God, and our country! the war-cry of the Tyrolese.

church; a fine building with two handsome towers, may be of very ancient foundation, but the present edifice does not seem to have claims to any great antiquity. A second noble church, with a single tower, stands a few paces from the one just mentioned, and is attached to the great monastery, whose enclosures extend far towards the foot of the advanced range of the hills to the south of the Inn. The Iselberg is here cleft by the passage of the Sill, which after a tortuous and impeded course in the mountains issues into the main valley, over a pretty cascade or wear.

While wandering in the woods which cover these acclivities, an unexpected change was operated in my projects, and in consequence, a very different disposition made of the remaining hours of daylight, than those I had anticipated in the morning. I considered that, as circumstances connected with the receipt of letters would require me to be at Inspruck four days hence, it would be advisable to make use of them to visit the Lower-Innthal, instead of whiling them away here, especially as fine settled weather was not to be left unimproved, and I consequently prepared to put this new idea in execution.

I returned to my inn, made up a light packet of necessaries, consigned my knapsack to the safe custody of the damsel that bore the keys, left all further examination of Inspruck, till my return, and by the time that the jingling chimes of the church and monastery had sounded the fifth hour of the sun's decline, was in full speed down the valley, towards the town of Hall, which lies in the centre of the fertile plain, about two leagues down the opposite bank of the river. The

main road runs on the left bank, but I preferred the rougher and more rural track, passing through Amras. This led me close along the base of the Iselberg, and under the hill upon which stands the old castle of Ambras. The collection of curiosities here was greatly celebrated. In the great hall were seen the effigies of two hundred mounted knights in full panoply, and the museum was rich in the antiquities and historical records of these countries. All however were removed to Vienna in 1806. It is interesting to recollect that Wallenstein was partially brought up here. I left the village of Ampas at some height above me, though my footway had insensibly led me above the level of the meadows, and did not begin to descend again before it had gained a considerable elevation. From the heights the view, on glancing back towards Inspruck, is very striking.

Not intending to visit the town of Hall at this moment, I passed the end of the bridge, and held my way forward, through a line of pastures and meadows on the same bank, till I came unexpectedly upon the bridge, cloister, and singular church of Volders. A more picturesque object than the porch of the latter, overshadowed by two noble trees springing up in the little inclosure before it, can seldom be seen. The style of architecture is truly barbaric, but it is far from being unpleasing. The cloister is a large square modern white-washed edifice, very indifferently garrisoned at present, as there are but three poor old monks within its precincts. They must feel like starved rats in an empty barn.

I had now rejoined the main road, which here crosses to the right bank of the Inn, and by following it

for four or five miles further in its course down the vale, was led insensibly forward through the villages of Volders, Wattens, and Trogen. In no country I ever visited, have I seen meadows clothed in such brilliant and splendid liveries as those on the banks of the Inn, at this season of the year. Instead of the different hues being intermingled, as in the enamelled meadows of my own distant home, they are here disposed in broad bands—each flower seems to have its bed, or to attach itself to a peculiar cultivation or soil, and a most singular disposition of the gorgeous hues is the consequence. At Kolsass I came to a halt: night having begun to darken around me, and the stars to twinkle over the mountains.

I retain a delightful remembrance of the calm, which, spreading over the face of nature, during the last hours of my evening's walk, shed some portion of its peace and quiet upon my soul and spirits. There is a tranquillity in the mood of that hour, in the hues of natural objects, and the sounds and scenes of closing day, which I can never resist. It has soothed many a fit of mental impatience and disquiet, and I hope I shall never cease to be alive to and observant of it.

There are few habits more essentially necessary to the enjoyment and comfort of a pedestrian traveller, than that of early rising: and there are few, which under all circumstances bring so certain a return of advantage. I will not here dilate upon the peculiar beauty of external nature at that hour, when the early grey gradually wakes into warmth and colour; or speak of the fresh feeling of enjoyment, both in body

and soul, which *he* experiences whose feet brush away the heavy dews from the meadows.

Even if your travel were an obligatory pilgrimage, instead of a mode by which you seek information, strength, and enjoyment, still you should study to be abroad long before the sun-beams descend from the mountain summits upon your path.

Experience teaches, that eight or ten miles achieved in the freshness of the morning are productive of far s fatigue, than a like number in the latter part of the ay :—that, if the weather be doubtful or tempestuous, l advance be an object, the hours immediately pre- 'ing and following sunrise are the fairest in the four- .wenty ;—that a cool road, and absence of dust, are advantages which cannot be too highly estimated. Custom is second nature, and what may be difficult at first, will become easy afterwards ;—more especially, if you happen frequently to be housed and entertained as I was at Kolsass ; where a dirty inn, wretched fare, a cross-grained hostess, and a bed with as many points and ridges as the Rhetian Alps, made me in haste to rise, and set forward with the early dawn.

The town of Schwatz, which I reached after a few miles' walk, is situated at a point where the Inn washes, in its meanderings, the base of the southern chain of mountains. The latter rise here to a considerable height ; and display a line of steep broken declivities, partly forested, and partly chequered by pastures, mines, farms, and old mansions. On the opposite bank, the same open country as about Hall and Inspruck, interposes its cultivated level between the river and the opposite chain. It is worthy of

remark, that soon after quitting Hall, the inferior range of eminences, which had been, till that point disposed along the base of the mountains to the right, change sides; and appear along the base of the opposite chain, for many miles, terminating finally in the vicinity of Schwatz, by the so called Vomperberg.

Schwatz is a considerable market town, and was once celebrated for the silver mines in its neighbourhood. It suffered the extremity of misery during the war in 1809, and its large population was reduced to the deepest poverty. The mines are now so unproductive, that they are mostly abandoned by the imperial proprietor.

From hence to Rattenberg, the Innthal fully sustains its character for the most noble and romantic mountain scenery. Innumerable villages, monasteries and chapels continue, as heretofore, to peep out of every corner of the broken ground at the foot of the mountains. The river becomes navigable at Hall, and its rapid current is often seen impelling forward the crowded market-boat which plies between the towns on its bank, or the larger bark destined to transport the produce of the mountains to the great capital of the Empire. About four or five miles below Schwatz, the traveller passes through the hamlet of St. Margaret. Further down, the fine meadow-land on the river-side ceases to be a principal feature as heretofore; and, in general, from hence to Rattenberg and Kufstein the soil is not so well adapted for cultivation, as there is much alluvial ground, covered with sand and low bushes; and continual abrupt knolls rise above the general level.

Rattenberg is picturesque, and resembles Schwatz

very closely in point of situation. It is a strangely confused old place, overlooked by two ruinous castles, and squeezed close in upon the rocky mountain to the right, by the impetuous river which here sweeps upon its base. The entrance into the celebrated vale of the Ziller about two miles above Rattenberg, forms an interesting feature of the scenery.

I will cut short a very hot day's march by a stride, which overstepping the villages of Kundl and Wörgl, will bring me at a seasonable hour, to the little town of Kufstein, situated under the shelter of the miniature fortress of Geroldstein, not far from the N.E. limit of Tyrol, and near the spot, where, escaping from the thraldom of the higher mountains, the Inn, now a noble stream, turns to the north towards the fair plains of Bavaria. I was agreeably disappointed by the scene in which this little rock, fortress, and town is situated. The summit of an isolated rock rising abruptly in a valley encircled by mountains, is seen crowned by a round tower, a few strong bastions, and the barracks of the garrison, while the white walls of the town situated at its foot are reflected in the surface of the river.

The mountains to the south are savage and forested, but not happy in their outline. Towards Bavaria and to the eastward, the eminences are lower and their flanks well-cultivated.

The female costume becomes more and more hideous. From Schwatz to Kufstein the most preposterous stockings prevail, being a long woollen cylinder of about four feet in length, without footing, which after being drawn on the leg, is rolled down, and disposed in broad round plaits or rings from the knee to the ancle, so that

the fair sex seem at a distance to have been furnished with supports like those of the Hippopotomus. But this is not all. It would seem that as the rattle-snake gets an additional rattle to his tail every year, so the women of Schwatz add a fresh woollen petticoat every twelve months, such is their preposterous appearance: and all being short, they fly off from the waist in a marvellous manner. An old woman of the Lower Innthal looks like a walking mushroom.

If my reader should ever follow my steps, I warn him, that for the greater part of this day's journey, much heat and fatigue may be avoided, and much additional enjoyment secured, by following the frequent bye-paths and footways which lead through the meadows between the road and the river, and that thus an atmosphere surcharged with heat and dust, may be exchanged for many miles together, for the fresh breath of the river, and perfume of flowers. But at the same time I must add a general caution. There is nothing so tempting to a pedestrian as the appearance of a gap in the wall or hedge bordering a long and dusty road, and the sight of a specious and plausible footway on the other side, running, as far as it is possible to judge, to *the same end*. You argue that the said *footway can* never surely lead you longer about, possibly may be exactly as long, but probably is much nearer; in short, a 'short cut.' Now, my gentle friend, take my advice. Never let your wishes blind your wits; for you must remember that these said short cuts are more likely to be thought of and descried, when actual circumstances would make them most desirable, than at any other time. If there be any mode of obtaining certain infor-

mation, make a duty of getting at the truth, however unnecessary the question may appear. If there is a cottage or a labourer at any moderate distance, go and inquire:—if an approaching traveller be within sight; thank God, and sit down to wait his arrival: for, taking a supposed short cut is often a perilous adventure to one, whose every iota of time and strength and good temper are in serious requisition. I am convinced that this warning comes well, let the scene of your wanderings be where it may; but most of all, in a region, where the surface displays such abrupt changes and insurmountable difficulties to free communication by direct lines from point to point, as in mountain districts. I am perhaps sanguine by disposition, and have often ventured upon a 'short-cut:' but long before I had learned to be wary and incredulous, I had walked many a league about, and had paid by many a leap, wade, climb, and scramble through furze and fen, for having doubted whether the vulgar saying, 'the shortest cut is the longest way home,' was a just one. These short-cuts from the high road of our travel seem to me to resemble speculation in the business of life: and as long as the fortunate result of either the one or the other can be referred to no better source of expectation than what is vulgarly called chance, I think they should both fall under the same condemnation; and be esteemed unworthy of beguiling the footsteps of either a good pedestrian or a good christian.

The little fortress of Kufstein is remarkable as having been the only place in the Tyrol which did not fall into the hands of the Tyrolese during the war of

1809. It was besieged, for a considerable time, and with much perseverance, by a party of peasants under Speckbacher, a man, to whose constancy and bravery during the whole of that eventful period, scarcely sufficient justice has been done. They did all that human ingenuity and bravery, unaided by artillery, could effect; destroyed the flottilla, under the very walls of the fortress; cut off supplies, and planned one surprize after another, till compelled by the course of events to abandon the siege.

I quitted Kufstein early and retraced my steps without any adventure worthy of note. About noon I arrived at Brixlegg, a village a little above Rattenberg. After a couple of hours' halt, to allow the excessive heat to subside, I continued my walk, and diverged from my yesterday's route, after passing the small bridge over the Zillerbach, by turning to the south, into the Zillerthal, the noble entrance to which shows a long vista between the mountains leading up towards the central Alps.

The point of junction of the Zillerthal with the main valley, is overspread with alluvial deposits brought down in time of flood; and through the thickets of alder and barberry which cover them, I picked my way for a couple of miles, till I joined the main road leading up the valley at the village of Schlitters.

I wished to have reached the principal village of Zell; but a slight indisposition caused by long exposure to the suffocating heat made an early termination of the day's journey desirable. I, however, passed the village of Figen, and finally came to a halt in the hamlet of Ried, at the door of a pretty inn, just as a menacing

thunderstorm following the course of the Inn, seemed to make a stand at the entrance of this valley, and meditate a diversion into its recesses. I here spent an evening which I long remember for its calmness and tranquillity. How sweet, after hours of pain, to become conscious of its gradual cessation. As I sat in the fresh open air, sheltered under the spreading roof from the partial showers which the thunderstorm every now and then sent forward as though to herald its nearer approach, I was fully alive to all that sublimity which accompanies the progress of these awful phenomena in mountainous countries. About six o'clock, the clouds began to sweep forward, to shroud the nearer mountains, and the thunder, to roll nearer and louder every peal. Yet then, while heaven and earth in general seemed to sympathize with the coming tempest—the sky over our head ragged and threatening, the wind gusty, the leaves of the trees motionless and agitated by turns, and the approaching vapour blending both valley and mountain into one dismally blue and uncertain hue—*three* things seemed to speak nothing but calm : the vesper-bells sounding from numberless churches and chapels through the valley ;—a group of peasant girls at labour in the field, who stood up for a few moments with bended heads repeating the *ave maria,* and then continued their labour ; and lastly, the snowy mountains at the head of the valley, reflecting in their elevated solitude, the red beams of the setting sun.

On the following morning I resumed my walk up the valley as far as Zell. Beyond this village it was hardly desirable to proceed at this early period of the year, though the extreme head of the valley extends

full thirty miles higher into the Alps. The snow-line in the mountains was still far too low down to allow a hope that the vegetation in the higher parts of the country was even tolerably advanced, and excursions among the glaciers were out of the question. Of the quarter of the Tyrol which had hitherto come within my observation, it appeared to me that this valley was the most thoroughly Swiss in its outlines and general character. I allude to its resemblance with the more fertile and productive portions of the Swiss Alps, and not of the glaciers. The middle pastures may be descried from the vale, sprinkled with châlets; whereas, in general, they are few on the mountain sides in the Innthal, and generally speaking, *that* is a class of pasturage which does not seem attached to the Rhetian Alps. The inhabitants, and especially the males, are deservedly distinguished, even among the Tyrolese, for their manly beauty. Rearing cattle is the principal occupation in the Zillerthal. From the upper part of this fine valley, a foot-way traverses the glaciers into one of the diverging vallies of the Pusterthal, and from Zell; another passes into the Pinzgau or valley of the Salzach, in the extreme east of Tyrol.

In returning I made but a short halt at Reid, during which, however, a strolling band of musicians came and set the whole population of the hamlet in motion, for it seems that the Tyrolese are wonderfully fond of harmony, however rude. This was of the rudest, for the leader was a performer on the pans-pipe, and seemed to have been so long and so zealously addicted to this instrument that he had gradually shaven off the greater part of his chin and under-lip.

In the course of the afternoon I returned down the valley into the Innthal, and regained the town of Schwatz at sun-set, visiting some of the deserted mines by the way.

From Schwatz, an early walk of three hours, brought me to the bridge and monastery of Volders: and here, I made a second deviation from the general line of my return up the vale of the Inn, by quitting the vicinity of the river altogether; turning short round to the left, and pursuing a footway, leading up to the hills, towards the village of Rinn.

I will not believe that any stranger, whose good fortune permits him to wander over the surface of this romantic country, can do so, without turning his thoughts, from time to time to that fierce struggle of which it was the scene during the late war; the extraordinary fluctuations of which made it an object of interest and admiration to the surrounding nations. Twenty years have gone by since those alternate days of triumph and distress. The fields of the Inn have long ago resumed their fertility, and again pour forth their abundance into the hands that till them;—the trace of the fosse and barricade have disappeared from the roads;—the brawling cascade now tells no tale of the day when its tinged waters bore from hamlet to village, a fearful token of the mountain-strife; and the green moss has overspread with its fresh carpet the fragments of rock, which then rushed downward like a cataract of stone, upon the stranger and invader. Most of the principal actors too, have within this limited period, been laid in peace beneath the green turf of their native country.

A well-authenticated and detailed history of the war of 1809 is yet a desideratum, and many circumstances lead me to believe that to supply this, will be a very difficult matter. It was to be supposed that the annals of France, Bavaria, and Austria, would give very different accounts of this episode in their mutual warfare: but while the two former of these have written like enemies, the latter has not written as a friend: for it felt, that to publish the knowledge of the truth, was to publish its own shame. The Tyrolese have but few authors amongst them, and it appears that the Imperial interdict prevented the publication of a chronicle prepared by Baron Hormayr.

There are three names which should be placed in the first rank, among the number of those brave and devoted men who stood forward in defence of their country—three men, whose constancy appears to have been rarely influenced during the whole of that six months trial, either by the desertion of friends or triumph of enemies—and these men are Hofer, Speckbacher, and Haspinger.—Other names are worthy of remembrance, but the interest attached to them is of a more partial nature. Places and circumstances will suggest the introduction of sketches of one or the other of the individuals mentioned, and of the warfare in which they were engaged.

To-day the subject of remembrance must be Joseph Speckbacher, in quest of whose former habitation upon the mountains to the left, I now quitted the high road.

A line of finely-broken country, intersected by many by-paths, interposed, however, considerable impediments to my effecting my purpose:—and it was not

till after an hour's exertion, that I reached a cottage about a mile from the village of Rinn, from the inhabitants of which I gained some information, as to the position of the dwelling which I was in search of, and the fate of its former inhabitants.

Of the decease of Speckbacher himself in 1820, I was aware; but not of the circumstance, that his family had quitted their property upon the mountains, and retired to the town of Hall.

Their former residence had still, however, charms for me, and having received my instructions, I proceeded to it. It appears to stand nearer to the hamlet of Judenstein, than the village of Rinn, to which, however, it is nominally attached. It may be inferred from what I have before stated, that these villages lie upon the hills at the base of the superior chain. Behind them rises the Patscher-kofel, a high mountain, remarkable for its position overlooking the vallies of the Inn and the Sill, and for the peculiar appearance of its summit, terminating in a vast tumulus, which, according to the wild tradition of the country, bears high into the clouds and towards the stars, the ashes of a giant.

Speckbacher's house, a substantial Swiss-looking cottage, is situated among the meadows upon the hill side, apart from all others. The stables are seen half buried in trees upon a ridge a little behind the house, while from the front a most extensive view of the Innthal displays itself; extending westward for eight or ten leagues beyond Inspruck; and eastward, yet more distinctly, to the immediate neighbourhood of Kufstein. The town of Hall and the river below, are hidden by the broken flanks of the mountain; while a forest of

larches, interposing between the hamlet of Judenstein and the house, throws about the spot a greater air of solitude than it really possesses. A glorious scene, such as delights the eye of a stranger, and which, no doubt, often moved the heart of the brave and daring patriot in his day to yet deeper feeling!

There is no place so fitting to recal his memory, as that rural seat upon which I now sit, sheltered from the sun-beams by the shadow of the roof of his home, and in the face of that beautiful and majestic country for which he fought.

Joseph Speckbacher was born at Gnadenwald, a village in this neighbourhood, in the year 1768. His father, at that time, had a contract to supply wood for the salt-works at Hall, and supported his family with credit till his death, which happened when the subject of this notice was but six years old. The mother of the family soon followed to the grave; but nevertheless, Speckbacher seems to have had considerable care bestowed on him in early life by his near relatives, and to have been sent to school with a view to the attainment of instruction suited to his future prospects. At this period, however, he could never be taught either to read or write. His active mind and body had other sources of emulation. There was a pursuit to which the young Tyrolese of his day were devoted with a passion far transcending that lavished on any other youthful pleasure, to gratify which there was no risk and no sacrifice which was not recklessly encountered, and this was the chase, or as we should rather say in plain English, *poaching*.

Young Speckbacher had rendered himself remark-

able as a boy by the fearlessness of his disposition and the nervous activity of his person. It is upon record that as a child he had attacked a Lämmergeyer which had pounced on his flock, and though single-handed brought it off as his prize, despite the resistance of that powerful alpine vulture. He possessed a piercing glance and a steady hand, and throwing aside the pen in disgust, the rifle became his inseparable companion. At the early age of twelve years, he was by his natural taste and the society of congenial companions, carried away from his home and duty in pursuit of an illicit pleasure.

The wild mountains and forests clothing the Bavarian frontiers, seem to have been the principal scene of his wanderings; and it is supposed that the extraordinary knowledge of the surface of the country, which he was found to possess in later life, was the result of this season of lawless existence and adventure. That the charm was a strong one is not to be denied. The alternate success which accompanied their chase of the roe, and other schemes of depredation upon the hated Bavarians, and the excitement produced by escape from imminent peril and frequent pursuit, led him forward from bad to worse, till he was suddenly arrested by seeing one of his companions shot before his eyes by a chasseur. This seems to have sobered him completely; he returned home, and sat down quietly in his native valley in pursuit of his father's business.

At the age of twenty-seven, he married Maria Schmeider, and through her came into possession of a small property at Rinn, and of the cottage where we now sit. For love of her, he seems to have conquered his

repugnance to letters, and to have learned to read and write. He reaped the advantage of the acquisition in later life.

But it is not my intention to follow him step by step. Time moved onwards—war arose, and the sound of the tremendous conflicts which were waging in the plains on every side, soon began to echo loudly among the steep and rugged Alps of Tyrol. Army after army of their Austrian brethren poured along their vallies and over their mountains into the plains of Friuli and Lombardy, and were continually augmented by the willing hearts and arms of the faithful Tyrolese. And when the scattered and dispirited remnants of those armed masses returned weary and dispirited up the great valley of the Adige after defeat, the Tyrolese received them not the less kindly; but spread his board for their refreshment and tended their sick and wounded.

But the worst had still to come. Austria had at first fought in defence of her dependancies, but had soon to struggle for her own existence. She struggled in vain—and by the treaty of Presberg in Dec. 1805, the Tyrolese, as yet unsubdued, and in their own mountains invincible, were given over to the detested rule of Bavaria. In this transfer, some respect to their virtue and valour was paid by the victors, as it was expressly stipulated and solemnly promised, that they should retain their former institutions and government inviolate. But these were forgotten.—The ancient constitution was undermined—the representative body annihilated —new and vexatious taxation introduced, public funds and ecclesiastical property confiscated; and oppression,

resulting both from public ordinances and private aggression was the daily lot of the Tyrolese.

These things alone, without taking into account the romantic affection borne by the inhabitants of these mountains for the Emperor, were surely sufficient to have roused them up to shake off the yoke thus imposed upon them. It is true that many of the leading men connected with the larger towns were brought over to the Bavarian interest; but that did not prevent the silent and almost unsuspected organization of an insurrection among a great body of the peasantry, chiefly during the latter part of the winter and the spring of 1809.

The leaders of the insurrection opened a correspondence with the archduke John, then in Carniola, and with Marquis Chastelar, at Klagenfurt; and received encouragement and promises of assistance from the Emperor.

Hofer, who had already been put forward by the priests and others as a principal chief, had known Speckbacher prior to this epoch, and appreciating the energy and fire of his character, confided in a great measure to him the duty of organizing the insurrection in the vale of the Inn. In pursuance of this commission he had shewn great prudence and zeal, and by the end of the first week in April, when Austria suddenly declared war against France, every thing was ripe for the general revolt.

In Tyrol the first blow was struck in the Pusterthal, on the tenth of this month, at the bridge of St. Lorenzen, which, the Bavarians, hearing that a movement was intended by the Austrian regulars in the valley of the

Drave, attempted to destroy. The peasantry however, rose *en masse*, and overcoming all resistance, drove the Bavarians down the Pusterthal to the valley of the Eisack. Here, though reinforced by a French column of 3000 men passing through the Tyrol, on their way to Augsburg, they were, during the course of the three following days, completely dispersed by the exasperated peasantry and their Austrian allies. Two thousand of the French who retreated southward to Botzen were there made prisoners; and the remainder, including the Bavarian troops, were forced to retreat with great loss to Sterzing, at the foot of the Brenner, where after an obstinate resistance, they also surrendered.

In the mean time the peasantry of the valley of the Inn had risen upon their oppressors. The night between the 9*th* and 10*th* of April was fraught with fearful augury to the Bavarian troops in the towns of Inspruck and Hall. Early in the night, Speckbacher had gathered together a small body of the Landsturm, and made a successful attack upon the monastery and the bridge over the Inn at Volders, which were occupied by a Bavarian forepost. Then advancing by a circuitous route with his little body of comrades towards Hall, they concealed themselves near one of the gates, and awaited the dawn.

As though by enchantment, the appearance of one high volume of flame, which arose at midnight in the direction of the Patscher-kofel, had been followed by the boding glare of numerous signal-fires from the mountains on either side, whose flickering and uncertain light was dimly pictured upon the surface of the river.

At the same time the night-air resounded with the harsh and dissonant clash and chime of innumerable bells, spreading the alarm far and near.

As soon as morning light stole over the landscape, the gates of Hall were opened, and the little armed band, rushing from their ambush, forced their way into the town, and drove the Bavarians, after a slight resistance, over the bridge.

The remainder of the day was occupied by the Tyrolese in augmenting their numbers, and in various skirmishes with the patrols sent forward from Inspruck to reconnoitre. On the following morning, they mustered to the number of 20,000 round about that city, drove in the out-posts on every side, and dislodged the Bavarian troops from the upper bridge over the Inn. A general attack upon the city followed. It was garrisoned by the regiment of General Kinkel, aided by some cavalry and light troops: and the general, who was there in person, was ably seconded in the defence by the officers under his command. Nothing, however, could withstand the overpowering attack of the exasperated mountaineers, and before evening, they had full possession of the capital of their country.

The exultation of the peasantry at this triumph, knew no bounds. During the remaining hours of the day, the streets and public places re-echoed with the exulting cries of the victors, and the name of the Emperor. The churches were, at the same time, crowded with such as assembled to return thanks to God for this victory. A singular circumstance combined to raise the patriotic and devotional enthusiasm, which distinguished the Tyrolese throughout the whole of this

war, to an extraordinary pitch. Among the Bavarian officers in Inspruck was Colonel Dittfurt, a man of a bold and uncompromising disposition, and of distinguished military reputation. He was believed to have been one of the main causes of the separation of the Tyrol from Austria, and for this reason was detested by the peasantry. Moreover having been sent early in the year into the Fliemsthal, to enforce the new system of recruiting set on foot by the Bavarians, but resisted by the Tyrolese, he committed divers excesses, and added to the measure of deep hatred, which was treasured up against him till this day of retribution. At Inspruck, he saw too late what was the real character of the peasantry he had despised and oppressed: and, escape being impossible, resolved to die with honour. He fought in the streets with desperate valour, and though pierced with four balls, still urged resistance. Even when in the hands of the Tyrolese he continued to rave with impotent wildness over schemes of vengeance, and modes of defending the country. But the circumstance particularly alluded to, was the folllowing :—that, while lying faint and bleeding in the guard-house, whither he had been conveyed after capture, he suddenly turned to the by-standers, and asked with solemnity, who it was that headed the Tyrolese in their attack? Upon being told that the peasants had had no particular chief, but had combated, each and all, for God, the Emperor, and their homes; the wounded man insisted that this could not be, for that he had frequently seen their leader pass him in the melée, upon a white charger. Upon this wild expression, the enthusiastic fancy of the peasantry immediately

raised the belief, that they had really been headed by one of the blessed saints, visible to their foes, though invisible to them, and were more than ever convinced of the holiness and justice of their cause.

Though Inspruck was in the hands of the peasantry, the work of deliverance was however not yet achieved. Early the following morning, the alarm-bells gave information of the approach of an enemy, a strong column of French and Bavarians having been observed descending from the Brenner. They soon made their appearance on the Iselberg, under the command of Generals Wrede and Bisson. The advanced guard attempting to enter the town, were driven back with great loss, and the whole division then took up a position between the hills and the city. Here they were in the course of the next twenty-four hours, completely surrounded by the victorious peasantry from both sides of the Brenner, and the Austrian detachment under General Chastelar; and after some hesitation were forced to surrender.

This summary contains a sketch of the principal events which marked the first expulsion of the French and Bavarians from the Tyrol in 1809. They continued to occupy portions of Southern Tyrol, and especially the city of Trent, till after the 22*nd* of April, when that city was evacuated by the French in consequence of the news of the Archduke John's victory at Sacile. In the North, the little fortress of Kafstein alone held out. But the same success which was awarded to the Tyrolese in their first struggle, did not attend the operations of the main Austrian armies, either in Germany or Italy.

The defeats at Landshut and Ratisbon, and the retreat of Jellachich towards the frontier of Salzburg, left Northern Tyrol in an unprotected state. The Archduke was also forced to retire from the Veronese, hotly pursued by Prince Eugene; and the French Generals Rusca and d'Hilliers, who had but just before quitted the Tyrolese frontier, ascended the vale of the Adige. In the first days of May, matters seemed wavering, and partial successes gave hopes that the fortune of war might yet be in favour of Austria. Attempts were made to stimulate the inhabitants of Salzburg and the Val Telline, to join in a regularly organized defence of their mountains. But the advançe of the Duke of Dantzic rendered all these efforts nugatory, and the defeat of the Austrian regulars at Wörgl on the 13th of May, left Inspruck and its charming valley once again open to the French and Bavarians. The remnant of the Austrians with the Marquis Chastelar, were forced to retreat over the Brenner, and the enemy advancing up the Innthal, rè-entered Inspruck on the 17th.

The Tyrolese throughout this struggle in defence of their country, and in the cause of their lawful sovereign, had behaved with moderation and humanity in the hour of victory. The march of their enemies on the contrary, from Wörgl to Inspruck was marked by unjustifiable cruelty and excess. The whole of that glorious valley at our feet, now smiling with luxuriant vegetation, and rejoicing in the spring, was then, at this very season, converted into one widely deformed and desolate field of ravage and destruction. The villages and hamlets were given to the flames; and such of the population as escaped the wanton sword of their

invaders, were driven forth like sheep to herd upon the mountains.

The destruction of Schwatz was complete. A terrible wind arose the evening after the fire had been first communicated, and the flames extending from the suburbs to the town, the whole was reduced to a heap of ashes.

But I must here pause in my historical sketch ; the shadows on the mountains opposite are growing broader and broader, and further advance must be made ere nightfall. There are before us many localities where a continuation of this subject may be appropriately introduced ; as well as some allusion to the adventures of the individual, the tale of whose early life I have briefly narrated.

The town of Hall, to which I descended in the course of the afternoon, is irregularly built, but contains some ancient edifices. It derives its principal importance from the salt-works. It had formerly a mint, the machinery of which was worked by water. The salt is brought from the Salzberg, at the distance of several miles in the chain to the northward. It is not found pure, but in an earthy stratum. The produce of the mine is thrown into pits or tanks, from which a strongly impregnated brine flows off and descends by pipes to Hall, where it is received into boilers, and the salt obtained by evaporation. The mines must still be valuable ; and once yielded to the Emperor a clear annual revenue of 200,000 rix dollars. The great church is a large and handsome edifice. To the right of the west entrance, a little round the corner, a plain tablet marks the place of sepulture of

Speckbacher. His worldly prospects were ruined by the waste and neglect they had suffered during the war; and his health undermined by the great hardships he had undergone. He removed with his family from Rinn to Hall where he died at the age of fifty-two, and was interred with the honours of a major in 1820.

I sought out his widow and family, using the name of an English friend, as an introduction, and spent two hours most agreeably in their society. The widow is is a good homely woman, verging upon old age, and the two daughters still with her, handsome, sensible girls. A third was absent. Of the sons, the eldest, Andrew, who followed his father in one or two of expeditions as a mere boy, was taken prisoner by the Bavarians, and was educated with care by the King of Bavaria's orders at Munich. He now occupies an official situation in a neighbouring village.—The second son, a spirited young man, lives with his mother and sisters. This worthy family seemed desirous to acknowledge by kindness to me, their sense of the general sympathy and interest testified towards them by my countrymen. They showed me their little stock of relics, the father's portrait, and books—the gold chain and medal given by the Emperor, a rosary given by his Holiness the Pope, and were very pressing that I should contrive to come and pass a few days at Hall. The mother had shown herself throughout the painful circumstances in which she had been placed during the war, to be a woman of strong mind and conduct; and though she has many difficulties to struggle with, seems to be going gently and contentedly down the vale of years.

Their son was my companion during the major part of my evening wâlk to Inspruck; and I quitted him with a feeling, that I was honoured by the acquaintance I had made.

I entered my inn at nightfall, after an absence of four days, and found my effects in safe keeping. The damsel looked half-pleased, and half-disappointed at my arrival, having doubtless calculated upon being residuary legatee, in case I had never returned.

May 14th.—What traveller among you has received a packet of letters from your dear and distant home, without a trembling hand and heart, and, in opening it, experienced that pain and pleasure, disappointment and surprise, always travel in company. Amongst other resolves, not interesting to the reader, that of the prosecution of my journey southward, without further delay, was taken upon the perusal of the packet in question: and the greater portion of this day, was occupied in making those dispositions which would enable me to do so on the morrow. The weather was insufferably hot, from the prevalence of a wind from the S.S.E. which is in fact the sirrocco. It rushes down from the southern chain into the valley of the Inn in violent gusts; raising the dust in clouds, shaking the window-frames, and causing ennui, the spleen, and whole host of vapours, to enter into the heart of an Englishman. Most strangers find themselves disagreeably affected by it. It identifies itself with the Fön and Uberre of the Swiss and Savoy Alps.

But before quitting the Innthal, I have a few general remarks to make. This noble vale contains within

its limits, three hundred and twenty villages and hamlets, besides numerous castles and convents. Its general features may have been sufficiently detailed. The style of architecture in the farms, upper villages and hamlets, is decidedly Swiss. Though the towns are not Italian in their general appearance, they exhibit some affinity to the taste of that country in the style of their buildings. The village churches, in general, are distinguished for their extraordinary size, and the care evinced in their erection and adornment. White plaster is the fashion every-where; and most houses in the larger villages are decorated exteriorly with rude fresco paintings of saints, warriors, angels, and various other devices. The interior disposition of the apartments is tolerably convenient. I cannot call the people in general a cleanly race: for though I believe the chairs and tables may obtain a good scrubbing now and then, the floors of their apartments, whether above or below, certainly remain destitute of that advantage from the moment they are laid down, to the day they separate into splinters. Sawdust is sprinkled upon them, and they are swept, and this seems to be considered sufficient.

The men are neither tall nor very muscular, but lightly and actively built, and are a fine race upon the whole, especially the inhabitants of the Zillerthal: *they* shew also the best taste in their costumes. The greater part of the Innthal is wholly agricultural and pastoral: very little manufacture appears to be going forward, except about Rattenberg, and in the lower part of the Zillerthal, where a considerable quantity of coarse black woollen cloth for home consumption, is woven by the

loom in the cottages. The dairy seems to be undervalued, the cheese throughout being fabricated of skim milk, and too bad to be palatable to a stranger.

To the traveller who wanders into these Alps from those of Switzerland, the general absence of express accommodation for strangers will perhaps cause a momentary disagreeable surprise :—this however is far more than outweighed by the comparatively trifling expence to which he is subjected, and the utter absence of all imposition and rapacious obsequiousness in the conduct of those, upon whose kindness and courtesy he is thrown for entertainment.

But I must bid adieu to Inspruck. As the evening drew on, I entered again into the church of the Holy Cross. The evening service was just concluding ; and as I stood beneath the shadow of the mausoleum, I was struck by observing the affection to the memory of poor Hofer, shown by most of the peasants who retired from the church. Few passed the dusky corner in which he lies, without stepping aside, after immersing their fingers in the vase of holy water, to sprinkle the place of his sepulture.

CHAPTER III.

> ‘Low on the mountain side
> The fleecy vapour hung, and in its veil
> With all their dreadful preparations wrapt
> The Mountaineers:—in breathless hope they lay,
> Some blessing God in silence, for the power
> This day vouchsafed; others with fervency
> Of prayer and vow, invoke the Mother-maid,
> Beseeching her that in this favouring hour
> She would be strongly with them. From below
> Meantime they heard distinct the passing tramp
> Of horse and foot, continuous as the sound
> Of Deva's stream, and barbarous tongues commixt
> With laughter and with frequent shouts;—for all
> Exultant came, expecting sure success;
> Blind wretches! over whom the ruin hung.’

THE Pass of the Brenner, over which our route now leads us, traverses the main chain of the Alps in a direction due south from Inspruck. On this side, it is reached by following the course of the Sill to its source; and on the other, by the long ravine of the Eisack. The height of the ridge between these vallies is but 4700 feet, and consequently the lowest in the central chain of the Alps.

The Brenner seems to have been made use of at a very early épOch, as a passage to Italy; some supposing that Brennus and the Gauls traversed it nearly four hundred years before the Christian era. It was certainly well known in the time of Augustus, when the Romans penetrated into these fastnesses, and

subdued the various tribes inhabiting this portion of the Rhetian Alps.

However this may be, four irruptions of the northern Gothic tribes into Italy, by the pass of the Brenner, are upon record, previous to the descent of Attila, who, in his passage down the vale of the Adige, wasted Southern Tyrol with fire and sword.

Four and twenty years after, Odoacer followed in the same track; and before the end of the fifth century, Theodoric and the Ostragoths sought a similar passage to the southward.

In later times, the route in question was justly considered of the highest importance to Austria, both in a commercial and military point of view; as it afforded the means of entering Italy at all seasons, with little or no risk, and was in fact the key to that country.

On the morning of the *25th*, I resumed my knapsack and alpenstock, and turned my face to the southward. The hot wind was still blowing with violence; the high road was a perfect purgatory, from the clouds of dust flying across it; which the huge waggon trains, traversing the mountains by scores, aggravated in no small degree. Leaving the Iselberg to the left, the road to the Brenner begins to ascend the inferior hills immediately behind the Abbey of Wiltau.

This part of the country has in a measure become holy ground in the eyes of the Tyrolese. Upon the Iselberg and the enclosures at its foot, extending around the Abbey of Wiltau towards the Inn, several battles, decisive of the fate of Tyrol for the time, were gained by the peasantry in 1809; and it is easy to sym-

pathize with them, when, towards the close of the war, surrounded by foes and deserted by the Austrians, they cast their eyes towards this field of battle, and attempted to make their last stand upon it, believing that *here* they must be invincible.

The road before us is long and dusty, we will therefore while away a few minutes by again turning our attention and thoughts to the history of that time. Our last notice comprised the events from the first week in April till the re-entrance of the Bavarians into Inspruck on the 19*th* of May. It is surprising, that the latter suffered six days to pass by from the affair of Wörgl without engaging in more energetic operations, and that moreover after taking possession of Inspruck, they made no attempts for upwards of a week to secure the passage of the Brenner. It is supposed, that the absence of intelligence from the army in the north was the principal reason; as many Tyrolese insurgents continued to hold themselves in arms in the mountains, and to intercept all dispatches. In the mean time, Marquis Chastelar, after much indecision, resolved finally to quit Tyrol, and General Buol who commanded the vanguard of the Austrians, and was posted upon the heights of the Brenner, was with difficulty persuaded by the prayers and tears of Hofer and the more energetic measures of his first Lieutenant Eisensteckken, to remain and make a second attempt with the Tyrolese to drive the Bavarians out of the country.

The peasantry were many of them dispirited, by the impression that the Austrians would abandon them. They had felt extremely exasperated against Chastelar,

for the defeat at Wörgl, in which they had had but little part. Hormayr, the imperial intendant was also suspected by them to be but half-hearted in the cause; and in this state of mind, and with no prospect of immediate action, it was impossible to keep them together. Indeed, throughout this whole war the greatest difficulty experienced by their leaders, was to make them submit in any degree to military discipline. They would flock together with cheerfulness at the sound of the alarm-bell, and at the sight of the beacon-fire, fight with ardour;—but if a pause occurred in the battle, if night or storm separated the combatants, or if their efforts were blessed with partial success—it was no matter however important it might be to keep the advantage gained, and guard against surprize;—the Tyrolese ranks were sure to dwindle away like a snow-wreath. They spread themselves over the country,—filled the cabarets; feasted together: and many, with the best conscience in the world, hastened away to their homes in the mountains, to refresh themselves, and tell the news to their wives and neighbours. The same improvidence marked all their proceedings. At a time when, as at this epoch, ammunition was alarmingly scarce both among the Austrians on the Brenner, and with the *Landsturm*—the Tyrolese peasantry were as usual, marrying, baptizing and feasting, and expending their gunpowder in *feux-de-joie*, without the slightest forethought of the consequence of that heedless extravagance. These remarks are necessary, to make the reader better comprehend the true character of the force brought to act against the regular and disciplined bands of Bavaria

As the month of May drew to a close, the Bavarian General Deroy received orders from the Duke of Dantzic to pursue Chastelar, who was now in the valley of the Drave. The Tyrolese major, Teimer, had crossed from the upper vale of the Adige, or Vintsghaw, into the Upper-Innthal, and now descended that valley with a body of insurgents.

Speckbacher, though watched by the Bavarians, had re-organized a second rising in the Lower-Innthal. General Buol remained inactive on the Brenner, with 2400 regulars. On the 25th, an engagement took place on the Iselberg, which however had no decisive termination, as the combatants were separated in the afternoon by a tremendous storm. From this day till the 29th, when the decisive battle took place, the difficulty of keeping these brave but irregular peasants together, was most painfully felt by the chiefs. However, on the morning of that day, they assembled to the number of 18,000, aided by about a thousand regulars, seventy horse, and five guns: the whole very sparingly provided with ammunition, and many of the peasantry armed with mere implements of agriculture. The Bavarians opposed to them 8000 foot, 800 horse, and 25 guns. Early in the morning, a general attack was made upon the whole Bavarian line, from the bridge of Volders to the Iselberg. Speckbacher was attached to the right wing, and with a column of 600 of his neighbours attacked the bridge at Hall, and, in spite of the cannonade and the fire of musketry kept up from the opposite bank, succeeded in destroying it. His headlong and impetuous valour, on this and other occasions, made him known to the Bavarians, among

whom he went by the name of *Der Feuer-teufel,* or the Firedevil. A strong body of peasants was posted upon the Iselberg, headed by several chiefs, amongst whom we must not forget to call to mind Joachim Haspinger, a Capuchin friar, who, throughout this war, was one of the most stiff-necked opponents of the Bavarians, and whether buried in the silence of his cell, or combating in the first rank, manifested true devotion to the cause of his country. He was of athletic make, and always appeared, even in battle, dressed in his dark-brown mantle, and corded waist; using no other weapon than a massive ebony crucifix, by appeals to which, he one moment raised the devotional heroism of his companions, and the next made use of it to break the heads of the Bavarians. His *nom de guerre* amongst the soldiers of that nation was *Rothbarb,* or the Red-beard, from a long flowing appendage of that kind, which he kept trimmed with great care. Hofer himself, with the left wing, descended the route upon which we now stand, towards the Abbey of Wiltau, and in the course of the day, Major Teimer appeared on the height of Hottingen in the rear of the Bavarians. The battle lasted with great fury till evening, when a cessation of hostilities was agreed upon for the space of four and twenty hours. The Tyrolese had not lost many as to number, but had to lament the loss of several distinguished leaders amongst whom Count Stackleberg a Tyrolese nobleman, and the last of his race, was deservedly lamented. The Bavarians had lost fifteen times as many as their opponents in the two battles of the *25th,* and *29th,* and the troops were so dispirited, that nothing was left to General Deroy but retreat. This was

accordingly effected with considerable skill in the night of the 30*th.* and with such rapidity, that though hotly pursued by Speckbacher and a party of the *Landsturm,* their progress down the Innthal was unattended by any loss.

On the 31*st,* the Tyrolese made their second triumphant entry into Inspruck. Hofer, Hormayr, and their co-adjutors, employed the succeeding interval of repose in attempting to rescue the country from the bad consequences, resulting from a state of internal disorder. Speckbacher and his companions addressed themselves seriously to the reduction of Kufstein, which held out after the second expulsion of the Bavarians, as it had done after the first. The disgust of the Tyrolese at the conduct of their Austrian allies remained unmoved. They still bore great affection to the persons of the Emperor and of the Archduke John, but the line of conduct pursued towards them appeared inexplicable.

When we gain the opposite side of the Alps, an opportunity may occur of continuing this sketch; in the mean time, the valley of the Inn is gradually fading in the distance, and the scenery around us demands a passing notice.

The Brenner, in addition to being the lowest, is certainly, generally speaking, the least interesting Alpine pass I have ever traversed; though one or two splendid views in the earlier part of the ascent, should be mentioned with admiration. Such an one bursts upon the view of the traveller, when, having crossed to the left bank of the Rutzbach, he gains the ridge of the Schönberg, which separates the two vallies of the Stubay and the Sill.

The former then appears displayed in its whole length, terminated by a fine pile of snowy alps. That of the Sill does not offer equal interest, but the mountains around, and on the opposite side of the Innthal, appear to great advantage.

The Patscher-kofel remains a prominent feature of the view to the east; and you now descry the large village of Patsch, situated on an elevated plateau, between the deep ravine of the Sill and the base of the mountain. Following the road, you first descend to the torrent, and then commence a gradual ascent to the villages of Mattray and Steinach. Both are large, and seem to consist, for the greater part, of cabarets and inns. In the church of the latter, I noticed three paintings, the master-pieces of Knoller, who is considered the best painter which these mountains have produced. He was a native of this village, and left these works as his legacy.

Three leagues beyond Steinach, you reach the head of the ridge, à little above the elevated lake from which the Sill apparently takes its rise. A post-house and a pretty cascade mark the highest point. Even here, there are but few traces of alpine scenery or vegetation, and though the mountains around are tolerably elevated, yet all the outlines are rounder and less abrupt than might be expected. As the day declined, heavy showers of rain began to fly over the mountains; but rain was more tolerable than such showers of dust as I had been obliged to encounter for many hours, and I quickened my pace with the intention of reaching Gossensass, the first considerable village on the southern side. The Eisack had

been my guide, from the very summit of the ridge, and following its brawling and lively torrent, I soon reached the rocky dell, at the termination of which lay the picturesque village just named. Here the country becomes truly romantic; and as I could not persuade the people to whom I addressed myself to give me a lodging, and the evening had not quite closed in, I pushed forward yet another league to Sterzing. This portion of the road repaid me for all the ennui of the day. You get a delightful peep into the lateral valley of the Pflerscherthal, opening on the right; and the glen of the Eisack itself increases in interest and beauty step by step, till it opens into a more spacious vale near Sterzing. The town of this name is finely situated, and looks out from its angle in the mountain upon a noble scene of Alpine grandeur. Three or four vallies running down from the central chain, or towards the mountains at the head of the Passeyrthal, all converge towards this point.

Here I found a multitude of large inns, at one of which I remained for the night, and have seldom enjoyed rest more; for the experience is often made, that twelve leagues of hard dusty road are more fatiguing than 15 or 16 of rougher and more varied character.

Sterzing is a market town, and enjoys considerable advantages from its position at the foot of the Brenner. The Alps in this part of their range form no limit to the prevalence of German faces, language, or customs. All these are found to predominate for yet many leagues to the southward,—indeed till beyond Botzen, when heat, indolence, wine, and a luxuriant country, begin to introduce Italian complexions and habits.

Quitting the town of Sterzing, and the open plain before it, my route continued for some hours to lead me down the valley of the Eisack. The river meanders for a few miles through the Sterzinger-moos, a marshy level, bounded by inferior hills, and commanded by many ruined castles, churches, and hamlets. A little below Stilfes however the mountains draw together and hem the Eisack within a confined and narrow bed, down which it rushes with a hoarse murmur for several leagues. From this point to the hamlet of Unter-au, the character of the scenery is truly imposing, and upon glancing down this profound glen, darkened as it was by the shadows cast from an overcharged sky, I could well imagine the invader's heart to have sunk within him, when he saw that his road dived into a gulph of so menacing an aspect. The rapid slope of the mountain sides, the brushwood and forest that cover the upper part, and the quantities of loose blocks spread over the acclivities, added to the narrowness of the defile, which allows but little space between the road and the river; are all circumstances greatly in favour of mountain-warfare. The little plain and village of Mittenwald divides this defile into two distinct parts.—At Ober-au, the road, obstructed by the rocks in its passage along the left bank, crosses to the right, over a wooden bridge, and keeps the mountain side a little wide of the river, till the approach of the opposing mountains again obliges it to advance to the brink of the stream. The hamlet of Unter-au, with its large inn and group of walnut-trees, then appears in view; and immediately beyond it, the roads to Brixen and the Pusterthal separate. The one continues to run in a southerly direction;

the other wheeling to the left round a rocky knoll, upon which the traveller notices the first vines and chesnut-trees, crosses the river once more, by the celebrated Puntleiterbrücke, a single arch spanning a horrible abyss of immense depth, at the bottom of which the Eisack foams downward in an encumbered bed towards the fertile plain of Brixen.—Many however are the serpentine twists which it must make, before it rejoices the fat monks of Neustif with its presence.

But I pause here—choosing this time and place, for the introduction of a second sketch from the events of that remarkable era in the history of Tyrol, to which I have already alluded.

We left the Tyrolese, about the end of May, in possession of their capital, and the Tyrol in a great measure freed a second time from the presence of their enemies. Yet it must be confessed, they were at once victorious and unhappy. Every thing was in confusion; and the attempts made, during the succeeding two months of June and July, to bring the civil and military constitution of the country into order, were far from satisfactory. Arms, provisions, ammunition, were extremely scarce, and it was found almost impossible to raise any sum of money in the present doubtful state of affairs. Bavarian intrigues added to these difficulties. Various schemes were set on foot to remove them and to bring the inhabitants of the neighbouring alpine districts to co-operate with the Tyrolese in their system of self-defence—when, on the 17th of July, the news of the decisive battle of Wagram and the armistice of Znaim, came like a thunderbolt upon the people and their chiefs.

The Marquis Chasteler, after long manœuvering, had effected a junction with the army of the Archduke. General Buol was still in the Tyrol, but now received positive orders to evacuate that country, and surrender it to the Bavarians.—The confusion at this intelligence rose to its height. The peasantry absolutely refused to allow the regulars to retire; asserting, that it was impossible that the Emperor could desert them. They referred to his proclamation at the commencement of the war, in which he swears never to submit to terms which would deprive him of his faithful Tyrolese. They insisted that the orders received must be forged. Multitudes were dispirited, and laying down their arms, retired to their homes; while others, among whom were many of the chiefs, proposed not only resistance, but the immediate massacre of their numerous prisoners of war. This ferment lasted some days; and then the more influential men persuaded Hofer to announce himself as commander-in-chief, and to head another general rising. Till this moment, though widely known and respected, he had only appeared as leader of the brave *Landsturm* of his native valley. Thus, though abandoned to their fate, and even advised by the Emperor to submit, the Tyrolese again prepared for energetic defence. The Austrians were permitted to depart: Baron Hormayr the imperial Intendant, and many of the chiefs and functionaries, who now despaired of the cause of liberty in Tyrol, departed in their train. Hofer, though continually urged, refused to do so. Speckbacher had returned disappointed from the unsuccessful blockade of Kufstein, which the Tyrolese were now forced to raise, in consequence of the advance

of the Duke of Dantzic towards the frontier. He was a favourite with the Austrian commanders, and at length suffered himself to be persuaded by them that nothing further was to be done for Tyrol. He retired to his cottage on the mountain, took leave of his faithful wife and five children, and mounting an open car with certain Austrian officers, traversed the Brenner. While descending the southern side, it happened that they met Andrew Hofer. Though they passed without halting, Speckbacher's person had caught the quick eye of this Tyrolese chief, and an exclamation of surprise and grief was borne by the wind to the ear of the former. It was unnoticed by his companions, but sunk deep into the bosom of him to whom it was addressed. A mental struggle was the consequence, which terminated in his secretly quitting the car at the first post-house, procuring a horse, and rejoining Hofer. The result of their interview was a renewed determination, never to desert the Tyrol while a blow could be struck in its defence.

It was now the beginning of August; the Austrian regulars had then quitted the country,—not however before some hundreds had deserted their ranks, to mingle with their Tyrolese brethren, and conquer or fall with them. On the last day of July, the Duke of Dantzic had entered Inspruck, and threatened to advance with his whole force over the Brenner into Southern Tyrol. The Tyrolese were up in arms; but their Chief remained at his cottage in the Passeyrthal, undecided how to act. Joachim Haspinger was buried in the silence of his cloister of Clausen, but was sought and consulted by several leaders whom Hofer's indecision

left to pursue their own course. After some resistance, which was natural, as he had found to his cost, that he had lost in sanctity what he gained in military renown, he consented to come forth and hold a council with Kenmater, Schenk, and Mayer, three of the most influential chiefs in this quarter of Tyrol, at Brixen. In consequence, hostilities were instantly recommenced, and from May the 4th to the 11th, the deep vale of the Eisack, the open plains of the Sterzinger-moos, and the heights of the Brenner, were the scenes of a terrible struggle between the Tyrolese and their invaders.

The peculiar character of the resistance opposed by the Tyrolese to the strong force of regular troops whom they confronted, was never more strikingly exemplified than during this episode of the war. Our morning's walk has led us, in peace and silence, across the marshy flat, through the deep gorge, and over the two bridges, which, during that memorable week, were scenes of such fearful interest. Of these scenes we will attempt to present a sketch.

It will be understood that, among the insurgents now brought together, there could be no regular troops; for the few Austrians who had remained behind were hardly numerous enough, or sufficiently well equipped, to deserve the name. The *Landsturm* of the several districts were, it is true, organized bodies, and had their regular chiefs; but were neither accustomed nor friendly to the adoption of a regular system of military tactics. Neither were their leaders capable of conceiving or of executing any of those complicated movements, the success of which depends upon the prompt and exact execution of several distinct manœu-

vres. Hofer, whose principal value consisted in the love and respect borne to him in all parts of Tyrol, and his simple and affectionate patriotism, was still absent; and neither Speckbacher, Haspinger, or the other chiefs, had much pretensions to military skill, beyond fearless bravery, devotion to the cause, and natural intelligence. But nevertheless, the unincumbered and active peasantry had many advantages, resulting from the peculiar character of the country in which they fought. To them every rock, ravine, and mountain path-way was known; they possessed a clue to the passage of those tremendous labyrinths of rock, forest, and precipice, which presented insurmountable difficulties and dangers to the invaders; and which, piled up and soaring into the clouds, seemed peremptorily to forbid the advance of their armed bands. The skill of the Tyrolese in the use of the rifle, that most fatal implement of partizan warfare, is not to be undervalued. But there was another and more powerful advantage which they possessed, namely, the conviction that they were combating for their country and their homes, and that no other arms than their own could now be interposed between them and destruction. They had disregarded the order of their Emperor to lay down their arms, and could no longer expect that he would or could interfere to save them from vengeance.

Early on the 4th of August, the sound of the alarm-bells, tolling simultaneously from vale and mountain, summoned the peasantry together, and a furious attack was instantly made upon a body of French and Saxons posted on the Eisack near the bridge which we have just traversed, that lasted till the approach of evening.

This was the commencement of a struggle which lasted without much intermission till the 11th. Haspinger continued day after day to bar the passage to the South, and to employ every effort to drive the enemy back toward Sterzing. The scene of slaughter at the two bridges, which were the points most fiercely disputed, surpasses description. The enemy made repeated attempts to force them, but their artillerymen fell at their guns, and their infantry and cavalry were repeatedly driven back. The bridges were blown up, and large rocks and trees hurled down upon the dense groups of the soldiers. Hay-waggons were thrust forward to shelter the advancing column of Tyrolese from the showers of grape and balls directed against them. The Saxons distinguished themselves particularly, and fought with a bravery which would have become a nobler cause. Many were carried away, by the foaming waters of the Eisack in attempting to force a passage across its rugged bed. One of their officers, a brave and gallant man, worthy of a better fate, strove in vain to rally his followers, and pass that dreadful bridge to dislodge the Tyrolese, while, half blown up, it was trembling in the smouldering flame which had been communicated to it. He spurred his horse upon it,—but while beckoning his followers to advance, the planks upon which he stood quivered and fell, and he sunk from their sight into the dark and yawning gulph beneath. The dispirited troops at length gave way, and begun to retire up the gorge of the Eisack. The bridges were hastily repaired, and the Tyrolese never ceased to hang upon their enemies' rear. Moreover, while the contest had been going on between Ober-au and Unter-au,

the whole country far and wide had been alarmed, and the peasants mustered like bees on the heights overlooking the ravine through which the enemy had to retreat. Trees had been felled, rocks undermined, the great rounded masses lying half buried among the earth on the slopes dislodged and propped,—the white-headed father of the hamlet, the stripling, and even women and children, aiding to prepare and guide this tremendous mountain-artillery.

Speckbacher took up a strong position in the rear near Sterzing; and Hofer, roused from his apathy, appeared upon the Jaufens, the ridge between the vale of the Eisack and the head of the Passeyrthal, at the head of his *Landsturm;* but had not opened communication with Haspinger and Speckbacher, when the Duke of Dantzic crossed the Brenner in person, with fresh troops, hoping to force a passage into Southern Tyrol, and to put an end to the insurrection. He had been severe in his remarks upon the conduct of Generals Wrede and Deroy, in allowing themselves to be driven out of the country by a horde of ill-armed peasantry. But before three days had elapsed, he himself returned a miserable and disguised fugitive to Inspruck, attended by a few dispirited followers cursing his folly, and the desperate enthusiasm of the Tyrolese.

He had quitted Sterzing on the morning of the second day, and directed the vanguard, consisting of about four thousand Bavarians to advance and force the passage through the contracted gorge below Stilfes. The shade of the impending mountains, the ominous silence which reigned around, and the knowledge of the

desperate resistance which had been opposed to their comrades within the recesses of the defile, seem to have struck a chill into the hearts of the soldiers. It was not without the use of threats that they could be made to move forward. Once a voice was heard above them, calling across the ravine: 'Stephen, is the time come?' 'Not yet'—was the ominous reply. The Duke was informed of the circumstance, but confirmed his order to advance. Shortly after, a cry was heard—'Hans! For the most Holy Trinity!' followed by the deep response, 'In the name of the Holy Trinity, cut all loose.' A crash of falling masses followed, which smothered the wild shouts which rose from numberless ambuscades; and in another instant, hundreds of the Bavarians were beaten down, overwhelmed, and hurried into the torrent by the broad avalanche which thundered upon their ranks from the surrounding slopes and precipices. A murderous fire was instantly opened upon the survivors; and the advanced troops, put into inextricable confusion, fell back after the main body; followed by the Tyrolese, and continually harassed by fresh attacks on the flanks from ambushes against which they could find no means of acting. The Duke was himself in the greatest personal danger, and fled towards Sterzing; but Hofer and Speckbacher now effected a junction with Haspinger, and falling again upon the flank and rear of the disordered troops, completed their overthrow. Guns, baggage, ammunition, all were abandoned, and the soldiers dispersed without leaders. As already mentioned, the Duke was the first to bring the news of his defeat to Inspruck; and in the course of the 11th and 12th, the remnants of this scat-

tered force were collected within the city, to the very gates of which they were followed by the Tyrolese.

While some fugitives were thus entering from the South, others were seen flying along the route from Upper-Innthal. In that quarter, a drama of precisely similar character to that described had been acted. A body of 1700 Bavarians had been ordered to proceed on the 8th of May in that direction, to force a passage over Nauders and Mals, to the upper valley of the Adige, but were supprised by a small number of peasants in the ravine, which we have already described, between Landeck and Pruz, and after a signal defeat from the same causes, had been altogether dispersed or taken prisoners, on the 9th and 10th instant. The 13th of August dawned upon the closing scene of this act of the Tyrolese war. The preceding day, the Tyrolese had taken post on their favourite field of battle the Iselberg, and the Duke formed his line opposite to them, between the city and the foot of the mountains, as his predecessors had done. His force was estimated at 25,000 men and 40 pieces of cannon. That of the Tyrolese at 18,000. Numbers were consequently far in favour of the enemy, but the major part were dispirited fugitives. Hofer commanded in person, as at the last victory in May; and Haspinger, though overcome with fatigue, could not be perruaded to absent himself. Speckbacher led on the right wing. The battle was fiercely contested for many hours; the bridge of the Sill, and the church-yard of Wiltau, within whose sacred precincts lay interred the bodies of their brethren slain in the former engagements, were again the scenes of the most terrible slaughter.

God again was pleased to humble the proud invaders, and to give the victory to the inhabitants of the country. Before sun-set, the French and Bavarians had evacuated Inspruck, and retreating over the river, had begun their retrograde movement down the Innthal. They were followed as on the former occasion by Joseph Speckbacher who with considerable success attacked their rear-guard at Schwatz. Thus in the course of little more than five months, the Tyrol had been delivered three several times from the presence of the intruders. On the 15th, Hofer made his triumphal entry into Inspruck. It cannot but be known to the reader how vain and short-lived was this triumph, and to how little purpose the brave peasant had shed his blood and suffered hardship and deprivation.

The conclusion of this brief and disjointed chronicle has a deep and melancholy interest. But here I must stop for the present. I see far in the distance a spot where its introduction may not be inapplicable—but we have many a long and weary league before us ere we reach it.

I resume my pilgrimage.—The road to the Pusterthal was now before me; and turning to the eastward, I left the vicinity of the ravine above described, and moved onward for some miles over the edge of a very arid and uneven tract of country. It occupies an area of very considerable extent, surrounded by distant ranges of mountains, and but sterile in appearance, except where overrun by dark patches of forest. In the N. E. angle of this comparatively open square, I had to seek the entrance to the valley of the Rienz or the Puster-

thal; and after an hour's walk came suddenly upon the height commanding it. It appeared as I stood above it, like a deeply sunk and wooded glen, at the bottom of which lay the pretty white-walled town of Mühlbach. To obtain shelter from the sunbeams was my first object; and to find some place of safety in which I might deposit the superfluous portions of my equipment, while I made a few days ramble to the eastward, the second. Both were soon attained; and, after an hour's repose, I left the major part of my equipment to the custody of a good motherly woman, whom I propitiated, first by drinking a bottle of sour wine—then, eating and paying for a basin of outlandish soup, and lastly by noticing her children—and quitted Mühlbach. I then seriously addressed myself to add four or five leagues to my morning's walk, and advanced up the valley. As it happened that in consequence of some very unexpected adventures, I retraced my steps after the interval of a few days; I will leave all description of this portion of the Pusterthal, till the regular course of events brings me here again, and merely mention, that after a walk, varied by a few heavy showers of rain, I came to a pause a little before nightfall in the village of St. Lorenzen, a couple of miles to the westward of the market town of Brunnecken. The bridge of St. Lorenzen is another of those passes which render military tactics, and the common usages of war, of little avail; and this the French and Bavarians often experienced. Though the heat during these few days had been unusually great for the season, the signs exhibited at sunset were far from being of an encouraging character. During the night, the moon

shone in at the west window of my simple apartment, and the lightning at the east: however, you will probably experience that long habit produces a species of resignation, if not indifference, to what the morning may bring, and that you become ready to take what God sends. Besides this, a thoroughly wet and rainy day *occasionally*, is not to be accounted a misfortune by a pedestrian who is tolerably persevering in his advance; for correspondence, and other kinds of duty will often from circumstances suffer some neglect, and these may plead for attention, and make you rejoice to have a fair excuse.

I was very busy with my maps this morning, having come to no clearness in my own mind, as to the course I should pursue, in order to accomplish all the objects I had now in view in visiting Eastern Tyrol. I wished to visit the Pusterthal, Taufersthal, and the Great Glockner. How to comprise these divers objects within the time I had set apart for them, and to which I was in a measure restricted, by being cut off from my resources at Mühlbach, I could not devise. To make matters still more difficult, I saw that the flying thunderstorms of the preceding night, had sprinkled all the higher parts of the country with snow. In the midst of my perplexity, I was accosted with much deference by the varlet attached to the house, who had been long leaning on the opposite side of the table with his elbows resting upon it, and his head between his hands, in stupid amazement at the sight of my map, and who now opened his lips to inquire, whence I came—and whither I meant to go. When I had satisfied him as to the former, and asked his advice as to the latter, I

found, from the information he gave me, that there was a 'short cut' in the direction of the Great Glockner, of which Anich's map gave no specification.—This would lead me across the high ridge at the head of the collateral vale of Antholz, about five leagues distant, into the valley of Teferecken. Near the junction of the latter with the valley of the Isl, I was told that I should find another ravine which would lead me up to the base of the mountain in question—and with a purpose and mind fully engrossed with this newly-discovered 'short cut,' I quitted St. Lorenzen.

Here it may be observed, that there are few individuals, even of the humblest classes, from whom some valuable information may not be gleaned: and I have long made it a point of duty to stem that spirit of reserve which seems to distinguish Englishmen from all the inhabitants of the continent, as I find that it deprives me of many opportunities of adding to general information. I do not indeed account it necessary to run into the opposite extreme, after the example of the Germans, but think that a middle course will answer every purpose.

The Englishman is certainly not the most sociable being among strangers, whose conversation he rather shuns than provokes. He feels it almost an insult to become the butt of conjecture to those around, and to be subjected to their awkward attempts to satisfy ill-concealed or more open curiosity:—while he considers it little worth his while to inquire about the professions, business, persons and opinions of others. Hence a general remark on the state of the weather or the latest news, and he is at the end of his tether.

The German, on the contrary, has a kind of restless curiosity and desire to communicate and to learn, and such a droll kind of half-cunning simplicity all the while, in managing his advances, that I have often been at a loss to know, whether it would be proper to show solemn indignation or undisguised glee, at the singular compound of impudence and simplicity, assurance and politeness, which distinguishes the thorough-bred German, in pursuance of his wish to satisfy curiosity. Figuratively speaking, he never stands firm, but keeps himself balanced with one leg in advance, and the other thrown backwards; if he perceives that he can with safety come to closer quarters, he never fails to improve the opportunity, and slip nearer the point; but is equally ready to retrograde, if the former should appear too hazardous: indeed, I have often seen him do the latter out of policy; as the French say—*reculer pour mieux sauter*.

I leave all notice of Brunecken till my return, and press forward with my sketch, as I did in reality, towards the entrance of the Antholzthal, a vale descending from the northward, in the same line as that of Taufers, which merges in the Pusterthal, opposite Brunecken, but not penetrating up to the central chain, as the latter does. I could not decide whether the weather intended to favour me or not. It was of that doubtful character which is so calculated to produce corresponding indecision in the traveller.

As far as Antholz, the principal village, situated about two leagues from the entrance of the vale, I was often led to hope that those huge dense volumes of mist, which clothed the peaks in the depth of the

valley, and the summits of the ridges on either side, would really yield to the power of the sun, which I could see, from time to time, above my head, and give me a fair afternoon for the passage of the *joch* or ridge. To give time and opportunity for this, I entered the only house of entertainment the straggling village afforded, and halted, till the wind rising, I deemed it advisable to attempt the passage in question. I was not deceived in my hopes, at least in the first instance, as a partial clearance, and even fine weather, for the first three hours, enabled me to make considerable advance, with both ease and enjoyment.

After passing the highest hamlet and church, I commenced a varied climb, through a broken country, partly forest and partly pasture, enamelled like a flower-garden, with alpine anemonies and gentiana. This surmounted, I arrived at the brink of a little blue lake, deeply embedded in the forests covering the flanks of the precipitous mountains, which here begin to close in the valley. Those on the left or western side, judging from the vast precipices, and such portions of the higher pinnacles, as I was enabled to descry from time to time, must be of a very considerable height and picturesque form. Few must be the winds that can ruffle the surface of this calm and clear mountain-lake. It has points of resemblance with that in the Klönthal, in Canton Glaris, but it is much more savage. Having rounded the upper extremity, I continued my ascent through a wild forest, to a small châlet, erected over some mineral springs; and then up a steep acclivity, by a winding path, upon which the patches of unmelted snow were a very unwelcome

sight. This finally brought me to the summit of the ridge. Here the snow lay in considerable quantities, and the bare rocks were overflowed with the superfluous moisture. On turning back, before I left the edge of the hollow, to glance into the deep vale now at my feet, I beheld a sight which warned me of what was to follow; for vast piles of clouds and mist were accumulating over it, of that dun and livid hue which betokens violent tempest. These speedily whirled forward towards the head of the mountain where I stood, with a velocity which warned me to make the best of my way to the shelter of the valley to the north-east; from the nearest village of which I was yet eight miles distant. Little remains to be said.—I did not wait to observe the further progress of my coming enemy, but flew over the head of the Pass, and downward through the forests, which I reached, by great exertion, in about three quarters of an hour's time. The clouds and mist did not overtake me till I was deeply merged in the forest: however, this interposed no hindrance to my progress, as the road, though very rugged, was too clearly marked to be lost, and as yet no rain had fallen. But, no sooner had I emerged from the region covered by the vapour, and gained the banks of the torrent rolling down the valley of which I was in quest, than there fell upon me a hurricane of wind, and such a driving storm of mingled hail, sleet, and rain, as caused me to rush instinctively into the first shelter that presented itself. This was a small cottage attached to the highest hamlet in the valley; but finding no hope of accommodation; and seeing that, with the approach of night, the storm rather increased than diminished in

violence, I had no alternative than to brave it, and to run three miles further down to the village of St. Jacob. Half an hour sufficed for this: and a far better inn than I could have expected received me into its warm apartment, after that time had elapsed.

No one shall accuse the good woman of St. Jacob of inhospitality in my hearing, as she appropriated the greater part of her husband's wardrobe to my use, without either awaiting my request, or his consent.

Though made tolerably comfortable, by the kindness of those about me, I felt that there was no chance of my succeeding in my present projects; and *that* somewhat disturbed my equanimity. As night drew on, every thing without appeared buried under deepening snow. However, nobody knew what the morrow would betide, and I had it in my power to bring the day to an end by soon betaking myself to that wonderful congeries of straw-sacks, and woolsacks, called in these countries, a bed.

Those who descend mountain paths in wet weather, must beware of the timber-slides which often cross the line of the footway, and, if care be not employed in choosing the right moment for leaping across them, the descending trees may cost the traveller his life; as it is precisely during heavy rains, that the mountaineers strive to launch the timber downward towards the vallies, since they fly thrice as far when the earth is humid, as at other times. I had fortunately timely warning, or I might have fared badly during my rapid descent to St. Jacob.

In this manner I found that I was for the second time fairly entrapped:—surprized by snow, just in the place

where of all others I was most likely to be annoyed by it, and my plans the most seriously deranged. By dawn the whole valley appeared to be buried under a layer of fourteen inches. However I made up my mind to the reverse, and employed the inactive state to which I was reduced, in considering and re-modelling my whole future journey for six weeks to come. I was at length convinced, that the season was yet too early for any excursion in the higher mountains, and that the wisest way was to escape from their vicinity, and effect that part of my projected rambles of which the scene lay more to the southward, before I made any further attempt to penetrate to the central chain of the Rhetian Alps. This would, however, entail a return to these parts, an event upon which I had not calculated.

My first object was now to escape from the net into which I had been decoyed: and as the passage behind me was now blocked up, I had no alternative but to reach the town of Lienz in the valley of the Drave, at four and twenty miles distance, and then return to Mühlbach by the great line of route through the Pusterthal. I accordingly put myself in motion about noon. My descent from this wild and savage valley will not require many lines of description, as the natural features are by no means extraordinary. The mountains cannot be said to have been wholly obscured by clouds, at the same time that their outlines were but faintly distinguishable, and often, towards the summits, quite lost in the showers of sleet and snow which still hovered around them. The lower part of the course of the Tefereckenbach is more diversified than the upper, as the river plunges down a compressed ravine. On the

side of the mountain over which the rugged footway is carried, a view opens upon the valley of the Isl, and upon the noble group of majestic mountains which bounds it to the north. They are in immediate conjunction with the main chain of the Alps, and particularly with that elevated division containing the Great Glockner. Sufficient of the outline of several bold, rocky, and snow-covered mountains could be descried among the mists, to convince me, that a second attempt to penetrate into these recesses, at a more genial season, would not be ill repaid.

Before I make good my descent into the valley of the Isl, and set foot upon the high road from Windish Mattray to Lienz, I have still time to make a passing observation upon the inhabitants of this remote valley, for the pathway down the mountains is fearfully long, stony, and deceptive. And first the costume, which out-herods all I have ever seen, being the most gloomy and disagreeable it is possible to conceive. A vest, petticoat, and cap of the plainest form, woven from the undyed wool of the black-brown sheep of the district, and which is, in most instances, attached to a diminutive and stunted person, appears a fitting apparel for the fair sex in a valley of dismals, for such Teferecken seems to be. The male attire corresponds. I was more than once brought to a halt in the forest by the motions of an animal which I judged from size and colour to be nothing more or less than a bear rampant, but which proved to be a fellow-creature, at his ordinary avocations. The traveller perceives very little culture of any sort, and though there are fine alpine pastures on the summits of the

secondary mountains surrounding the valley, they are rarely habitable or capable of being taken advantage of, for more than two months in the year. At the head of the valley rise mountains, whose summits certainly soar above the line of perpetual snow, which in the Rhetian Alps is rather under 8000 feet. One, called by the peasants the Giant of Patsch, is particularly reverenced by them, as quite inaccessible. In general I must remark, that I am seldom able to identify the nomenclature of the mountains as noted on Anich's map, otherwise very good, with the names given by the peasants. The same savage character observable in its converging ravines, is to be found in the greater portion of the Islthal, through which I passed, later in the day; and it was not till I had nearly completed my eight leagues, by arriving at Ober-Lienz, that the country became really interesting, either in its outline or detail. The mode commonly adopted in this district for the preservation of the scanty crops, namely that of erecting high scaffolding with transverse rods, upon which the sheaves are hung to dry, bespeaks its variable and uncertain climate. Yet, as evening drew in, and I toiled forward through the rugged forests, which not only occupy the hill sides, but often stray lower, and take possession of the valley, I could not but feel cheered by the joyous song of innumerable thrushes and blackbirds, that warbled as sweetly in these savage and ungraceful thickets, as ever in the most favoured bower in Italy, or the fresh groves of my own dear country. The singularly bold and rocky barrier of mountains, with which the valley appeared to terminate, now grew more interesting to

the eye, and took my attention from the weary road under foot.

At sunset, I descended into the fine open vale of the Drave, under the shadow of the picturesque castle of Brück, and entering the town of Lienz, found good entertainment at an inn. It need hardly be added, that long before I had finished my descent of the Tefereckenthal all traces of snow on the lower grounds had vanished; and that at Lienz, I found myself suddenly introduced to a more genial climate.

May 29th. The town of Lienz, the most easterly of those appertaining to the Tyrol, and not far from the frontiers of Salzburg, Carinthia, and Carniola, lies in a spacious vale, into which the two vallies of the Isl and the Upper-Drave open towards the west. Neither the size, nor the edifices of the town, are remarkable; but the situation strikes the traveller as singularly advantageous. To the south, a range of rugged and inaccessible rocks running east and west, and forming the frontier between Tyrol and the Venetian States, rear their pinnacles directly over the wooded heights in advance, at the entrance of the pass leading to the Pusterthal. On the other side of the valley, the mountains swell gradually from the level meadows at their foot, covered to a very considerable height with crops of rye, and produce of even less hardy culture.

This day's walk from Lienz to the village of Welsberg in the Pusterthal, though in general not the most interesting, afforded several objects deserving of notice. Towards the summit of the passage beyond Sillian, the irregular ascent gradually assumes the form of a sloping

plain, covered with the first range of meadows, and stretching for full three miles to the neighbourhood of Töblach, where it sinks down abruptly to Niederdorf and the Pusterthal.

Great interest is excited by the occasional appearance of the rocky chain before mentioned as running to the southward; either from the advance of its ridges towards the line of the pass, or from the occasional break in the lower hills, which surround the latter, and in general impede the view. Such an one occurs in the neighbourhood of the hamlet of Ober-Viersach, where the hills to the south, decreasing in height, give view of a part of the chain, rocky, barren and precipitous beyond any thing I had ever seen in the western Alps. One noble pile particularly, with a perfectly formed mural crown encircling its summit, is here particularly conspicuous. Again, upon the descent into the valley of the Rienz, between Niederdorf and Welsberg, the passage of a mountain-stream from the southward, gives opportunity for the eye to glance up into the country, and the most fantastic points present themselves.

A new line of route, leading from Töblach direct by Cortina to Venice, upon which the Austrian engineers are now engaged, must cut directly across this peculiar chain. Hail-storms prevailed during the greater part of the day; but the sun set over the mountains with inexpressible glory, throwing a blaze of vermillion and gold over the earth and sky. Such a spectacle lightens the steps of a traveller during the last long league of his day's journey.

I promised to describe the Pusterthal in descending

it, and have every disposition to keep my word; merely mentioning with regard to my own movements on *May 20th*, that I descended without adventure from Welsberg, the whole length of the main valley to Mühlbach.

The Reinz, such being the name of the torrent which threads the Pusterthal, rises in the rocky chain of mountains to the southward of Töblach. At this village, it first makes its appearance in the more open vale. Its downward course, for about ten miles, is not distinguished by any remarkable scenery, the bed being for the greater part very rugged, and often deeply sunk in a confused jumble of irregular hills. It, however, receives several powerful tributaries, among which we notice, for old acquaintance' sake, the stream from the valley of Antholz.

By far the most considerable mountain-river enters a few miles lower down, from the long and important valley of Taufers. The finest scene in the Pusterthal opens before the traveller, as he descends from the village of Percha towards the principal town of Brunecken. The mountains, though neither bold in outline nor very elevated, are then seen with their varied show of forest and pasture, receding gradually to a considerable distance on every side, giving place to a tract of country of no trifling extent, partly level and highly cultivated, and partly broken into knolls and chequered with forests. Brunecken, with its church and convent, towers about the centre, at the foot of a castellated eminence. Further to the right, appears the opening into the Tauferstal, with several picturesque villages at the entrance. Whether

the fine bold mountains seen in the depth of this latter valley were really glaciers or not, I am at present unable to decide, as they were too much enveloped by the morning clouds, to allow the whole of their outline to be discerned.

The Rienz, now a considerable stream, seems to flow directly towards the further side of the mountain amphitheatre, but without the eye being able to descry the ravine through which it escapes. This doubt is however soon solved on passing Brunecken, and arriving at the village of St. Lorenzen, situated in a little hollow about two miles beyond. The outlet is then observed between two rocky eminences, of which that on the right is crowned by the ruins of the castle of Glurnheer; and from thence the river betakes itself, with very little exception, to its former irregular course, being shut in by the mountains, till it reaches the hamlet of Unter-vintl. Then, for a short distance, the valley widens again, and afterwards sinks down into the finely-wooded and gloomy ravine of Mühlbach. In the very depth of this hollow lies the dilapidated and rude fortification called the Mühlbacher-Clause, consisting of an irregular rhombus, with two round towers at the upper angles, resting against the steep breast of the mountain. There is a triple archway upon the road which it traverses, and another irregular tower at the lower extremity close to the river. It is the property of private individuals and fast going to decay, though it forms the key to the passage from Germany to Italy on this side, and the possession of it was frequently stubbornly contested during the late war. A mile beyond, just where the river, increased by a

torrent rushing down a valley to the northward, turns to the south towards the valley of the Eisack, lies the pretty little town of Mühlbach where I arrived in good time, claimed my knapsack, and prepared for the prosecution of my journey southward on the morrow. Meanwhile, that I may not add to the toil of another day, by leaving undone what belongs to its predecessor, being more and more convinced that each has its own portion, I proceed to make what general remarks occur to me, on this portion of the Tyrol.

The general character of the valley of the Rienz rather disappointed me. Its fertility is however great, where there is place for it, and the inhabitants are very numerous, and a fine picturesque race. Though the surrounding mountains are in general by no means striking, their higher regions contain some of the finest pasturage in the Tyrol.

The inhabitants are distinguished in many respects from their brethren in the great northern valley. They are, in general, of a fuller make than the latter, and have handsomer countenances. In the male costume, though, in general, the black leather chamois breeches, green suspenders and belt, are preserved, yet there is much more expense and taste displayed in their fashioning and colours. The hat is totally different, being a broad-brimmed yellow article, decorated with a large quantity of green ribbon, instead of the high crown and tassel elsewhere described. I noticed that the hair was in general worn long behind. The women, as elsewhere, are much less remarkable for a prevailing costume than the men. A red vest and red pair of stockings, with the absence of the hideous cap and

non-descript hoop, principally distinguished them from the Innthalers. The Pusterthalers are considered the richest peasants in Tyrol. The crops, besides the hay and barley, generally cultivated in Tyrol, comprise a little maize and flax. The cheese is here as elsewhere, detestable beyond all belief. You perceive already in the character of the Pusterthaler, elevated as his valley is, that he has the sunny side of the Alps for his birthplace; for though gesticulation is but sparingly in vogue, the habit of violent screaming in general conversation, reminds you forcibly of Italy. I often lift up my eyes from my occupation, in the idea, that I shall see blows or worse in a corner of the common apartment, where a special committee of peasants are occupied with some object of dispute: but no—there they are, perfectly motionless, sitting, leaning on their elbows, with their heads and noses close together in the middle of the table, screaming and swearing like so many madmen: but they mean no harm, and not a finger is stirred.

Forest cultivation here, as elsewhere in the Tyrol, is greatly neglected. Indeed I have already come to the conclusion that the Tyrolese are in general indolent unenterprising beings; obstinately content to do as their fathers have done before them, and not easily roused to attempt any thing which is not absolutely demanded by present want or present pleasure. Let that principle be what it may, we see in Switzerland the beneficial effects of another system, and a more elevated way of thinking. With what I have already seen of the Tyrol, and that is the portion the least favoured by nature, I should be inclined to say, that it was a

country of far greater capability than its neighbour, and of far less improvement, in consequence of the absence of knowledge and of proper attention to its interests. With regard to the towns and villages of the Pusterthal, little need be said, as I observed no great peculiarity. The outward form and proportions of the village churches are in no wise comparable with those in the Upper and Lower-Innthal. The interior is as usual, in the Alps, overloaded with tasteless ornaments, and a showy display of tinsel artificial flowers, fillagree, hideous daubs, and *ex votos*. The length of the valley of the Rienz, from Töblach to Mühlbach, may be about thirty miles.

The two following days were occupied in reaching the town of Botzen. I had been informed by mine hostess, upon arriving at Mühlbach, that she should have the good fortune to dine about sixty personages at her house on the following day; and by the creaking of doors, stamping up and down the house, which continued all night, I found that among the sacrifices of time, temper, and patience, which so much cookery portended on the part of the household, my undisturbed repose was to be included. Besides, the savory fumes of five large wooden bowls full of choice pastry which was consigned to the custody of my apartment during the hours of the night, were sufficient to banish sound sleep, and filled my brain, when I did doze, with the most painful visions of outrageous feasting and gormandizing. In the morning, every table and chair was occupied with the provisions prepared or preparing, and I was glad to escape from the turmoil of the Tyrolese kitchen; the more so, as about seven

o'clock already, to my surprise and the increased bustle of mine hostess and her myrmidons, I saw the guests coming in by shoals. Making all haste to get out of the press, I retraced the route by which I had, few days before, descended into the hollow, in which Mühlbach is so snugly nestled; and soon reached the village of Schabs, by taking a route more to the south, than that leading to the Unter-au. While descending towards the vale of the Eisack, which here presents itself to great advantage, from the distance of the two chains by which it is inclosed; I had time to give more attention to the character of the broken country through which two streams, the Rienz and the Eisack, flow to their point of junction, after issuing from their several defiles to the N. E. and N. W. A vast accumulation of *debris* of earth and sand and rounded masses of the white granite from the higher chains lie heaped together throughout the entire district, the collected ravage of the torrents during the course of ages. As might be supposed, it is very unproductive, and cultivation is but sparingly applied to the irregular surface. It is true, some few patches of vineyard and of rye, and, towards the base of the hills, a few scattered chesnuts and fruit-trees may be seen; but in general the country is barely clothed with ragged fir-forests. My route shortly led me to a very near proximity with the Eisack, leaving the tortuous route of the Rienz much more to the left. The two streams finally unite between the cloister of Neustift and the town of Brixen. The former strikes from the very picturesque assemblage of buildings composing it; and is viewed to very great advantage, as the road runs

over a precipitous bank of vineyard, immediately commanding it. The vale of Brixen, now lies immediately before you, with the town of that name; and many detached houses, spires, and villages are seen perched at the foot or the slopes of the hills. At Neustift, the river is crossed by a wooden bridge. Brixen was formerly a bishopric. The ancient episcopal palace and the great church are worth glancing at, but will not detain you long. The inhabitants are of a more enterprising and commercial character than the generality of the Tyrolese. In the neighbourhood, there are many mineral springs. Brixen was the principal town of the Brixentes, a tribe subdued by the Romans in the time of Augustus.

The walk from hence to Clausen is not the most interesting, as the valley narrows more and more, particularly in the neighbourhood of Schranbach, without assuming a romantic character. At Clausen, however, which is in itself an ugly antiquated town, squeezed in between the mountain and river, the general scenery becomes more interesting. The approach is striking from the extraordinary manner in which the mountain side on the right bank appears spotted with churches or castles. There are one or two edifices in the town which deserve a passing gaze, especially a little gothic chapel with groined roof near the entrance.

In mentioning the situation of the cloister of Saben, perched on a high precipitous rock, and looking very imposing and picturesque, I take occasion to remark, how very few, among the numberless castles in the Tyrol, can lay claim to these epithets. Few that I have hitherto seen, are in any way remark-

able either for architecture or comely proportion. However, it falls to my lot, in mentioning the name of my night's halting-place, Colman, a few miles further down the valley, to record the existence of another in the Trotzburg, near that village, the position of which is perfectly beautiful, and worthy of a tale of romance. Indeed the situation of Colman is altogether delightful, and appeared equally striking, amid the solemn hues and shadows of an evening closing in with every appearance of a rainy night; and in bright morning sunshine.

June 1st.—Three or four hours' heavy rain in the night was a novelty;—far from unwelcome, however, as it formed no impediment to a continuation of the fine weather, laid the dust, and gave the atmosphere a most exhilarating freshness. My morning glance at the beautiful scenery around Colman was brief, as I deemed it my best plan to take advantage of the favourable state of the roads, for the completion of my walk to Botzen, and I therefore set forward at an early hour. The scenery of almost the whole of the passage of the Eisack, from Colman to Botzen is tolerably uniform. When you lose sight of the opening in which the former village lies, the river takes its course through a narrow, wooded, and rocky dell, whose different turns present scenery of the same character, but rendered interesting from the manner in which the details are diversified. The rock of this portion of the country, a porphyry of uncommon beauty, and varied in its structure and composition, is a source of constant entertainment. The greater part is reddish; but the most striking variety consists of a grey matrix,

crowded with green, red, and amethyst particles. Between these there are many shades.

In this narrow ravine, running to the southward, the sun's rays have full power, though, from the cause already mentioned, and the draught of fresh air often accompanying the course of a rapid mountain torrent, (for such the Eisack may be termed in this part of its course,) this was no cause of annoyance. Two or three hamlets, picturesquely situated, and overshadowed by the umbrageous foliage of noble groups of walnut-trees, diversify the road. I found considerable amusement, during my morning's walk, in the great number and variety of butterflies, which fluttered about the road and over the river. Many species were new to me. It is singular to observe the fondness of this beautiful insect for moisture—multitudes of them congregating on the damp sandy border of the torrent, and on such portions of the route as had been thoroughly saturated by the night's rain. Multitudes of lizards too, were to be seen stirring on every side; and not a few were startled from their slumbers on the rocky shelves near the path, by my approach.

The lizard is a contemplative animal, or reptile, if the term be better chosen, and his life a true life of quiet thought. If the weather be foul, he sits in his little hermitage among the stones and broken rock, and muses away his time. If sunny, there he lies, stretched out, and basking in the same sun-beam which afforded such solace to Diogenes; with his head couched upon the surface, his slim body and long round tail slightly curved, and his bright little eye fixed upon the object of his attention, be it a fly or midge

which excites his appetite, or some more distinguished feature of God's creation, that attracts his notice. Should a footstep approach,—in he scuttles through the dust and leaves to his retreat: invariably, however, when once safely housed, he turns his little smooth body, and peeping out, takes cognizance of the motions and character of the object of alarm. I am not particularly partial to reptiles in general, and a toad or big-bellied spider are disagreeable objects to me; yet I have an affection for a lizard. The very thought of him, brings to my remembrance the recollection of sunny days and hours.

About three miles before you reach the town of Botzen or Bolzano, the road and river gradually make their escape from the ravine, and reach the limit of that fertile and garden-like plain, girt in by mighty mountains, where three great streams, descending from the southern flanks of the Tyrolese Alps, unite their waters in the very centre of the country. A little ocean of vines, surrounded by hills, covered by wood to their summit, now succeeds to the ravine, and the further approach of a mile presents to your view the town of Botzen standing among them, near the point of junction of the Eisack and its tributary from the Sarenthal. Having made my entry, I spent the heat of the day in some kind of repose, and set off early in the afternoon to the Monte Calvario, which, by its position, seemed to promise a point from which I might gain that general survey of the country, which it is always so desirable to obtain whenever it is possible; as without it, the idea retained of any extended scene, must be very imperfect,

CHAPTER IV.

—'Padua, where the stars are, night by night
Watched from the top of an old dungeon tower
Whence blood ran once, the tower of EZZELIN.—
Not as he watched them, when he read his fate
And shuddered.'

AT the base of a broad and rocky eminence to the south of Botzen, a little beyond the Eisack-bridge, the traveller finds the first chapel attached to the Calvario. By taking for his guide the footway which passes before it, he is led gradually from one little picturesque shrine to another, till he emerges upon a small plateau afforded by an advancing shoulder of the hill, and reaches the threshold of the principal chapel.

The Calvario attached to any town, village, or cloister, is a favourite locality with me. I never forget that there I am upon consecrated ground; that, whatever may be the abuse, this painful road and succession of simple appeals to memory, is instituted in memorial of Him who suffered and died to save us from eternal death. No Christian, whatever may be his denomination, need come hither without edification. If he pauses before the shrines, there is seldom anything within to offend, either in the rude portraiture of our

Saviour's last sufferings, or in the sentence or lines inscribed within. On the contrary, the latter are frequently such as should find an echo in the depth of his own breast. I do not envy the man, who, closing his heart against the blessing which might await him here, strays hither from mere curiosity or listlessness, and departing, shakes the dust from his feet, because it is the dust of pilgrimage.

When upon the plateau above mentioned, the traveller is posted at the angle where the great range of mountains bends abruptly to the southward in the direction of Trent, and forms the eastern boundary of the vale of the Adige. A delightful view of the latter valley is to be gained from this point; but for a yet wider panorama, the summit of the hill at a considerable distance must be surmounted. From thence, the three great divisions of this spacious plain in the bosom of the mountains, may be, for the greater part, examined at leisure. They may be defined as follows. First, the portion to the eastward between the town of Botzen, lying immediately at your feet, and the ravines of the Eisack and Sarenthal, through which the Talferbach flows. Secondly, that to the W.S.W. backed by the great valley leading to Meran, and the western division of Tyrol: and thirdly, that already alluded to, lying principally S. and S.W. A more beautiful scene can hardly be conceived. The whole forms one immense orchard and vineyard, interspersed with villages and detached buildings; surrounded by mountains, for the greater part wooded to their summits, and with flanks spotted with churches, castles, and hamlets. The entire plain lies at an elevation of about twelve

hundred feet above the Adriatic. Of the mountains, those towering over the vale of the Eisack are the most striking, presenting many fantastic points of bare reddish rock, soaring high into the blue atmosphere, or mingling with the summer clouds: yet the whole of the chain to the S.E. though rather even in its outline, is very bold and imposing, owing to the precipitous rocks near the summit, and the finely diversified forms of their flanks. The entrance of the Sarenthal is the least promising feature of the landscape, and by all accounts, it is a savage and uninteresting valley. Of the appearance presented by Botzen itself, little need be said. The lantern and short open gothic spire of the great church, are of no common beauty, but the square tower upon which they rise, is not happy in its proportions. Besides this, there is no prominent object of any note; and, though the white plastered houses have always a good effect, especially contrasted with vines among which they rise, the colour of the dingy brown tiles is far from being pleasing. Inspruck is finely situated, but Botzen is already Italy; and though the climate is subject to great extremes, the fruits of summer seem to suffer little. The fig, pomegranate, and citron, ripen toward the base of the hills, and the more ordinary products of the south are very fine and abundant.

On descending to the town, I examined the interior of the church, which is in a heavy gothic style. It has aisles of the same height as the nave, or rather no aisles at all, and small lancet-shaped windows. But little of the interior detail is worth notice, though a stone pulpit of open gothic work is very fine. As far

as general symmetry goes, the church of the Franciscan monastery is more pleasing. In most quarters of the town, arcades are usual, and it possesses a further resemblance to Berne, in the streams of fresh water running through the centre of many of the streets. There is no public building of note.

The following day found me occupation within doors, till the approach of evening drew me forth. Crossing the long wooden bridge over the stream called the Talferbach, I turned into the route leading towards the upper valley of the Adige, but following it no further than the village of Gries, struck immediately towards the hill-foot beyond. A large cloister with the church attached to it, forms the most striking object of the village just named. The church, though spacious and splendid, is not as graceful as a gothic edifice attached to a convent situated closer to the base of the hills. Thence, turning to the right and keeping to the base of the hills, you reach the entrance of the Sarenthal, which is marked by a round tower; and the scene would be picturesque, were it not for the scar produced in the landscape by the wide, desolate, rock-strewn bed of the Talferbach, which occupies the whole of the fore-ground, not only towards the Sarenthal but to the west of the town of Botzen. The vast breadth of this bed, and the broad stone dykes of several yards in thickness, affording an elevated promenade, built on both banks, would astonish a stranger, unaccustomed to observe these mountain streams, and mark their variations, when he notices the scanty brooks which at this season, choose a narrow and capricious path among the pebbles. In time of flood, it must be a terrific specta-

cle. As it is, no advantageous view can be taken of Botzen from this side; for unless you advance close to this barrier, and the bed within it, you see nothing of the town; and if you retire towards the rear, you become instantly buried in the vines. I may mention, that I have nowhere seen the vineyards so beautifully cultivated as in these plains; the mode pursued being alike different from the pitiful currant-berry culture of Germany and France, and the wild negligence of Italy.

To-day I was more struck with the magnificence of the country, which I had reached within so short a period after the horrors of Teferecken. The beds of the Adige, Talferbach, and Eisack, yield an abundant harvest for the geologist, as the furious torrents which pour down them in the spring, bring numerous fragments from the higher chains.

There is rather an absence of shade in the vicinity of Botzen, unless you creep in under the vines. However a pretty grove, at the termination of the wooden bridge over the Talferbach, seems to be planted to remedy this defect in some measure, and is a favourite resort of the inhabitants in the cool of the evening. The people of this valley are still German in language and customs, though all speak Italian. The sun-sets here are magnificently beautiful. During the twilight and earlier part of the night, the streets, arcades, and environs re-echo to the pleasing chaunt of various companies of craftsmen, who, sitting at their work, or resting from their day's labour in the open air, close the day in this manner. The melodious and correct strains of harmony, which arose from the dark corner of the arcades in which six or eight shoemakers

held their sittings, would have surprised most Englishmen, accustomed as they are, in their own country, to hear nothing worth the trouble, without paying extravagantly for it. The chorusses, chaunted by these humble and despised artizans, were sung in parts, and were solemn and truly harmonious in their character, and fully appreciated by a large audience of pleased listeners, myself included.

On the second morning after my arrival at Botzen, I completed the various arrangements which had demanded a couple of days' pause in my tour, and took my departure in the belief that my tortuous course would bring me a second time to this town, before the conclusion of my rambles. Some final preparations, had occupied the earlier hours, so that the sun was already high before I quitted my inn.

My route lay across the Eisack-bridge, and over the foot of the Monte Calvario, into the lower valley of the Adige. To give some idea of a march of about nine leagues down the valley towards Trent, became, some hours later, the duty of the pen that had been riding at ease in my knapsack all day, while eyes, feet, and pole had been doing their duty. The road conducted me for many miles almost entirely upon a dead flat, now among rich meadows and vineyards, thickly covered with fruit trees, and then over marshy and less productive portions of the valley. Sometimes, nevertheless, it meandered a little more than was pleasing. It keeps, however, quite to the left side of the vale, while the Adige, of which nothing is seen for several leagues, chooses the right. The view in that direction comprised the high wooded range of mountains termed

the Mendola, separating the vallies of the Adige from that of the Sole and Non, and an inferior and picturesque range, which divides the valley of the former into two parts, one containing the river and its flats, the other the interesting vale of Caltern. I almost repented not having made choice of the road leading through the latter, in preference to the heated and dusty *grande route,* upon which I was moving.

As you advance, league after league, more Italian and little German is now heard. At Brandzoll, I made an hour's halt; but taking advantage of a breeze springing up about noon, set forward again. In this portion of the valley, it appears to the traveller that, with the exception of the road upon which he treads, he is buried in verdure, surrounded by green marshy flats, and mountains, which, though of considerable height, are covered with brushwood to their very crests. To reach the little village of Auer, you are forced to round a promontory advancing from the chain to your left, and thereby gain a very fine glimpse of the district from which you are gradually receding. The view commands the country as far as the entrance of the Sarenthal, the spires of Botzen and Gries, and especially the vale of Caltern, which is also exposed to view, by the abrupt termination of the lower range, hitherto separating it from the main valley of the Adige. But this is but for a short time, as the promontory just mentioned soon interposes itself between you and the scenery to the north.

About this latitude, another symptom of approach to an Italian climate attracts the attention, namely, a vast number of mulberry-trees. The process of stripping

was proceeding in all its vigour. I felt much inclined to deplore the nakedness of the trees, till I understood that it was but once in the year, and that in fourteen days they would be better clothed than ever. Much silk is produced in this part of the valley. The trees seemed all comparatively young: for I nowhere saw any to be compared to the fine ancient venerably-distorted favourites, which are so carefully cherished in our old English gardens. The fruit seemed also of a much smaller size, and to be accounted a worthless production, much to the content of swarms of two or three different species of dragon-flies, which with big eyes, and glittering wings, were very busy at work in the leafless trees, looking very jealous and fierce all the while. Little need to be said of the country about Neumarkt. The valley sensibly grows narrower, and the green hills and mountains show some bare and bold scalps and rocky slopes. Above a hamlet about two miles before you reach Salurn, a peculiarly huge, red, bare precipice presented itself, and continued to be a prominent object for several miles in the glow of the setting sun till the subsequent turns of the valley hid it from view. The position of Salurn is very romantic, built under the shelter of the mountains to the left, just at the point where they present a union of great fertility, and a savage and romantic character to which I thought I had long bid adieu. Its little Calvary, and chain of chapels leading up to it, glittered in the sunshine like a string of pearls thrown down upon the green mountain side ; and its castle may be considered among the most romantic in appearance and situation, that

I had observed on this side the Brenner. It is perched upon a crag apparently inaccessible, and overshadowed by vast precipices. Who can see such a castle without thinking of blood and rapine,—nay, far from such associations being unnatural, you are fully prepared by the spectral appearance of the Castle of Salurn, to hear, and give credence to the fearful tales of supernatural wonder which are attached to it. You are told that the ruined and deserted state in which it appears before you, has not been produced by the iron hand of war, but is the consequence of the visitations of spirits, whom no exorcism, however potent, has been able to dispossess. The next portion of the route, as far as the junction of the vale of Sole and Non with that of the Adige, is quite peculiar. The two ranges have now approached one another, and, as if in rivalry, present on each side such a line of singular precipices, as for form, colour, and outline, can hardly be matched. The river, now a powerful stream, and by no means stinted for a channel, is here a principal feature in the scenery. The left hand ridge, however, shortly betakes itself to its old form of green undulating mountain and glen; while the rival chain to the right continues to present its precipitous front, and trending round to the entrance of the Val di Non, forms a very noble mountain pile, commanding the entrance of both vales, and fronting the more southerly defile through which the Adige bears off their conjoined waters. The long vale of Sole and Non, which merges at this point into the valley of the Adige, lies between two high and picturesque chains, both ramificatious of the chain of the Great Ortler. It

is threaded throughout its entire length by the river Nos, and contains numerous villages and castles, with a population of 40,000 souls. The major part of the inhabitants are Italian in language and customs. This vale is a favourite resort of the citizens of Trent during the summer months, and I believe would well repay a visit. The sun had set by the time I had reached St. Michael's. This little town, the passage of whose roughly-paved streets brought my day's journey to an end, possesses a highly romantic situation, being posted very favourably on a gentle acclivity commanding a verdant and highly cultivated plain, watered by the Nos and the Adige, which stretches to the base of the girdling mountains, and the opening of the three vallies before-mentioned. We have now quite done with Germany, and Italian faces and architecture prevail more or less in every corner of the country.

Levis does not strike me as well situated, though it contains some good buildings ; but perhaps I was disposed to judge unfavourably, upon finding that the road must make an angle of a full mile and a half to pass an ungovernable and capricious torrent. Such indeed is the river Avesio, taking its source from the distant glaciers of the Vedretta di Marmolata and the Campo della Salva to the eastward, and bursting at this point into the vale of the Adige. A large stone dyke is erected on both sides of the stream from the foot to the mountain, to protect the town and adjoining lands from its occasional fury. From thence to Trent, I will make one stride, as the walls and vineyards on the flat prevented an extended view ; and my entry into this city was made at an hour when the heat in

these vallies is so great, that thought itself is to be avoided, if you wish to retain the power of advance.

To find an inn was of course my first object, but I wandered about the town for some time, determined not to go to the Albergo Reale, where I should be treated either as a travelling pedlar and be spurned at, or as a prince in disguise, and made to pay accordingly: but anxious to discover a place of refuge, where either French or German were spoken. This I found to be no easy matter. Most of the people to whom I addressed myself, spoke nothing but Italian, and seemed to find a difficulty in understanding my efforts to be eloquent in that language. I felt angry at them at the time; but now that I am cool and composed, am inclined to doubt the justice of so being, for to tell the truth without disguise, I do not believe I spoke the purest Tuscan. Fortunately enough, I fell at length into hospitable hands, and found a decent asylum close to the church dedicated to the Holy Virgin, where I obtained all that was necessary for rest and comfort.

We will suppose the glare of day already passed, and that the sunbeams are streaming obliquely down the head of the mountains upon the fair valley of the Adige. My evening's stroll conducted me out of the eastern gate, and by a narrow pathway running up the hill-side at the back of the castle, led me gradually to a vine-covered height to the N.E. of the city. The city of Trent is of very high antiquity. It is believed to have been founded by the Etruscans at a period yet more remote than the building of Rome, and was called Tridentum. Of its early history, but little is known. It fell successively under the power of the Romans, and

of the several invaders of Italy, to whom we have seen that its fertile valley offered an easy passage to the South. During the middle ages, it was the capital of a small territory governed by a spiritual lord, and indeed continued so till a very late period. In the sixteenth century it became a point of great interest, from the celebrated council held within its walls. The council of Trent was convened, as may be recollected, by the Emperor Charles V. and Pope Paul III, primarily at the instance of men of all opinions, to take into consideration the means of arresting the progress of the threatened secession from the Romish church, by adopting or disproving the doctrines of Luther; and also to reform the corruption and licentionsness of both laity and clergy. From its first convocation in 1545, to the year 1563, when it was finally dissolved, eighteen years elapsed, and no less than five successive popes occupied the papal chair. It is well known, that neither of the objects in view were attained: and that continual dissensions among the heads of the council tended to further the cause of reformation, rather than arrest its progress.

Trent lies in most a glorious situation on the left bank of the Adige, at a point where its waters make a sweep across the whole valley, from the base of the mountains in the East, to those in the West. The surrounding eminenecs are both commanding in their outline, and varied in their character, being for the greater part diversified by swelling knolls towards their base, and by richly-wooded flanks. Monte Vason rises in the West, and the Celva and Terra-rossa to the East. The bosom of the vale below the city, presents a finely-cul-

tivated tract, thickly covered with vines and fruit trees, here and there broken by a small portion of the grey bed of the Adige, as it meanders to and fro towards Roveredo. The ridges of the Monte Baldo bound the view to the southward. Glancing towards Levis, the Mendola is seen rearing its precipitous front over the charming vale of St. Michael's.

The city itself lies at your feet, and has sufficient number and variety of towers to vary the monotony of the roofing, which is of the same dull brown tilings at Botzen. It appears to be fortified, from an embattled wall running entirely round its circuit, but is not so in reality. The castle is not well seen from this spot. It lies slightly elevated above the river, at the point nearest the spectator, but hidden by the vine-covered declivity to the left. The façade seen from the town side is rather imposing, though it presents a motley group of buildings in different styles. The northern extremity would seem to be the most ancient. To turn to objects of note in the interior of the city:—and first, to the church dedicated to the Holy Virgin, being that in which the council of Trent was convened. It has been since quite renovated, for no one would be struck with the idea of its real age. It is built of reddish marble, of plain Grecian architecture, with pilastres, and a white-washed circular roof, but with neither aisles nor transept. The apsis is singular. It contains a large and ancient painting, representing the assembly of the Great Council. The organ is very good, and was still better before it was set on fire, twelve or thirteen years ago, by lightning. It stands on the right side of the high altar. The church is rem-

dered outwardly conspicuous by a high quadrangular tower, and pretty cupola. The Dohm or Cathedral is the largest, most regular and noble structure of the kind in Tyrol; something mixed in its architecture, but principally Byzantine. It consists properly of a long nave and side aisles, a short transept, and a circular apsis; but there are several additional erections attached to the main body. Among these, a chapel opposite the north porch is a blemish. A short tower and cupola rise from the centre, and a campanile from one of the angles of the west end. Ten finely clustered columns support the roof of the nave and the tower. Under the latter, there is a free standing high altar, with a noble marble canopy, supported by spiral columns. A great deal of detail, and among this many ancient tombs of the Bishops, is worth notice; the pulpit is in horrible taste, and in shape just like an old nutmeg box. The Cathedral occupies the south side of the square, which has a good ornamental fountain in the middle, and on the eastern side a public building, with a high tower and fine quadrangular machicholated parapet. The other churches did not appear to me remarkable. In various parts of the town, as well as at the Castle, there is much in the way of old architecture to amuse a stranger. An indifferent wooden bridge leads to the right bank of the Adige, but one in a better style seems to have formerly existed there.

The asses and mules make a fearful din in Trent. Moreover the streets resound with all kinds of games, sports, conversation and songs in the cool of the evening, and even after dark, and the people in general appear to be very gay. The custom of sleeping with open win-

dows, without which no one can enjoy repose, gives me the full benefit of these popular pastimes. But, gentle reader, if you find it difficult to compose yourself to rest, you will find it still more impossible to indemnify yourself at early dawn, as it happens that at a most unreasonable hour the good people of Trent begin to ring the bells of all the churches and convents in the city. If you take my lodgings, I warn you that those of Santa Maria Maggiore will not remain silent, and being at the very porches of your ear, will soon give you a thorough waking.

Two roads to Padua now presented themselves: that the most commonly taken, and it is fair to add, the most diversified, following the vale of the Adige to Verona and Vincenza, lay straight before me, and had many charms. The Monte Baldo, the monastery of the Madonna della Corona, and the Lago di Guarda had long been alluring objects to my fancy, not to speak of Verona and the city of Palladio. Circumstances however made me decide to follow the shorter and less frequented road offered by the passage of the Monte Pergine, and the vale of the Brenta to Bassano; and towards the close of the following day I quitted Trent, with my usual promptitude which I own sometimes has the air of a monstrous propensity for loco-motion.

The continued and rapid ascent by which the road to Pergine makes its exit from the vale of the Adige, and the powerful and unclouded beams of the sun to which it was fully exposed, did not prevent my turning frequently to admire the splendid view of the city and vale which opened from the height; doubly picturesque,

at that hour, from the light and shade which the struggle of bright sun-beams with an approaching thunder-storm, cast upon it. Towards the top of the passage, the attention is drawn to the ravine of the Fersina, whose open valley lies before you. The hills through which the river makes its way to its junction with the Adige, are of a more singular character, and present a strange mixture of curved and horizontal lines of bare grey rock, and the brightest verdure. The geological arrangement of the strata is extremely peculiar and puzzling. The village of Civezzano, on the side of the mountain above the vale of the Fersina, stands among a fertile and beautiful labyrinth of mulberry-trees and vines, intermixed with wheat and maize. The road from thence to the little town of Pergine, leads through a country which seemed luxuriantly fertile, and at this moment presented an unusually lively spectacle, from the peasantry being employed in stripping the innumerable mulberry-trees which fill the space between the scanty mountain-stream and the hills. Their songs were uncommonly sweet, and possessed much of the Italian character. At Pergine I had not intended to halt, but happening to meet with an inn where the German language was spoken, thought the opportunity too valuable to be neglected, and took up my quarters there. Leaving all further description till another day dawns, I hasten to conclude my brief notice of a long, hot, and busy day. My solitary evening's meal was soon noticed by a long-backed, poodle kind of dog, belonging to whom I did not know; but by his singular way of putting his fore paws together when begging, and his extraordinary thinness, I make no

doubt his master forced him in general to shift for himself, and permitted him to run no chance of getting fat, whatever the household of which he was a member, might be allowed to do. The poor fellow ate the fish-bones and salad I bestowed upon him with infinite thankfulness; and there was something in his whole demeanour and appearance which made me imagine that he could not only think, but think reasonably. His head was half grey and half black, his hair seemed combed all on one side, and his dark eyes were constantly in motion. Why I do not know, but he won so far upon my sympathies, that I finished by giving him the best my table could afford. The more I notice animals, the more I love and pity them. Let their nature be what it may, I feel that the whole animal creation suffers from the effects of man's iniquity, and is less happy than it would have been, had he never fallen.

June 6th.—I quitted my quarters at about half-past four in the morning, undecided as to the term I should put to this day's march, but so much in awe of the heat in these southern vallies in the month of June, that I threw off slumber, at an earlier hour than usual. The sun was shining brightly on the summit of the mountain, but I was very glad to be spared his beams for the first few miles. My route lay towards Levico, over that tract of country which separates the valley of the Fersina from that of the Brenta. Indeed, though the road passes certain eminences, to reach that part of the vale where Levico lies, the fact is, that no hill separates the head of the latter from the former. The first mile of the upward route presents a series of beautiful views, which appear and disappear some-

thing like the scenes of a play, so quickly do they present themselves and retire. The first was the backward glance upon the fertile valley of the Fersina—the little town of Pergina lies at your feet—an imposing pile of mountain, comprising parts of the chains on both sides of the valley of the Adige, and the more fantastic summits in the distant Val di Sole. Then came a sudden and short-lived peep to the right, on the birth-place of the Brenta, and the upper end of the blue lake in which its waters first collect themselves. This vanished—and turning to the left, a gap in the hills gave a back view of the castle of Pergine, perched on its commanding rocky promontory. The mountains then closed round you, and you enter into a ravine, leading downwards towards the Brenta. I was going to say that this had nothing particularly interesting to deserve description; but I recollect that my eyes were most unexpectedly arrested in my passage, by no less a phenomenon than a field of potatoes, an object which I had not observed since my entry into the Tyrol, and which no Englishman can see with indifference. A second blue lake, embosomed in the hills, announced my approach to the Brenta, and I was shortly after ushered from the defile to the side of the mountains, on the left of his stream, and descended by an amusing road among the mulberry trees and vineyards towards Levico.

I may remark, that with the sole exception of the vintage, a more favourable moment could not have been chosen for a walk through these vallies, as the gathering of the mulberry-leaves, upon which the whole population seem to be gaily employed, gave a

liveliness to every part of the road, and considerably heightened the effect of the scenery, and added to the amusement of the passenger. The bosom of this valley presented a forest of these trees, intermingled with vines; and I may say, upon an average, that every fifth tree had its group of men and maidens in its branches, or on ladders, gathering its foliage in white linen cloths. Such a singing merry tribe, as the peasants of the Val Sugana (as this upper part of the course of the Brenta is called) I never met with before. Their songs were truly melodious, and the voices such as are only heard in the south. The general mode of chaunting is in two parts; and accident seems to decide whether these simple harmonists sit in the same tree, or in different parts of the orchard. They seem to be chiefly inspired morning and evening. At noon, the cicala, that loquacious member of the locust-tribe, was the sole songstress audible.

The village of Levico presents nothing remarkable. The three leagues from thence to Borgo di Val Sugana presents you with the view of a fine vale, surrounded with lofty and forested hills, seldom bare, but always interesting in the outline. The scenery at the turn of the valley beyond Borgo, and the situation of that town itself, as you descend upon it, with a castellated ridge running up from it towards the north, is all fine and interesting. At Borgo, I came to a halt.

I warn my pedestrian reader, that now and then he will meet with mishaps and misfortunes on his pilgrimage, and moreover, that it is a curious fact, that even travelling mishaps never come single. I think I had my full share of them on the afternoon of this day, and as it

is always profitable and sometimes pleasant to recollect past trials, I will tell you which they were. Beyond Borgo, my map of the Tyrol was no longer of use to me, and I had consequently henceforth to grope my way without certain knowledge of the country. Moreover, I was grievously cheated by mine hostess :—again, two miles beyond Borgo, I was drenched to the skin—and immediately after, roasted in a blaze of sunshine.—But this was not enough,—a false step produced a sprained foot, and as I had not a supernumary one among my extras, I had to hop about fifteen miles to Primolano. When, at length I arrived at this frontier village, recollecting that I was now over the Tyrol boundary, and in Italy, I thought I should not do amiss to agree beforehand with my hostess as to terms of lodging and refreshment, having always been forewarned that no other way of proceeding was recommendable. Therefore in telling my wants, I attached to it a very civil phrase, beginning "*Quanto,*" by which, however, I offended the signora and her whole household most grievously: and they pouted and flouted at me in consequence, the whole evening. I even fancied that the two blackamoor heads, which, with a wisp of hay, formed the inn sign, scowled in upon me at the window of the apartment with sympathetic ire. However I did not trouble myself much, but made myself at home in spite of them all. By what strange signification, or by what cross meaning, a wisp of withered straw, grass, or branch of fir, can be supposed to betoken good cheer, *schnaps,* and strong drink, I am at a loss to divine ; yet such is the universal sign of a cabaret in these countries. Closing this page of miseries, I must come to another of

description, for it cannot be supposed that my limping affected my eye-sight, or that I did not exercise my usual acuteness with regard to surrounding objects, because all did not run quite smooth: no, I can still tell what was the character of the country through which I passed from Borgo to Primolano. I have already mentioned that the valley of the Brenta turns more to the southward below Borgo. At the angle, it receives several tributary streams from the north and the N. E, and then flows between a double chain of limestone mountains, which are as singular for their outline, steepness, and general character, as any chain of that formation in the Alps: particularly opposite the village of Grigno, and in the immediate neighbourhood of a second hamlet lower down the valley. The vale cannot in this portion of its extent, boast of general fertility, as the rubbish brought down from the mountains, occupies at times much of its slopes and bosom, yet wherever earth is to be met with, there the mulberry and the vine have their usual post. There are villages, but rather wide apart, and drolly planted in the angles of the mountains; such is Primolano at a point where the hills hem in the valley like a triangle, through the S. W. angle of which, as we shall see to-morrow, the Brenta makes it exit.

It was something to have crossed the frontiers of Italy without having been descried by a white-coated douanier: and my surprise was augmented on observing the impunity with which I advanced unnoticed into the country, over bridge and barrier, and through gate and ward.

My quarters at Primolano were not such as to induce

me to remain longer than really necessary. An early hour therefore saw me escaping from the straggling village and entering the defile by which the Brenta continues its course for nearly sixteen miles without interruption. The first portion of this was much more savage and alpine in its character, than I had looked for in this quarter. The river rushes through a deep ravine under the shade of towering precipices; and, in consequence of the obstructed character of the defile, the road is frequently carried to a considerable height above the river. At Cismone, a village posted in an angle of the mountains, where the Brenta receives the Vanoi, gliding from a singularly rocky ravine to the left, the valley becomes somewhat wider; but still remains shut up between two high chains till it approaches the vicinity of the village of Vastagna. Here a fresh turn brings other scenery before the eye; the mountains lie further apart and their slopes resume their verdure and wooded appearance, for, from the vicinity of Borgo, they had been comparatively sterile. The whole region appears thickly inhabited. Glancing back from near Pove, the entire valley presents the appearance of a scattered village. The edifices are of no common character; the churches especially have strikingly good façades, bespeaking at once a country where good models are frequently met with, and estimated. Beyond this, the mountains gradually decrease in height, and you approach those vast plains, which, with the exception of a few clusters of hills, stretch over the greater portion of Italy between the Alps and the Appenines.

Towards the termination of the ravine, I noticed the

first olives. From the ground at the foot of the mountains, you gain a view of Bassano, enclosed by walls, and lining the ridge of a gentle eminence above the plains.

My recollection of this town is not the most agreeable. As far as I was able to discover, there were no public buildings of note, nor any objects which might claim my time and attention. In the course of the afternoon, therefore, I continued my route, gently but perseveringly towards Cittadella, a few leagues further, and entered its enclosure about sunset.

Cittadella is, or rather was formerly, a kind of fortress, and still appears surrounded by nearly a circular moat and wall, though all in a state of decay. Its dilapidated gateways are picturesque. It would nevertheless appear to be a thriving place from the quantity of new buildings in progress. Here the water drawn from deep wells is tolerable. I mention this because I had in the course of this day experienced the misery of the want of this necessary of life. Irrigation is well carried on throughout the whole district, and on either side of the road runs a powerful stream: but the water of the Adige is very impure at this season. The soil from the foot of the mountains to this point, is a coarse gravel, and then follows sand, and still less chance of fresh springs. The beds are excellent in Italy when clean, which they often are. What a difference between the short packing case, into which you are forced to introduce yourself in the Tyrol, and the stately and spacious pieces of furniture which fill the apartments of an Italian inn!

Sixteen miles beyond Cittadella lies the city of

Padua. To reach this before the heat of the day became excessive, was my object; and after a long walk, mostly in deep sand, I fulfilled it. The road was almost perfectly level, and allows but little view beyond the verdant vines, mulberry and other fruit trees, for about an acre beyond the ditch on the side of the road: and to gain an extensive view was out of the question. The mountains I had quitted became fainter hour by hour. To the south, however, the modest outline of the Euganean hills and another group near Vincenza might be descried, when approaching Padua; and the distant appearance of the latter city with its numerous campaniles, and the domes and minarets of its principal churches gave interest to the landscape upon a near approach.

But the gate of the city is gained: the mountains are now far in the distance, and in adventuring myself into a region of such a very different character, and of such very different interest, I feel that both my pen and my footsteps may be going astray. Few, comparatively speaking, may have passed over the same devious paths which I have just been attempting to describe; but here, upon the smooth and beaten roads of Italy, and in the picturesque cities and palaces of this southern land, English gold and curiosity sends forth a yearly stream of tourists, and among these a very considerable leaven of authors. I shall therefore announce at once that I have no wish to detail my recollections of much which may have come under my observation in this portion of my rambles.

CHAPTER V.

> 'Half-way up
> He built his house, whence, as by stealth, he caught
> Among the hills, a glimpse of busy life,
> That soothed, not stirred.—But, knock, and enter in.
> This was his chamber.—'Tis as when he went;
> As if he now were in his orchard-grove.
> And this his closet Here he sat and read.
> This was his chair; and in it, unobserved,
> Reading, or thinking of his absent friends,
> He passed away as in a quiet slumber.'

THE arrival of a stranger in an Italian city, showing by his air and eyes, that curiosity is an uppermost passion in his mind, and that he knows nothing and would know all, is a real godsend for an Italian cicerone; and he thanks his patron saint for it accordingly. I am happy to say, that I know almost as little, personally speaking, of the Italian cicerone and *domestique de place*, as of the *guide des Alpes*; and my reader need know no more. Previous reading, and reference to memoranda, will render you pretty conversant with what is to be seen, even in a city like Padua; and your first stroll should be to a library, where the acquisition of a plan of the city, will enable you to pilot yourself at your ease, and leave you leisure to think upon what you see, as you will be freed from the eternal parrot-like chatter of a cicerone. The principal churches and adjacent streets should, I suppose, be

always your first objects, both from their real interest, and because it is important, in a large city, to gain a knowledge of the position of certain prominent landmarks, which may facilitate your more detailed examination of its several parts. But to return to the cicerone: though I disclaim having been in frequent contact, yet his character is worth the study, when opportunity offers. His main duty and wish is to satisfy you in all and about all; and if he be thoroughly accomplished, it is his determination also to do it at all hazards, He may know much or little; and if not particularly well-informed yourself, you will never fathom the depth of his information. He will always have a remark at hand; and depend upon it, you will ask him no question, however unusual, but he will find you an answer and a gesticulation.

I have observed, that they are particularly sensitive at being supposed deficient in information concerning any point of historical tradition which gives local interest to their city. That the frequent inquiries of Englishmen after the truth of the tale of the fair and unfortunate Juliet and her Romeo, at Verona, should end in the discovery of the identical tomb in which she lay, was perfectly natural;—and I do not doubt, but that the ciceroni of that city, if properly interrogated, would soon find you the ancient but indubitable lodging of the 'Two Gentlemen of Verona' also. If the reader should ever follow me to Padua, I request him, for old acquaintance' sake, to inquire at the university, after the chambers formerly occupied by the wizard doctor, Michael Scot, of romantic memory;

and I promise him that the glib old cicerone will soon ferret out his hiding-place, if he does not go so far as to produce you the rough copy of his 'boke of might.'

I have been led to make these observations by recollecting, that upon my taking up my hat to leave the hotel for a stroll, on the evening of my arrival at Padua, I was obliged to run the gauntlet between a double row of these personages, who elbowed each other and deafened me, in suing for my patronage.

The city of Padua presents a singular spectacle to the eye of the traveller from the north. You thread its innumerable and gloomy arcades, traverse its narrow streets, and stand before the immense brick piles of dark semi-oriental architecture presented by its principal churches, with a feeling of both curiosity and wonder.

But the reader must be aware of my having not the most distant intention of writing a guide book of the Italian cities, or even a book of reference. No labour of mine would add to what has been already so ably and frequently done. I can assure him that, in speaking slightingly of the ciceroni, I had no secret view to my self-interest, and not the least intention of offering my own services to supply their place. Here, and elsewhere, I may give some detached pictures of scenes which may rise before me, or of the impressions produced by them; but I fear that they will be found to be often whimsically chosen. This observation may have been necessary, though a digression.

Who has not heard of Saint Anthony of Padua, and

his miracles? You here see his temple and the shrine dedicated to his worship:—a massive cluster of buildings crowned with domes and minarets, arranged interiorly in the form of a cross, and containing tombs, paintings, and sculpture of high beauty and price. The Saint's day is at hand, and the chapel in which his body is entombed is crowded with pilgrims and devotees, and the high altar is a dazzling scene of splendour. Once in the year all eyes are turned towards it, and thousands kneel upon the threshold. All is preparatory bustle and devotion. The Paduan that has been mindful of his duty to his patron saint, during the past year, is rejoicing in his favour and the coming feast; while he that has been neglectful of his duties in the interval is seen here daily in these preparatory hours fetching up old scores.

To the bustle displayed in all parts of the church of St. Anthony, that of St. Justine presented a most impressive contrast. Its noble, spacious, and unadorned interior was silent as the depths of a forest, not a foot was to be heard upon the broad and beautiful marble pavement, nor a human form at devotion near the altars. An undulating and subdued resonance of distant wheels and bustle in the great open space without, might be heard playing under the domes and in the superior parts of the lofty structure, but the impression conveyed by it was more allied to the sweep of a gentle breeze among the foliage, than the noise of a great city.

The Cathedral is also a church of the first class for size and splendour; but there is another less visited and perhaps less renowned, yet infinitely more curious to

which I would lead my readers. This is the Chiesa-Eremitani. It is situated near the ancient arena and forms one long chapel without aisles and transept. The roof is unsupported by pillars, constructed of wood, and of a very singular but clever design. The length according to a rough measurement by pacing may be about 240 feet, by 65 in breadth, not including the recess at the eastern end, that having a separate and lower roof. It is certainly the strangest building in Padua, and as an architectural curiosity appears to me to stand before the celebrated Town Hall, which though larger and measuring 332 feet long, by 116 in breadth, with a roof 119 feet in height, unsupported by free standing pillars, is infinitely less curious.[1]

The university was once a marvel, but is no longer so. Its number of students has dwindled down from 10,000 to a very inconsiderable number. But no one can visit it without great interest. The massive gothic tower of the tyrant Ezzelin is a prominent object from many parts of the city, though situated rather on the outskirts. It is now made use of as an observatory. Some palaces of note, and the botanic gardens, took up a portion of the two days succeeding my arrival, in the intervals of brief but heavy thunder storms, which, brewing among the distant Alps or the nearer hills, came sweeping over the wide plains in their passage to the east. The reader might envy me my seat at night-fall, during one of these storms, in an elevated balcony, in close proximity to the two

[1] Westminster Hall measures 238 by 68 feet. The Great Hall of Padua has accordingly the advantage, as far as size goes, but is far inferior to the former in every other point of view. The roof is odious in comparison.

lofty campaniles of the university and the Town Hall, the former hallowed by the memory of the 'starry Galileo.' The glare of lightning and the roll of thunder assort well with the architecture, and ancient fame of the city for the study of the occult and abstruse sciences. Padua has still a very large population, a numerous garrison and an equally large ecclesiastical corps. Shrines, flowers, and fruits are met with at every corner, and under every arcade. The latter are very various in their character, dates and form. Some really beautiful, others villainous specimens of the mason's craft.

Innumerable minor churches and convents arrest the steps of a stranger in rambling through the city, sometimes of a picturesque character, but in general sad dingy edifices both within and without. Little can be said of the river Bachiglione, which waters Vincenza and Padua; a sluggish, turbid stream, pent up in narrow streets, and spanned by narrower bridges. The Brenta pursues its course a little to the north.

The approaching festival of the patron Saint of Padua thronged the city with numerous pilgrims. A whole week, commencing with the following Sunday, was to be distinguished by extraordinary ecclesiastical, theatrical, public and private fêtes. It is the carnival of Padua, and unites with a great annual fair, to turn the heads of the whole population. Every part of the city bore an air of bustle. Tailors and shoemakers were to be seen by scores under every range of arcades, as busy, as full orders and pressing customers could make them. But these brief hints and memoranda can have but little value to one whose footsteps have never wandered here. The sketch of my proceedings during

two days of this week, may however, plead for more detailed notice.

It had been my intention to unite a visit to the Euganean hills with that to Padua; and the sight of a clear sky and brilliant sunshine early on the morning of the 10*th*, would certainly have been most eagerly hailed as indicating the propitious moment for commencing that excursion;—the more so, as this opportunity neglected, it would be very difficult to accomplish it. But was not my mind a prey to that vile tormentor, indecision? This had been produced, by my having been informed, late the preceding evening, that this day was the festival of Corpus Christi; and that, notwithstanding the proximity of the far greater fête of San Antonio di Padova, it was intended to celebrate it with becoming splendour; by much military, civil, and ecclesiastical parade, and by many observances, which, however a protestant may condemn, do not, nevertheless, shock him so grievously, that he cannot stand and stare with admiration. He will see and hear all that is possible, and to do so more at his ease, will elbow his catholic neighbour into the bargain. I had previously come to an irrevocable conclusion, not to stay in Padua to be led away by the vanities of St. Antonio two days hence; so there was so much the more reason that I should indulge myself this day. Yet the distant hills!—the very idea was delicious and refreshing, compared with the hurry, and dust, and din of a city festival. It was, gentle reader, a dreadful struggle; may you never be troubled with a similar one. One moment my ears were filled with the song of birds and the gush of waters; the

perfume of flowers was in my nostrils, and my fancy was ravished with the idea formed of those wild volcanic hills, the thought of Petrarch,—not to speak of Laura, sentiment, poetry, and all that. The next moment, the birds were all frightened away by the burst of choral harmony which rose on my fancy—the odours from the censer overpowered the perfume of flowers, while the gorgeous procession, and the gazing multitude, soon elbowed Petrarch and Laura out of the way. Then came the reaction—but at length wearied out, I resolved upon a middle course, in general a very bad alternative, but in the present instance, a completely successful one.

The bells, the bustle, and the bright sun fairly roused me from my table where I had perseveringly sat writing from six till about nine, and brought me out into the street. The main point of attraction seemed to be the open square before the principal municipal edifices, and thither I proceeded with the living tide that set strongly towards that quarter. I found the centre overshadowed by a broad awning resting upon a range of wooden arcades erected for the occasion, extending from a temporary high altar at the upper end of the square, to the other extremity, whence it was carried further to the great west door of the cathedral, in a street not far distant. I may as well at once add, that this kind of awning was further continued from the south entrance of that structure through the streets for about a quarter of a mile, till it merged into the main square, and near the above-mentioned high altar: so that the procession leaving the church by the south door, would finally re-enter it by the great western entrance.

Those who have never seen an Italian city on the day of fête,—and here devotion and festivity seem to be very nearly allied,—would form but a very faint idea of the scene presented by the great square. The interior and the arcades were filled with the military, and the populace both of the city and neighbourhood: while every window in the surrounding edifices was thronged with the fair forms of the giddy and loquacious dames of Padua, leaning forward upon tapestry and drapery of every imaginable colour which hung far over the window sills, and concealed the wall below them. In short, the entire square was converted into a spacious theatre. Near the high altar stood many gorgeously gilded and carved shrines of the Madonna, brought from various parishes to garnish and add to the glitter of the spectacle. Their presence seemed however to have but little influence upon the dense cluster of people of the lower class around them, and ribaldry and laughter was the order of the day. All being stationary in the square, I mined my way to the cathedral, listened to the sweet strain of solemn harmony which accompanied the exit of the last division of the procession from the spacious edifice, and forced my way back again to the square to await the progress of the ceremony. I feel some remorse of conscience at the recollection of the manner in which, by dint of striving and elbowing, and looking curious and good-humoured in the face of the good people whom my efforts displaced, I contrived to push myself close to the altar, and, what was of the first consequence, under the shade of the awning.

This was no sooner effected, than the leading files

of the procession entered the square, and began their progress under the covered way: and for the succeeding half-hour it continued to pass before me, It would be both wearisome and vain to attempt to describe the varied but motley divisions of this festal train, as they in turn appeared and disappeared, In short, it consisted of all the religious orders of the city, apparently many hundred children, educated by the charities of the same, the vestries of the several parishes, chapters of the various churches, the great municipal and civil authorities, officers military and civil, intermingled with some hundreds of magnificent crucifixes, and thousands of tall tapers which shed their tears of wax and tallow upon the gay embroidered vestments in appalling profusion. The garments of many of these divisions were extremely costly and beautiful. Some occasional chanting accompanied the progress of the files under the covered way, but its character was in general but indifferent, till, after long expectation, the approaching volume of sweet sound rising from the choristers of the cathedral, announced the near vicinity of the closing division.

The service chanted by these choristers was extremely good and solemn, and they supported their several parts admirably, in spite of the heat, dust, and the long walk. After them came the authorities of the city, arranging themselves as they entered the covered way, upon seats prepared near the foot of the altar. The officiating ecclesiastic bearing the golden Pix, supported by two of his brethren, moved last, under the shade of a magnificent canopy of gold lace and fringe, borne by eight bearers.

Having reached the temporary high altar, he ascended the steps and performed a short mass. During this interval, silence reigned in the great assemblage, and all wore an air of devotion till after the elevation of the host. A general genuflexion concluded this division of the ceremony. There was yet one fine coup d'œil at the return of the procession to the cathedral; and that was presented by the interior of that spacious edifice, at the moment when the aged priest and his immediate attendants preceded by the choir, entered the great west door. The multitude forming the various parts of the procession, were then all collected within its walls, and were ranged in two broad lines the whole length of the nave, with their innumerable tapers, kneeling as the Pix-bearer advanced, and continuing in that posture till he had ascended the steps of the great altar. The organ then burst forth and accompanied the choir in a strain of triumphal harmony, the smoke of the censer rose from the altar, and after receiving the parting benediction, the whole assembly dispersed. In a quarter of an hour very few signs were left of the fête, except the swarming streets, the stripped altar in the square, a party of soldiers returning to quarters, or a troop of monks, with a shrine of the blessed Virgin trotting soberly home to their place of rest. If I am asked whether I was satisfied, I must in truth answer No! I had been excited, smothered with heat and dust, had had my eyes and ears tickled as they would have been in a theatre: but no portion of the ceremonial had been productive of devotional feeling in my breast. I was dissatisfied with the Paduans, and still more with myself. It is not the most pleasant

position, though a thoroughly protestant one, to stand conspicuously erect, while all others kneel. I thought that by pretending to be engaged with observing the 'church over the way,' I had both satisfied the feelings of others and my own, but cannot believe that I did either. I was tired, and when made to understand that fine as it all was, St. Anthony on Sunday would far surpass every thing here witnessed, I congratulated myself that I should be out of the reach of the noise, heat and bustle. The ceremonial was over about eleven o'clock, and long before noon the city, crowds, dust and heat were behind me. The sky was cloudless, and the rays of the sun powerful, yet the road was elevated above the general level of the country, and the canal bank upon which I walked several feet above that. Moreover, a sweet breeze blowing gently from the hills to the southward, towards which I was now bending my thoughts and my steps, rendered the mid-day commencement of my ramble far from disagreeable. To reach Monselice, a distance of about twelve miles, S.E. E. was the proper object of my afternoon's ramble. I had reason to believe that there might be a shorter way to Arquà, but a few miles' round was no great object. At all events, I should have the whole of the morrow to see what I wished, and return to Padua; such was my project. The road for many miles ran through the plains and was no way remarkable, I therefore turn to the Euganean hills towards which I made rapid approach. They resemble our Malvern at a distance, in no slight degree. Avoiding the northernmost extremity of the cluster, the route, which is that leading to Este, Legnano and Mantua, bears directly for the

southern, and first touches upon them at the village of Battaglia. I had seen many country seats upon the road, the greater part very indifferently posted, and in great want of repair, and I think the very first that had any thing really palaceous about it was at this point, a little before the entrance to Battaglia. A castellated detached hill, which had long been a landmark, proved eventually to mark the position of Monselice, about three miles beyond the last mentioned village. Towards the latter part of my walk the sun had become in some measure obscured by the rising and thickening of a mass of vapour to the southward, which seemed to promise a renewal of the thunderstorms, and left me quite undecided for a while as to the manner in which I should pass a long evening. Upon my arrival at Monselice however, after some consideration, hearing that Arquà was now only three miles distant, I resolved to repair to it before nightfall. I inquired my road, notified my intention of return, and crossing the canal which had been my right hand neighbour from the gates of Padua, I quitted the dusty high road, for the green lane which should lead me to Arquà. I will not forestall the observations which I was enabled to make with more exactness and effect on the morrow, by penning down much of my evening's stroll and proceedings. Thus much may I say, that, in that calm and stillness which reigns throughout the landscape, when a thunderstorm is gathering and deepening upon the distant country, I tracked my way to the simple mountain-village, and having paid my first visit to the tomb, fountain, and former dwelling of Petrarch, returned to my night quarters, fully bent upon a second. The thunderstorm,

after long darkening the wide plains and their cities, seemed to follow the line of the Adige towards the distant Adriatic; and by the time I had regained Monselice, the setting sun was lighting up the old embattled walls, cypresses, and towers of the picturesque hill which overlooks it.

June 11*th*.—The following morning dawned without a cloud. It was worthy of an Italian summer, one of those upon which every natural object seems beautiful, and every rural sound musical.

In taking another line of route, I am in no danger, in my description, of committing a plagiarism from those who have gone before me. The more ordinary pathway to Arquà, is that which Lord Byron describes. It turns off between Battaglia and Monselice, and instead of rounding the southermost base of the mountains, crosses an inconsiderable ridge, and falls directly upon the little angle of the hills where Arquà is situated. The high road from Monselice to Este passes straight through the town, and avoiding the hills, stretches onward into the wide plains to the south-west. Leaving it to the left, and crossing the canal, the traveller is soon conducted into a narrow lane running round the base of the hills, and bordered by hedges, over which the surrounding country may however be distinctly descried. The first thing that struck me was the profusion of that beautiful shrub, the pomegranate, whose scarlet flowers and bright green leaves seem too beautiful for our zone. Of this the hedges are in general composed, together with other shrubs but little known in our country. The lane, by following the bend of the

hill, soon turns more to the northward; and, shortly you find yourself rounding a tongue of level ground, which, running up from the plain to the southward, insinuates itself pretty deeply into the bosom of the hills by which it is on three sides surrounded. At the upper end appears the church, tower, and scattered village of Arquà, half-embosomed in trees.

This little secluded plain is thickly planted, and has a singular appearance from the regularity with which the peasant disposes of the ground in this country, in alternate rows of trees, vines, and maize. The hills which surround you are various in shape. Three conical summits appear over some inferior heights; two of roundish form overlook the village, and the same is the case on the side from which you approach. To the south, the horizon deepens into the blue indefinite tinge, assumed by the distant and apparently interminable plains stretching to the Appenines. The hills are not generally fertile; the dwarf trees and brushwood occupy only portions of their declivities, and the reddish schistose rock peeps out continually among the scanty herbage. On reaching the village, the first object that attracts your attention, is the church, perched on the rocky knoll near the bottom of the hill. Petrarch's fountain springs nearly at the foot of the steps that lead up to it. On ascending the latter, into the small enclosure in front, the only object, I may say, that meets your view, for there is no other tomb there, is the tomb of the same celebrated man, a plain red marble sarcophagus, raised upon four square pillars of the same material, and pretty well covered with half-defaced inscriptions. The laurels which Lord

Byron mentions, must long ago have perished, as four young sickly-looking saplings, apparently but just planted, seem to be but fruitlessly contending with the heat of the bare and unsheltered church-yard. From the church, you climb the rough stony road through the village, to the summit of the little ridge behind—pass another small turreted chapel, descend to almost the last house upon the opposite side of the hill, and are introduced through an arched gateway, into a small court-yard, or garden, half choked with vines and weeds. Here stands the house of the poet. You ascend a vine-covered staircase, running up from the left side of the front, to a small open stone balcony or porch, and thereby enter the hall. Petrarch's favourite apartments lie on the left hand, and consist of an outer room, and two interior ones of small dimensions, particularly the more remote, which was the poet's study, and is little better than a closet. Here he was found dead in his chair. This venerable worm-eaten relic, of carved wood, as well as his book-chest, are exhibited in the neighbouring apartment. The mummy of his cat,—for Petrarch, like all good and wise men, loved dumb animals, and chiefly his cat,—dignified by an inscription, is seen over one of the interior doorways. The house is uninhabited, but care is nevertheless taken of it. Your cicerone is a blackeyed laughing peasant girl.

Arquà is still, wonderful to tell, a simple unspoiled village, with no inn, and no traps and gins to catch the travelling pilgrim, and spoil the simplicity and poetry of the associations and impressions left upon his mind.

An album is kept in the house; but from it the visitors, appear to be principally Italians. This is also far from being displeasing. Some English names also appear on its pages, but, comparatively speaking, there are few. All do not visit the shrine with equal devotion—this is very evident; and though sufficiently inclined to be solemn and sentimental myself, I could not forbear laughing at some matter-of-fact observations, both in prose and verse, which met my eye.

From the windows of Petrarch's apartments, you do not look toward Monselice. You see a little level vale running up from the plains, surrounded by inferior ridges and hills, one of which, perfectly conical, is exactly opposite; and a distant view of the wide flat horizon before described. Under the balconied window of the principal apartment, runs a deep shady lane between the gardens; and a vast quantity of the finest shrubs of the pomegranate, seem to have gathered themselves about the house. My morning visit was here long and amusing: I rambled to every part of the village and its immediate environs, and spent a considerable time in the house, before I began to form my plan of return to Padua, to which I determined to devote the whole day; taking full leisure, and following my wish to get better acquainted with the cluster of hills, which, for the most part, now lay between me and the city. I was furnished with no map, and therefore made it an object to gain a position which would give me every advantage, and supersede the necessity of such a guide. The two mountains,—or I should rather keep to the term hills—to the northward, seemed to offer the best point for the attainment of this object, and I accord-

ingly traversed the upper part of the village, and began the first ascent, that which was to bring me upon the ridge connecting the more elevated and westerly, with its partner to the eastward. This was no very difficult matter, and took but little time in accomplishing. Very little wood is to be found on these acclivities; but at a moderate height, the soil seems peculiarly adapted to the growth of a certain species of cherry of peculiar flavour, and the dwarf trees which bear it are so numerous, and the fruit so wonderfully abundant, that at a distance the hill side had quite a reddish tinge from them. Having gained the ridge, the next object was to make my choice between the greater and lesser eminence, and being ambitious, I very naturally chose the former. I climbed towards the summit, which was certainly not more distant from me than two hundred yards, when, before I was aware, I had to confess myself vanquished, and to give up the idea. At a certain elevation, I found the hill clothed with a matted and twisted thicket of strong prickly brushwood: and after attempting again and again to force my way through this obstacle, I was fairly obliged to retreat. Considerably chagrined and somewhat crest-fallen, I returned to the connecting ridge and into the wood of cherry-trees. Here I was beckoned to, and invited by a family of good-humoured peasants, to eat my fill of their ripe and tempting fruit. I shall not forget their hospitable manner or friendly faces. Then making the best of what I thought was a lost case, I doggedly ascended the secondary height. But I could not remain satisfied: the view I gained from this elevation was certainly of no common character,

yet its more lofty neighbour hid one quarter of the landscape from my view, and would, if conquered, yield a yet wider horizon. Again, at this distance, the latter looked so smooth and tempting, so shaven and shorn, I could distinguish no brushwood, though I was yet smarting from the thorns; and I determined upon another attempt, though I should have to go completely round to effect my purpose. When a man sets about an enterprize in the temper I was then in, few things are impossible. I will abridge my relation by saying, that, after many a stumble, and a grievous struggle, in which skin and clothes both suffered, I contrived, knife in hand, to cut a passage; and at length found myself perched upon the very top, upon the solid base of a little mass of grey rock, which most opportunely peeps out of the brushwood on the summit: and in contemplation of a view, which for extent, interest, and colouring, surpasses description. That from the Madonna del Monte at Varese, fine as it is, must yield to this from the summit of this Euganean hill.

Come, and take your stand by me; there is just room for two upon this little rock, as long as there is friendship between us; and I will point you out the parts of this vast and apparently boundless expanse; how vast! when we consider the little earth that must suffice for man; how confined! if we think of the morbid craving of his ambitious desires.

First our position, on the head of one of the most southerly of those hills, which, forming several detached and irregular clusters, of one, two, or more roundish or conical summits together, separated by spaces nearly level with the surrounding plains, plainly

seem to declare their volcanic formation. None can tell the tale of their birth, or date the hour when they first broke through the surface of the heaving plain in the midst of thunder and smoke. The very tradition has vanished, of the time when these hills were a beacon to the wanderers upon the distant Adriatic; or to tribes that gazed afar from the towering Alps. Perhaps the two or three summits to the N. W. of us, are higher than that upon which we stand. Beyond them you see another group less marked in outline, and are in doubt whether they are attached to these, or to the Alps, whose blue outline appears immediately to the N.N.W. To neither;—they are also a detached group of like formation, the Monti Berici near Vincenza. Take the portion of horizon occupied by our Euganean hills, the Berici and the Alps beyond, from the vast circle,—and they do not occupy one fourth of its circuit,—and what remains? One boundless interminable plain, fertile to excess; stretching far, far, far as the eye can distinguish the differing colours of earth and sky: towns and white villages; here distinct with their tall church towers, there a long white streak, or a dot faintly seen at the distance of many long leagues. Now look more to detail. The long and imposing range of the Tridentine Alps fall off to the N.E. and melt into the distance;—those towards the extremity are the mountains of Friuli. Then what do you see over the nearer city of Padua, which lies in the middle ground, with its many-domed churches glistening in the morning sun? The commencement of a thread of silver which we follow far to the eastward. That is the Adriatic, and the dark line with which it is interwoven soon after it becomes visible, studded with

points yet darker? that is Venice. Venice the beautiful! whose nobles were princes, and merchants the great of the earth! I see her domes and her many towers, and the lofty campanile of St. Mark. More to the southward you lose the silver thread: but look steadily into the blue haze on the horizon, and what do you observe? A long faint line of yet déeper hue:—true, that is the chain of the Appenines; they die away completely as you turn more to the westward; and the wide plains, with their cities, fill the remainder of the vast panorama.

Look again and again,—we are well paid for our scramble, rough as it was; yet before we turn to descend, seeking an easier pathway on the side opposite to that we mounted, look once again at the foot of the hills. There lies Arquà, with its church and fountain;—a little further to the right, the roof of Petrarch's dwelling;—to the left, the foot-road leading from thence towards Battaglia, and a little lake that glistens below almost the only piece of water between us and the wide sea; for, though the Brenta, the Bachiglione, the Adige, the Po, and their innumerable canals and offsets, all wind their way through the fertile garden before us, they are buried beneath that maze of vineyards and orchards. Is not this earth still a paradise? But the day advances, for the sun has nearly reached his meridian, and though the innumerable insects, and butterflies, and lizards that throng these thickets, may rejoice in his great heat, we shall do better to avoid it. Besides I want to get to the region of the cherry-trees.

My object was now to return to Padua by a circuitous

route, comprising as much of the hilly country as possible; and therefore, in descending the side of the eminence, exactly at right angles to the situation of the city, and keeping in the same direction for some time, I found I was in a fair way to fulfil it. The peasants of the Euganean hills impressed me very favourably; I have no where met with more simple and civil villagers. From my casual observation, I think that a botanical tour in this region would be very well repaid, having in the course of my ramble, laid hands upon at least a dozen plants which, to my knowledge, are neither Alpine nor English. I used to be a beetle-hunter, and know something about the most approved mode of transfixing them; this makes me still rather attentive to the hum of insects, and I think I might promise the followers of that humane pursuit no bad harvest either. To the geologist, it may be easily supposed that they present an agreeable and interesting study. Basalt and lava are to be seen here and there. My homeward road was one which I can scarcely describe, as the names of the villages through which I passed were unknown to me; but may say, in short, that after a very interesting ramble of several hours through a great portion of the group, I found I had managed matters so completely to my heart's desire, as to reach the plain towards Padua, upon the road to the baths of Abano, which I had wished to fall in with, though with only a general idea of their position. They were known and celebrated by the Romans under the names of Aquæ Aponi and Fontes Patavini. They owe their virtue to a very powerful series of hot springs strongly impregnated with sulphur, which rise upon a kind of

mound, composed of a mass of matter of their own deposing, about two miles from the base of the Euganean hills. I should say that they were very hot, by the fore finger of my right hand having been parboiled, upon my converting it into a temporary thermometer. The general heat is however about 110 degrees. The baths look wonderfully polite places, and plenty of cafés, lodging and lounging houses prove that they are fashionable, whether they are efficacious or not. They lie about seven miles S.S.W. from Padua. From hence I soon gained the canal-bank, and about six in the evening re-entered my hotel, after a ramble of uncommon interest.

What between the saint and the horses, great numbers of which crowded the streets, I found the city in a perfect ferment. There was little or nothing to detain me in the neighbourhood of Padua, and I lost no time in proceeding to the shore of the Lagune, and thence to Venice.

The further pause of a week followed my arrival in that beautiful city: and he reader need scarcely be told that it was most fully occupied. My object in coming hither was more to see Venice herself, than to mingle in the society of her children, and my personal solitude consequently remained unbroken. And now on looking back to the scenes and events of that week, they appear more like those which come and disappear with a dream. Venice has been in all times the wonder of the traveller, a study for the painter, and the theme of the poet and the romancer; and circumstances have rendered it doubly so in these latter times. The names of its canals, bridges and palaces, are now

as familiar amongst us as the appellatives attached to the quarters of our own overgrown and prosaic metropolis. Nevertheless, the advantages of leaving a brief record of his visit in indelible print, is too tempting even to a pedestrian, and he again calls upon his familiar to be present with him.

We will spend together one summer's morning at Venice:—particularly as an edict, not of the Ten, but of the Austrian police, forbids my ascent of the Campanile of St. Mark, as long as I am unattended, lest I should be tempted to follow the example of two unhappy beings, who have recently made that elevated tower subservient to self-destruction.

The first sound that breaks upon morning slumber in my Venetian dormitory, is the whistle of a thrush, suspended in a cage at the lattice of a neighbouring window. From the dreaming recollection of forest glades, which these sweet notes instil into the brain, I am more completely roused by the scream of the early water-carriers; for though you will see frequent wells in the city, the fresh water must all come from the main; and is brought in vast tubs—three or four in a boat, expressly arranged for their reception. Then come the fish-criers,—and all the cats begin to scamper from the roofs; for as mice and rats are scarce, these are their purveyors, and they all know it. Afterwards the milk-criers. This necessary article, also brought from the neighbouring coasts, is generally contained in green glass bottles, and is, I believe, quite as difficult to get perfectly pure as 'about town.' Fourthly, come the cat-sellers, that animal being an article of commerce in this city;

and then the chime and jingle of innumerable bells, contending with a hubbub of indistinct sounds, which continues for some time, but ceases gradually as the day advances, leaving the ear in comparative tranquillity; except when that is broken by the shrill cry of *Aqua fresca!*

I will suppose that having been soothed by the song of the thrush, and thoroughly awakened by the cry of the water-carrier, we lose patience at the call of the fish-vender, and rise to begin the day. A peep from our lattice shows us a blue sky above, a jumble of unequal roofs, and a cluster of tall ornamented chimnies, tipt with the light of the morning sun. Below, you look down into a narrow canal, traversed by a narrower bridge, leading into a court, whence most of the sounds enumerated have been borne to your ear.

Come! the angel on the Campanile of St. Mark has long had the sunbeams upon his wings, and the morning will never be too long in Venice.

The passage of a bridge, and of a few narrow streets, ushers us into the Place of St. Mark, that beautiful area, upon whose wide and decorated pavement, as upon a splendid theatre, scenes of such opposite characters were wont to be performed. 'Twas now one widely laughing masquerade, swarming with heedless thousands—and anon, a place of execution, upon which, the awards of a dark and mysterious tribunal caused blood to flow, and torture to be inflicted, none knowing why, or wherefore:—gorgeous processions—tournaments—the bridegroom and the bride—and again the executioner and his mangled victim—now a slave, and then the noblest of Venice.

At this day and hour, this beautiful area is deserted: a few early loungers, like ourselves, may be seen sipping their coffee, under the blue awnings before the casinos, and now and then a figure glides from between the clustered columns of the Church of St. Mark; but the little cloud of pigeons, that dwell among the friezes and pinnacles of that wonderful edifice, are not yet to be scared from their morning meal on the pavement of the square.

We gain the open gallery of the Campanile. Look around: would not this scene alone recompense us for all the toil of our pilgrimage, for the snows of the Julier and Teferecken, and the stagnant heat of those deep southern vallies? Surely there is nothing on earth to be compared to Venice. A mighty and populous city with its thousand churches and palaces, in whose construction the richest marbles are lavished, as though of no price and rarity—rising from the barren sand of the sea! Remark those tributary isles, spread abroad far and near with their steeples and convents, and the long streams of living light and colour which chequer the surface of the waters. Far and wide reign the signs of a vigor, which though long past the prime, has left too many tokens of force to be forgotten, and of beauty of too peculiar a character not to be regarded with delight. Those many and brilliant colours contrasted with the hues of the Adriatic, the distant Alps and the blue sky—what painter's art can imitate! And who, standing upon this Campanile, with that glorious, but deserted picture at his feet, and the Lagune slightly chequered with larger and smaller craft around him; can do

otherwise than cast his thoughts back to Venice in her day of glory, and strive to represent to himself what she was then? Her spacious port crowded with vessels of war and commerce—the strand of the slaves lined with captives, and heaped with the spoils of the east—the portals of the Ducal palace thronged with ambassadors of emperors and princes—the canals and alleys pouring day and night an incessant stream of human beings; for the population was so dense that the nobles and the better classes had to cede the day to the poorer, and moved forth but at eventide when others retired to their repose:—when day and night were alike devoted to business and pleasure without intermission, and when casinos on St. Mark's place, could boast that they had never closed their doors for a long series of revolving years. At that period the many isles that throng the Lagunes, now barely inhabited by a few needy fishermen or aged monks, held their thousands.

Now descend to her streets and canals, and enter her noble palaces. You tread the costly pavements and stucco floors with a wonder which grows in intensity step by step. Above, below, and around, you see nothing which does not bespeak matchless art, riches, and prosperity. Pictures, statues, relievos, mosaic, bronze, marbles and precious stones, beyond all price; works whose conception was the offspring of the highest genius, and whose execution demanded consummate skill with the expenditure of years of unwearied patience. What glorious habitations! For a while you forget, in your admiration, to observe and feel the solitude which lingers throughout, in the court below, on the marble steps, in the halls and corridors, and in the garnished apartments.

You then ask: Where are the masters of these Palladian dwellings? How many of the noble names with which the history of Venice teems, are still to be heard in the palace of the Doges, or on the lips of the passers by on the Rialto? The answer is a melancholy one. They are gone! Few, very few are now to be seen in Venice. I have watched the sea-crabs crawl backwards and forwards with their sidelong movement from one hole in the foundation of the palaces to another, and thought how much more fortunate they are in retaining possession of their quarters, than the major part of the two thousand patrician families that once lived above them. They are gone, no one knows whither. Some few still dwell in their own proud and beautiful city, and hold up their heads,—others glide like shadows shunning observation, on pavements upon which their forefathers trod as princes. Some live on the Brenta, others at Padua and Trieste. A number are known to be self-exiled to other states of their beautiful Italy, or to England, Germany, and France; but all these are comparatively few; and where the bulk are gone, no one can tell. Glory indeed still hovers over this city of palaces; but it is indeed 'faded glory.'

If the palaces of Venice are so beautiful and costly, the numerous churches are not less so. The variety of styles from the barbaresque architecture of the Church of St. Mark to the noble harmonious edifices of Palladio, is not less an subject of wonder and curiosity, than the varied disposition and exquisite decorations of the interiors. In these cool and silent sanctuaries, resplendent with the noblest works of the pencil and chisel of the Venetian schools, you will be tempted

to pass many of those hours of dazzling sunshine, which at this season you must necessarily avoid. And to whatever quarter of the city you may direct your steps or your gondola, you will not fail to meet with consecrated edifices worthy of examination, from their architecture or their contents. I cannot from personal experience say that in these vast temples I have felt that the spirit of devotion reigned, which, however differing in faith from the worshippers, we should wish to feel in common with them, during their services. If mass be performed, would you not desire to see it celebrated by the officiating ministers with decorum, and with a demeanour conveying the impression to their fellow worshippers, that they felt their office to be a sacred one, demanding decency and solemnity in tone and manner?

Yet here I have rarely heard the service chanted otherwise, than in a manner disgraceful to the church and her government; proving the truth of the remark, that he who feels no self-respect, will never be respected by others. I have stood divided between shame, diversion, and anger at the door of a church in which a young ecclesiastic was holding forth from a broad pulpit, in which he kept running to and fro like a rat in a wooden trap, with a violence of gesture and utterance which was perfectly indecorous; while close up to the portal, and within hearing by those within the church, stood a huge punch-box in full activity, with its usual laughing audience.

And now that this subject has introduced itself, I am inclined to add a few more observations. I have

been attempting in my own mind during these visits to Roman Catholic places of worship, to draw a line of distinction between the blind *Pagan Roman* of old times, and the blind *Roman Catholic* of the present day—but I cannot draw it as marked and distinct as in charity I would. It cannot signify much, what the personages blindly worshipped be called!—whether Apollo or Apollodorus, god Mercury or Saint Mark, or how the act of adoration may be paid; whether by invocation, incense, and the sacrifice of a bull-calf, or by prayer, vows, and the offering of a big wax candle! it is surely the same act of taking the attribute of glory and mercy, and sole power and honour from the only true God, and giving it to idols. You say, poor ignorant things, they know no better, they are born in this faith, and are bred to it;—true, they are, and I must believe that God will judge the poor and ignorant yet more mercifully than we with our human feeling do judge; but *theirs* is the greater sin, who, with enlightened minds in other respects, and the capability of reasoning and searching after the truth,—wilfully persevere in a corrupt system which the Holy Scriptures and common sense alike condemn, both as absurd and criminal. Nobody can doubt but there are hundreds and thousands among the rulers that know and feel this. Has no one then the virtue or courage to lead the way?—not to separation from the Roman Catholic faith and incorporation with the body of existing Reformed, which may be well for the individual, but leaves the mother church as it was;—but, to reformation in the Romish church itself. That is the thing that is wanted. Let the Roman Catholic

remain such in name, and with ritual distinguishing him from all classes of existing Christians, but let his church be still a reformed church. Let him keep much of outward form if he will; and if he likes to wear a gold-embroidered surplice instead of a plain black or white one, there is no paramount reason why he should not do so. Let him keep his beautiful temple and much of its interior adornment. If, when he enters it, it seems right to him to bend the knee in act of adoration to that Being to whose sole service that house is consecrated—if he will have the representation of his Saviour's suffering on the altar, and not pass it without reverence—if he must now and then, of his own free will, tell the tale of his inward struggles to his priest, demand counsel and receive his blessing at the moment of departure from the world; let him do these things—but let God's Word and Revelation be the sole touch-stone for matters of faith and practice; unmixed with the unholy leaven of fallible popes and equally fallible councils, let them have taken place when and where they may. Distinct and differing forms of worship are surely of but little importance. It is not given to every one to feel devotion excited, or rather nursed, by sitting in a plain white-washed edifice, with a plain coat, a covered head, and the chin resting upon a staff, in utter silence for an hour together:—yet some find it so. To others a long-winded discourse of two or more hours, begun and concluded with a sad attempt at melody, would be a grievous trial of patience: but look at many of our neighbours, who are accustomed to excite spiritual edification by such modes. To many, the simplicity with which the

members of the Moravian church, according to the custom of the Apostolic age, assemble frequently together to the same repast, in memorial of their common bond of brotherhood and unity as a family of Christians, appears very singular: but none who know them will doubt their sincerity, or the blessing they derive from such observances. Therefore let the Roman Catholics remain a distinct body; let them keep all their real devotion and deeply religious feeling concentrated, and consecrated to a higher and undivided service. Let them retain much of their inspiring music; a proportion of their convents for the retreat of the oppressed and broken-hearted, and the entertainment of the poor and aged;—but their anti-scriptural doctrines, and the slavish forms and customs built thereon, must assuredly be relinquished. Let them cast to the flames their rosaries, and the whole chapter of talismans, their relics, flags, and shrines of saints, the stocks and stones to which the poor and ignorant among them bow down. Let them, above all, read diligently, and study the pure word of God. Their spurious sacraments will then find their proper place, and cease to hold an undue rank in church observances. Then also they will find that the Blessed Virgin (for such she remains), the apostles, the saints, and the martyrs—have all their seat, as human beings, at the foot of the Throne,—once fallen, but saved and glorified—ready to welcome them to heaven, but unable to aid their ascent, if they miss the only way through the mediation of our Lord Jesus Christ. Man is truly unable to effect this—but all is in the power of God.

But it is time that our imaginary ramble be brought to a conclusion, and that I proceed with my relation; for all that is the subject of my admiration in this beautiful city, has been the same to thousands; and I am conscious that there is no novelty in the past remarks. How soon that gradual decay, which all must observe in every part of its extent, shall end in complete and irretrievable ruin, no one can predict;—that the day will come, and that perhaps shortly, is not the less true.

On the evening of the 18*th*, I quitted Venice for Trieste. It grieves me, that in sketching my night trip across the Adriatic, I cannot indulge, with strict adherence to prosaic truth, in that strain of sweet and soothing sentiment which perhaps, after all, may be my peculiar forte. I can neither speak of the silver moon shining clear upon the glassy surface of the sea, nor of the light airs which fanned the surface without breaking it, coming (in the long run) from 'Araby the Blest,' and so forth; but must, truth constraining, give a picture which might in the greater part of its detail, suit the rude surface of the north sea as well as that upon which we paddled. It is very true, that though no longer a stripling, I still have many thoughts that are not *prose*, and see many things through a medium, that if not strictly poetic, is somewhat akin to it: yet I find year by year that I have more prose and less poetry measured out to me. Perhaps ten years ago many of the things now described in common-place language, and without a spark of enthusiasm, might have been dizened out with far other colours.

If I am asked how I saw Venice for the last time, I must answer, that starting exactly at nine o'clock when the bell from St. Marks, the evening gun from the frigate, and the drum of the land and marine guard gave the signal, we rapidly paddled round the end of the Island of Lido, and there was an end of the matter, as night had already set in, and neither moon nor stars appeared;—but a sky which was not ordinary—a sky of such threatening aspect as I have rarely seen. While we yet lay in the Lagune I could not but avow, that our position was romantic. A fierce thunder-storm, driving from the main to seaward, kept sending its hollow peals from the west, while the noble island-church of St. Georgio Maggiore, and a tall two-masted vessel lying between us and that quarter, were continually brought into distinctness by the stream of lightning playing behind them. From the northward, another ragged and threatening mass of vapour seemed momentarily to approach the city, and the shade of the clouds upon the surface of the Lagune, spotted with the numerous gondolas, with the occasional reflection of streaks of faint light, which often peep out from the westward after sunset amidst the layers of a thunder-storm, gave still greater effect to the picture from the contrast they afforded.

However the storm was in motion, and, as I have said, in a short time we were so likewise; and by the time night had quite set in, and we had cleared the easternmost point of Lido, we had reciprocally taken another position with regard to each other. Instead of the storm moving, as it had done, while we were getting out of the channel between the islands, nearly parallel with us, it

had now a position directly in the line of our course, and our white bowsprit seemed to point directly into the black curtain before us. Of its distance or real direction, there was no judging, even when the whole was brilliantly illuminated by the blue lightning, by which every two or three minutes it was animated. This state of things lasted at least two hours, and then we experienced some portion of its fury: subsequently the whole night through, thunder-storms were traversing the sea in all directions, sometimes on our right, then on our left; sometimes enveloping us in heavy rain, and at others, leaving us a pathway, lighted by stars, between their different layers. There was throughout but little wind, and upon this confined sea where the tides are so inconsiderable, no perceptible motion.

The small steam boat contained four distinct classes of passengers, and as I had no desire to condemn myself to the heat of the cabins, I had the privilege of herding with a motley group, composed of men of various nations on deck. Here, in common with the bearded Jew and showy Greek, I found means to while away the night: now in a doze upon one of the small swivel-guns screwed so aptly upon the bulwarks as to serve for a pillow, and then in observation of what was passing around me. The night stole onward, and upon opening one of my eyes after one of these slumbers, I found the sun just throwing his beams athwart the heavy thunder-clouds which were still hovering to the right and left, and saw that we had neared the opposite shore, and were standing off the long promontory of St. Salvore.

The port of Trieste presented a very lively spectacle

upon our approach from sea-ward; and the bustle on the piers and quays of the city, assorted well with the idea of extended commerce, conveyed by the numerous vessels of all nations in the roads. The time occupied in landing, depositing passports, and other duties consequent upon arrival, took up no great portion of the morning, so that sufficient time remained for a general survey of the city.

The weather cleared up as the morning advanced, and turned out as hot as even the cicalas could desire. What a chattering they keep up in the trees when the sun shines hot! I consider myself fortunate, that I landed in Trieste, at all times a busy bustling city, on a market-day, when it presented itself in its most lively state. The first thing that struck me, was the great variety of nations and costumes that filled the market-place and port, comprising Greeks, Turks, Armenians, Sclavonians, and others of their class; and groups of peasantry from the neighbouring mountains of Dalmatia, Carinthia and Illyria, each in a dress more or less peculiar. Then the contents of the market appeared but half European. There were parrots and parroquets to be sold, chattering among the canaries, and other foreign-looking birds, that did not seem intended for the table. Above all, I was startled by a row of baskets, full of yellow-legged tortoises, struggling in durance vile, and selling for wholesome food like the rest. They come from the woods of Turkey, and are eaten for good and pleasant food on fast days. Then, as is my custom, I took a turn in the fish-market, for I love to see the odd things that men fish out of the great waters: those with prickles and those with scales,

with heads and without them, with ten eyes, and only one great human-looking eye in the middle of the stomach; with shape and form, but without any definite one—all have a charm for me, and incite me to muse upon the infinite strength of that wisdom that has prescribed a sphere of action and of duty for each, far beyond our comprehension. Next came the town itself, with its fine wide paved streets, large buildings, spacious quays, and the whole paraphernalia of a flourishing and frequented sea-port. Nothing could be a greater contrast to the city I had left, than the new creation now before me. Trieste must, however, be divided into the old and new town: the former, situated at the foot of the hill on which the castle is built, is an old irregularly built place, containing nothing of any kind of note but the cathedral, the church of the ex-Jesuits, a fragment of a Roman archway, half buried in a narrow street. The Dohm is situated close by the castle, and has an air of considerable antiquity. Several interesting Roman antiquities are embedded in the walls. Its architectural character is Byzantine, having five aisles, and in the three circular apsides at the east end there is some good mosaic. A very beautiful Catherine-wheel window in the principal façade is its greatest ornament. Winnkelmann lies buried here. The new and regular addition to the city occupies twice as much ground as the old town, and extends along the shore towards the north. The style of architecture is noble, though not strictly Italian, and many public buildings, with some palaceous structures built by private merchants, deserve notice; amongst the former are the Exchange, the Palace, the Greek Church, and several Casinos; and

the principal among the latter a noble pile of building erected some years ago by Demetrius Carciotti, a Greek merchant. The quays are fine and the paving throughout the new city the most perfect possible, consisting of a close pavement of large solid blocks of sandstone, three or four feet long by two broad, and as many thick. This stone and the limestone formation of which the surrounding hills consist, afford the finest materials for building, close at hand and easy to work. Trieste has tripled its population within the last fifteen years, and has risen, in a measure, in proportion as Venice has fallen. From the battery in front of the castle, there is a noble sea view, and a very considerable one upon the land side, towards Capo d' Istria and Fiume.

That which strikes a stranger instantly upon landing, is the barren appearance of the higher part of the mountain-chain, running along these coasts of the Adriatic; a few trees and vines clothe the lower grounds and hollows, and scanty verdure may be traced to some inconsiderable height; it then becomes blended with the grey of the limestone rock, and towards the head disappears entirely. This is to be ascribed to the action of the N. E. wind or Bora, a wind of such violence, that it may be termed the scourge of this coast, as all soil is soon stripped from the portion of the country exposed to it. The rocks themselves have the appearance of being ground smooth by its power. This wind and the sirocco are always dreaded in these parts. The latter is the desert wind of Syria, as well as the Fön of the Swiss lakes.

The castle of Trieste is now merely a sort of guard or signal house, but it was probably more extensive in its

ancient state. The large garrison reside in barracks situated nearer to the shore. About a mile to the north is the Lazaretto where the ships passing from the Levant perform quarantine. The mountains of Friuli are distinguishable, but not to any great extent. The sun set gloriously over the sea and crowded port.

The earlier portion of the following day was agreeably occupied in a visit to some interesting caverns, situated near the village of Cornial, at the distance of about ten miles to the east of the city. Now I own that I did not expect much, for there are but few things of which people may speak more vaguely with certain effect, than subterraneous wonders. I have been more than once led out of my way to see a 'great cavern,' which turned out to be hardly longer than a great limekiln; and once or twice have missed what was really curious, because the adjective employed in describing it, degraded it below its real rank among this class of natural phenomena. I returned, however, in humble repentance for my mistrust, and avowed that I had seen in the great grottos of Cornial, a noble and most singular range of caverns, compared to which those that I had visited elsewhere sunk into insignificance. A climb of nearly an hour and a half surmounted the ridge of hills to the east of Trieste, and half an hour's further progress over the stony bye-road, led to the scattered village near which the said grottos are situated. The mountains seem to be composed of an infinity of very thin disruptured strata, lying at an angle of perhaps 70° with the horizon, and in parts at least strongly tinctured with iron. They exhibit their broken section upon the surface; and the immense quantity of half-decom-

posed fragments that cover them, added to the violence of the Bora, which prevents any earth or light particles from remaining stationary, produces that sterility of which I have before spoken. This stony district is, however, celebrated for the great variety and beauty of the snake tribe existing upon it; and its sunny slopes and levels produce a fine crop of thyme and grasshoppers. It appeared that the snakes would not have to glide far for a breakfast, if as easily contented as the hermits of the East. The grasshopper is a stupid insect, always in a hurry to jump, and seldom jumping out of the line of peril. In such sheltered hollows and dells of these hills as are fortuitously protected from the Bora, trees may be said to flourish, and the country has a very pleasant and woodland appearance. Such is the neighbourhood of Lipizza, an imperial nursery for a fine breed of horses, which you pass between the summit of the ridge and Cornial; but the moment the mountain-side becomes exposed to the eastern blast, the forest and pasturage seem pared and cut from it, by as even a line, as though the hand of man had effected it; and the bare rock is immediately exposed.

From the village, a walk of about a mile over a very rugged level, conducted me and the gentleman to whose politeness I was indebted for guidance, to a sudden break in the surface of the ground, very much resembling some of the fissures in the Jura, and descending twenty or thirty steps, through a stone door-way, the main entrance of the cavern, a wide but compressed arch yawned below us. Three men with various apparatus for giving the necessary light

accompanied us. We now descended, chiefly by rude steps in a devious line of about 1800 feet, (I attempted to make a rude calculation upon our return,) to a depth of probably 400 feet below the surface, till we were indeed buried in regions of 'thick ribbed ice.' One spacious cavern, of which the floor as well as the roof and sides were formed of stalactites, opened above and beneath, after another. The communication between these was more or less easy, through natural caves or artificial passages, where the axe and the hammer had been employed to burst through the wall of closely descending columns. Of these the caverns furnished a great and beautiful variety, of many forms, more or less regular or grotesque—drapery, candelebra, statues, gothic pinnacles and fret-work; all moulded, chiselled, and created by the skilful hand of nature, in silence and darkness. As usual, the peasantry had distinguished the more peculiar figures by various names, and the Madonna and many saints have here their subterranean representatives. The colour of the stalactite is either white or reddish brown; it is sufficiently hard to admit of a good polish.

Several of the caverns are of very great height and width, but in general all very rugged, with no level pavement. New discoveries are continually made; and there is but little doubt that the greater part of the mountain is but a crust, overhanging abysses of this nature. A yearly festival is held here, during which the inhabitants of the commune expend a considerable sum to light up the caverns and passages, and numbers flock from Trieste to be present. There is no water, but that which distils from the roofs and gradually forms

the pillars. Many of the latter may be forty or fifty feet high. About ten leagues to the north is another cavern, that of Adelsberg, more spacious than that just described, but, I am told, not so deep. A great festival is held in its dazzling halls on Whit-monday. After an examination of about an hour, we made our exit, and returned to the city. The people of this district speak a Slavonic dialect, Cornial being situated in the province of Carniola.

The male costume is chiefly striking for the enormous broad-brimmed dark hat and open-knee'd breeches, and the women's, for the white linen shawl, which serves at once for head-dress, veil, and stomacher. A triangular slip of their face is alone visible, the forehead being covered, and the chin left bare. Hundreds of these white-headed people are seen entering the city early in the morning, with bread for city consumption, *that* being chiefly made in the farms. They have a singularly shaped head, and a very peculiar cast of countenance, and are evidently a distinct race from the inhabitants of the opposite shores. The population of the inland parts of Carniola, Istria, and Dalmatia, is still in a half-savage state; and the roads in the interior of the country are reputed unsafe for a solitary wanderer.

There is, moreover, a most singular race inhabiting the mountainous district between Trieste and Fiume, that supplies the city with charcoal. Their appearance is more like that of the Bedouin of the desert, than the civilized European. They wear rude shaggy clothing, and sandals of wood attached to the feet by thongs; and their demeanour comports well with the ideas conveyed by their outward guise.

Trieste is seen to advantage from the ridge of these hills, with its castle and busy road-stead. A little beyond, to the south, appears, the long shallow estuary or bay, called the Valle di Muja, with one headland shooting forward into the sea after another, as the coast bends southward. The intermediate country is varied, and sprinkled with trees and villages. To the south-east and east, the view is bounded by hills of the same character as those already described.

On the Corso and the public walk, I was much amused by the mingling costumes of the various nations inhabiting this sea-port. The Greek and Albanese are the most graceful, though some, from the south of Dalmatia are also very tasteful and elegant. Many of the Greeks resident here, have adopted the European costume, which is to be regretted. The Istrian and Illyrian women are fairer than their Italian neighbours, and have otherwise considerable claims to beauty.

My stay in Trieste was prolonged to the evening of the 25*th*, and was rendered truly agreeable by the hospitable attention by which I was honoured by several families, to whom I had been furnished with introductory letters. It may be believed that social converse was not the less delightful in consequence of my long estrangement from it. At the same time a further change was gradually operated in my plans. I had intended, after various excursions in this vicinity, to return northward from Trieste, crossing the plains and mountains of Friuli; and, re-entering the eastern quarter of the Tyrol, to make a second attempt to visit the Great Glockner. For the first few days of my stay in this city, however, the prevalence of the sirocco prevented

the departure of the little trading bark upon which I had secured a passage to Rovigno; in the prosecution of a wish to visit Roman antiquities in the remarkable town of Pola, situated near the southern extremity of the Istrian peninsula. The attempt to reach this point by a land journey, was strongly deprecated as dangerous and unadvisable, from the unsafe state of the bye-roads along the mountains, and the great heats prevalent in these barren regions. Though sufficiently bent on putting my project into execution, I had no power to produce a shift of wind, and various circumstances conspired towards my embracing a totally new project. This was to let the offset to my excursion consist of a visit to Rome, instead of one to Pola, and an examination of the Coliséum, instead of the Amphitheatre of the latter place.

A vessel was on the point of sailing for the port of Ancona, to which the sirroco would serve as a side wind; and, moreover, a gentleman returning from Egypt, to his residence in the south of Italy, proposed to bear me company, and be my adviser, if not my cicerone, in disposing of my time and attention to the best advantage. This project, however, I determined nevertheless to consider as a mere digression from the line of my original ramble, and from which I might hope to return in the course of a month to Trieste. I shall not easily forget the splendour of the morning preceding our departure. I stood on the pier, with the busy sounds and scenes of the port around. Such transparency and brilliancy in the atmosphere, such colouring and distinctness in all objects, can never be seen in our northern climates. The city, the ship-

ping, and the surrounding hills, formed at that hour a picture of extraordinary beauty.

I then saw, for the first time, that wonderful inhabitant of these seas, vulgarly called the *Boccia marina*, or marine pot. I had heard much concerning it, for it happened that a few weeks previous to my visit, to the amazement of the whole city, the entire sea appeared one morning covered with them, thousands upon thousands crowding in towards the coast; whence coming and whither going, no one knows but that God who created and preserves them. I had, however, but little idea of their form and appearance, for though I had seen the remains of hundreds upon the beach where they had been thrown by the surge, the colourless, shapeless mass of jelly, conveyed no idea of beauty to the mind; and when I saw something moving in towards the shore with the gentle tide, with every appearance of being a most beautiful mushroom about fifteen inches in diameter, and a stalk of perhaps two feet long, apparently torn up by the roots, I was tempted to descend and await its arrival. But when on a nearer approach, I discovered a movement which could not be otherwise than spontaneous, I could not help laughing at my own astonishment. In describing it, I can do no better than maintain the similitude that I have already *used*, of a gigantic mushroom torn up by the roots. But what a beautiful mushroom! The general colour of the substance composing it, is a delicate transparent white, through which a star composed of four rays may be seen in the head. The gills of the same, which form a fine film, appeared crimped in the most exquisite manner, and tinged with

purple. The stalk is white; and the seeming roots forming a bunch of eight lobes, are mostly purple also. The motion by which it travels is to be perceived in the edge of the film surrounding the head, and it seems to have perfect command of its movements. When it is turned from you so as to allow you to peep under the film, you see a beautiful, flower-looking substance forming the body. As soon as my wonder and admiration would allow me to turn my eyes aside, and look around, I found that there were many within sight, moving about among the shipping.

The evening was equally fine with the morning, and I went with my companion on board the little Italian trabaccolo in which we had taken our passage to Ancona under very different auspices from those which had attended my departure from Venice scarcely a week before. The wind was but faint, and the sea as calm as a mirror; yet the sails of our bark were immediately spread, and she stood gently out. The lights of the town gradually disappeared, and we directed our course southward along the coast. An Italian night tempted me to stay long on deck, and it was not till after the new moon had gone down beneath the water, that I slunk into our little cabin.

On the morning of the third day, having been frequently becalmed on the passage, we entered the picturesque port of Ancona, sheltered to the southward by the fine swelling promontory which is the great landmark of the eastern coast of Italy. No one can avoid being struck by the picturesque position and details of this truly Italian town, and the felicitous situation of its venerable Byzantine cathedral, standing

apart, upon the extremity of the rocky headland, and overlooking the blue sea: or do otherwise than snatch a glance, in passing, at the graceful arch in white marble erected in honour of the Emperor Adrian. It is small, but in excellent preservation. A month hence, we shall again find ourselves riding upon the short uneasy swell of the Adriatic, and till then I defer any picture I may feel tempted to give of these shores, and the gulf which separates them. Besides, gentle reader, I am no longer the Pedestrian, my companion and myself having found it advisable, in order to gain time and avoid the heats, to hire a vetturino for our conveyance to the city of Rome.

I cannot but add, that barring the honour and the heat, we should eventually, both have preferred making use of our feet, as the slowness with which we moved was insupportable. Moreover we were condemned to the society of a young priest, a member of the Propaganda, whose conduct was so outrageously offensive and impertinent, that I had much difficulty, (though I did not understand half he said,) to avoid using such means of retaliation as might give him full title, upon his entrance at Rome, to hang up a flaming *ex voto* to his patron saint. Our route led us across the country to the far-famed Loretto, and then by the towns of Macerata and Tolentino to the foot of the Appenines, which we crossed, to the glorious vale of Foligno and Spoleto. The passage of another ridge of the same chain of mountains brought us to the olive-forest of Terni. Then came the imposing Cascata del Marmore, and the old walled town of Narni, four and twenty hours after quitting which, we entered Rome.

CHAPTER VI.

—'Rome! the City where the Gauls
Entering at sunrise through her open gates
And, thro' her streets silent and desolate
Marching to slay, thought they saw Gods, not men;
The City, that by temperance, fortitude,
And love of Glory, towered above the clouds,
Then fell—but falling, kept the highest seat,
And in her loneliness, her pomp of woe,
Where now she dwells, withdrawn into the wild,
Still o'er the mind maintains, from age to age,
Her empire undiminished.'

'You must take great care to avoid over exertion at this season of the year,' said my companion to me, as we entered the Piazza del Populo together. 'The Malaria is now rife, and you may chance to run into the way of it. Expose yourself to the sun's power as little as possible; avoid fruits, however tempting; shun the cool interior of churches when overheated, in short, recollect that if you do not wish to rest from your rambles under the shadow of the pyramid of Caius Cestius, you must act with care and fore-thought.'

This was certainly excellent advice, and I had sufficient awe of the malaria fever, to resolve to follow it to the letter. Consequently for the first days, I attempted to walk, and see, and live by rule: but long

ere the short period I could allot to the examination of Rome was terminated, I had forgotten all. I saw that every moment was precious, and that I must make up by activity for the want of time.

The reason which induced me to avoid detaining my reader at Venice, with remarks upon scenes which must now be familiar to all, will also prevent my occupying many pages with this august and celebrated city, or its neighbourhood. To tread upon the dust of the Roman Forum, to traverse the narrow streets of Rome in all directions in search of the vestiges of its ancient and the monuments of its modern grandeur, and to wander at even-tide through the matted brushwood and arches of the Palatine, or in the Coliseum, was a source of proud delight to me, as it has been to tens of thousands of pilgrims, of all countries and times. But my daily proceedings were those of every tourist. I felt what all must feel, that feverish curiosity and excitement which would not let me rest; and before a week had elapsed, there were few parts of the city to which I had not paid repeated visits. The circuit of the walls of Rome, and the churches and relics of old days in the adjacent country, then claimed attention. Perhaps the reader will accompany me in a ramble without the walls.

It was towards the close of a very busy day, that oppressed by the heat of the city, I made my exit from its enclosure by the gate of St. Sebastian, and directed my steps towards the hills of Albano. A very rough walk, partly over the ancient Appian way, and partly over the uninclosed and barren surface of the Campagna, brought me, after some miles, near the base of the eminences in question; and gaining the

line of the main road to Albano, I proceeded in my ascent, glancing frequently back upon the Campagna, glowing under the horizontal beams of the setting sun, and the huge dome of St. Peter's, rearing itself from the cloud of dim vapour of the lower grounds. An accident however led me out of the direct line of road, and detained me yet a considerable time, before I reached my proposed night-quarters; and it was not till after an hour or two spent in some provoking wanderings in the neighbourhood of Gandolpho, and the passage in utter darkness of the celebrated forest alleys of Albano, that I gained the latter town, about ten o'clock at night.

The following morning after an early examination of that little town and its neighbourhood, I made my way through the deep and picturesque woods which clothe the hills round the lake of Albano, just above the beautiful Aricia, to the easternmost edge of the hollow in which it lies, and then to the village of Rocca di Papa, situated high up in the country, and at the foot of the last gradation of the Monte Cavo, the highest point in this isolated group of hills. The situation of Rocca di Papa is singularly picturesque. Immediately behind a rocky mass which backs it, I skirted the hollow of the Campo di Annibale, whence the Carthagenians had cast desiring eyes towards Rome, and ascended to the convent on the summit. The sun had now begun to gain that height at which his beams at this season begin to be difficult to be borne in this climate; yet up to this point I had no reason to complain, as my walk had been almost entirely in the forests. The little monastery erected on the site of the Temple of Jupiter

Latialis is not a remarkable object, but its situation is one of unrivalled beauty and interest. To the S.E. and N. E. the eye commands a wide extended view of the inferior ranges of the Appenines, formerly inhabited by the Volsci and Sabines, and portions of the higher chains breaking gradually down towards the northward. Soracte's isolated cone and some lower ranges near Viterbo appearing in that point of the compass. The Mediterranean occupies all the rest of the horizon, displaying its blue line over that wonderfully coloured tract of country, known by the general names of the Campagna di Roma and the Pontine marshes, which fill up the whole of the wide interval between the distant hills, the sea, and the entire cluster upon whose highest point you have your stand. Almost due south the headland of Circeji rises boldly on the margin of the sea, the seat of old Circe and her enchantments; with the mountains overhanging Terracina to the left, and the promontory of Antium to the right. Immediately at your feet, lie the inferior portions of the little isolated group of Alban hills, clothed by forests and diversified by many white villages; moreover you see the two blue and tranquil lakes of Albano and Nemi, deeply sunk in their wooded cradles. There still remains to be mentioned a most interesting feature of the landscape, Rome itself, far removed, it is true, but well distinguishable among the yellow, purple and blue tints which streak its surrounding Campagna by the innumerable white specks which denote its churches and villas, and the tint of fresher vegetation that surrounds it. Its seven hills and their neighbours are all blended with the great seeming level. If one could enter into

the minor objects of interest, the sites of villas or scenes of remarkable events which are thus presented at a coup d'œil, many pages would not contain the detail.

At my return to the village of Rocca di Papa, I found it crowded with the peasantry convened for some religious ceremony: and, obtaining from one of their number a handful of figs and a piece of bread for my morning's repast, I addressed myself seriously to find my way across the country to Frascati. I descended through a forest of noble chesnuts, many of them thirty feet in girth, into a cultivated valley of no great breadth, and after many wanderings to and fro, came out upon the opposite hill, near the supposed site of Cicero's villa at Tusculum. Hence descending through the grounds of the handsome villa commanding it to the town of Frascati, I turned more to the eastward, and climbed the hill upon which the village of Porzie lies. The heat had now begun to be nearly insupportable. The sirocco was blowing, and brought no freshness in its blast. From the walls of Porzie I looked down with many an anxious glance, at the wide Campagna upon which I was upon the point of descending, and which I should have to traverse at hap-hazard without track of any kind, if I wished to gain Tivoli before nightfall.

It was now nearly high noon, and though I had but little idea of the real distance from the foot of the Alban hills to those of Tivoli opposite, and could not think of leaving the prosecution of my walk till an hour that might expose me to be eventually surprised by the darkness, and to have to pass the night without shelter in that pestiferous region, yet against the heat there

was no struggling; therefore, after studying the general bearings of my route from the top of the hill, and fixing upon certain landmarks which might enable me to keep it, when entangled among the inequalities of the low grounds, I descended into a clump of chesnut-trees, and there sought some shelter and repose for the following two hours. But the heat, the heat! if I turned my face to the sirocco, the wind was like the breath of a furnace; and if in a contrary direction, there was that smothering stillness in the atmosphere, which rendered it difficult to say, which was the more distressing situation. I kept quiet, however, till I could keep quiet no longer, and then slowly wound my way downward through the olive grounds and vineyards, seeking and taking advantage of every square yard of shade; and, in about an hour's time, found myself standing under the last tree on this side the Campagna. I lingered under it like a fool, goaded to move forward by the knowledge that many miles of difficult road were before me, but unwilling to quit the last spot where any solace was to be expected. When at length I summoned resolution to quit it, I entered upon a tract, the traversing of which occupied me full three hours. If it be a comfort to tread upon many different soils, instead of one quite uniform—and I own I have often thought it to be such—I had surely no cause to complain, for I found variety enough. Near the foot of the hills, the ground is sterile, hard, stony, and irregularly grooved with dry and profound furrows, in general producing nothing but brambles, a few bushes of wild figs, and such fruitless shrubs. Then you get upon a tract covered with loose volcanic sand, or

crumbling stone; to this succeeds a wide garden of towering and tearing plants, of the centaurea and thistle species:—ploughed or furrowed stubble lands, stretching for furlong after furlong, form the next stage; then deep, heated ravines, of which no trace is seen at a distance, or tracts covered with the crumbled ruins of some vast but forgotten edifices of old days. Here I traversed the modern road to Palestrina—there an old Roman road, with its huge square flag-stones—then crept through the choked and broken arches of one or other of those enormous aqueducts, the monuments of Roman might and genius, upon whose remains, stretching in fragments of ten, forty, or one hundred arches together, in the Campagna on every side of Rome, the stranger gazes with so much astonishment. Twice I passed through great herds of the noble long-horned cattle of this region; and twice—that was luxury! found plentiful and fresh-flowing wells of sweet running water.

Such is the Campagna of Rome—once a garden, now a desert—a land accursed with barrenness; upon whose surface the dews are deadly. No sound but the trample of my own hurried footsteps met my ear, and hardly a human figure could be descried during the passage. Once I saw a shepherd-boy standing upon a heap of rubbish at a distance: he was silent and motionless, leaning upon his crook:—and once two of the mounted prickers of the herd appeared for a moment on a low ridge which bounded the horizon towards the distant sea, but were instantly lost again in the hollows. The herds, widely dispersed over the surface, were the only animals I met with;

there was no cheerful song of birds; and for miles together the lizard and the snake were the only living things on my path. Even the cicala found no branch to sit and chirp upon. And yet this was the land that fed with its profusion the swarming population of Rome! I cannot say that Rome itself moved me more than the sight of the desert around it.

By degrees the heat decreased, the hills of Albano became of a darker purple, and those of Tivoli with their white villas more distinct; and just as the sinking sun began to cast his beams over the vast level to the westward, I found myself upon a beaten road, though still five miles from Tivoli. The country became better cultivated as I reached the foot of the hills, and in some measure inhabited. I listened with delight to that melancholy chaunt, the short and reiterated cadence of which is so often heard in the evening on the skirts of the Campagna: the long drawn note with which it terminates sounds inexpressibly melancholy in its simplicity. As I began the last steep ascent from the tomb of Plautus to the town, I looked back again upon the peculiar and magnificent spectacle of the sun-set over Rome, whose huge cupola now again rose in the level beneath me. The vicinity of Tivoli is eminently picturesque, I have the sorrow of thinking that I am little capable of doing justice to it, or of adding my meed of praise to that of the many—for, when I arose on the morning of the following day, I felt as though the fierce sun of the preceding had dried up my blood, so little was I able to cope with a second day's exertion in the rays of that same sun, and breathe the breath of that sirocco. This was soon

made evident to me by an attempt which I made early to get round to the nearer objects of interest, which but partially succeeded. To keep myself quiet and let nature have her time to recover, I felt was now my duty, if I would avoid that fever at which I had hitherto laughed, but which I know is at this season the general consequence of far less imprudence than I had been guilty of:—therefore, though it galled me, when I was within reach of so much, I did keep quiet. I sat long in a dark corner of my inn; and when in the afterpart of the day, my curiosity conquered my prudence, and I stirred out to see the many objects of interest, I moved as though I was made of glass.

My return to Rome was imperative, and I therefore took advantage of a carriage late in the evening, to regain my temporary quarters. Such is the summary of my longest excursion without the walls. The heat of the weather was considered extraordinary, even by the Romans: Fahrenheit's thermometer, had registered during these days from 100° to 120° in the shade, and the sirocco blew day and night for a whole week. Though I moved about as usual, the effects of my imprudence hung about me for the brief remainder of my stay in the city, and made my departure a measure of necessity, often urged both by those around me, and what was infinitely more potent, by my own conviction. To gain the foot of the Appenines, and thence resume my proper mode of travelling, was my object in deciding to quit Rome on the evening of the 16th, with a vetturino, who pledged his word, and what was more, his *buono mano* to bring me to Foligno in a certain number of hours.

There is a cloister upon the Mount Janiculum, standing in a commanding situation above the Tiber, and surrounded by gardens. It is that of St. Onofrio. The pavement of its chapel covers the bones of Torquato Tasso. You wish to see the place of his departure from the world; but must not seek it within the dusky and narrow limits of these ancient walls. You descend to the northern angle of the cloister, and enter into the garden by a rustic gate, thread the little wilderness of vines and the *pomo d'oro*—and finally, ascend close by a decayed fount, matted with creepers, to the grassy edge of a small terrace, overshadowed by the rich foliage of an oak. You are then told: 'Where you now sit, Tasso has often been seated before you: and stretched upon this sod, overshadowed by these branches, in the face of this glorious scene—unattended and unheard—he died.' This remarkable spot presents perhaps the most beautiful view of the city to be found in the neighbourhood. It was here that I gazed upon it on the morning after my arrival; and after many intermediate visits, I returned on the eve of my departure, to take my parting glance. As my first had been a long and admiring, so it may be believed my last was a lingering one: I watched the huge shadows of St. Peter's, the Vatican, and the Castle of St. Angelo, stretch across the Tiber and the city to the eastward, and those of the Capitoline and Aventine Mounts, cast their sombre mantle over the maze of ruins and garden behind them; and it was not till the last purple tinge had faded from the distant Appenines, and the innumerable bells of the city tolled the hour of vespers, that I could persuade myself to descend.

My Roman vetturino kept his pledge, and after almost incessant driving for forty-eight hours, contrived to bring his fare to the gate of Foligno. Here I took the necessary measures to disengage myself from further connexion with the rumbling vehicle and its contents, consisting of a number of male and female merchants, who intended to proceed in it by Loretto and Ancona to the great annual fair at Sinigaglia.

We had made but one stage on the night of our departure from the gates of Rome, to those of Civita Castellana, a distance of thirty-seven miles. Italy is the purgatory of poor dumb animals. Thence we proceeded to Narni, where arriving late, I was witness to such a scene of Italian confusion and uproar, as amused me exceedingly. Only fourteen days before, I had found the inn of this town excellent; but, now nothing could be more miserable. To batter the great folding doors was our first duty, and long after I had made up my mind that the edifice must be deserted—lo! they were suddenly opened, and a glimmering lamp placed on the floor revealed to our view Luigi the ostler, Joachim the fag, and Giuseppe the chamber-man, just as they had tumbled out of bed. However that was no impediment to the entry of the whole party. After a variety of exclamations of surprise, we found that there was not even a loaf of bread within the four walls; as to beds they were out of the question, as it was intended that we should profit by the cool of the night and continue our route to Terni after three hours' pause. The uproar now waxed louder and louder; and I should at another time have laughed heartily, but as matters were could only smile from real exhaustion and weakness. The fierce

sun of the Campagna was still in my blood. Those who have heard how impossible, morally and physically impossible it is, for a born Italian to speak even in ordinary conversation 'mezza voce,' may imagine the hubbub which issued from the basement story of the inn of Narni in the stillness of the night. The three ladies were foremost, and reiterated their complaints. My male companions and the vetturino were fertile in the utterance of that species of vituperation in which the Italian vocabulary is so rich; the ostler, fag, and chamber-man were as fertile in excuses and retorts. Three strangers, apparently townsmen, came in, and added their voices to the general chorus; and, in the very midst of the uproar, in rushed the landlord from a side door, with his pantaloons in his hand, and added a voice of no little volume to the fray. To crown all, from the half-opened door of the apartment whence the landlord made his sally, the shrill voice of a screaming baby and the clack of Signora the landlady might be heard in the pauses of the storm. The names both of heathen deities and Christian saints were bandied from mouth to mouth, intermixed with much that I did not understand, but which did not sound to me the more proper or civil on that account. The landlord's appearance, and the frequent repetition of his favourite oath *Corpo di Bacco* seemed however to have some effect, for it suddenly fell calm, and the whole ended by bread being procured somehow or other. We had hardly swallowed the salad to which it was the accompaniment, when we were summoned to resume our seats. About sun-set on the following day, we gained Spoleto; and the twilight was still lingering upon the clear chrystal stream of the Clitum-

nus, as we passed close to its spring, and at the back of its fairy temple; arriving finally about eleven at night at Foligno.

July 19*th*. From this day I may date the resumption of my usual solitary and independent mode of travelling. After listening with shut eyes and half-shut senses to the disturbance kicked up at my room door between one and two o'clock, first by the landlord and assistants, under the idea that I intended to start with my former associates; then by divers of the latter, supposing that I might have changed my mind, and would still bear them company; I roused myself to set about the execution of my own projects, and about five o'clock quitted the town for my first station, Nocera, sixteen miles distant. Three routes had offered themselves over the main ridge of the Appenines towards the proposed end of this portion of my journey, the port of Sinigaglia. The first, that to the right by Macerata, Loretto, and Ancona, which I had already passed, and which the party I had now quitted had taken. The second, also a post road, by Nocera, Scheggia, Fossombron, and Fano, as much again to the left. Between these I hoped to find a more direct road by the town of Fabriano, though as to its characters and bearings I could get no proper information. I wished to vary my route in returning, without adding to its length. Maps are a great desideratum in the pope's dominions, and Rome itself cannot furnish a good general map of Italy.

The situation of Foligno is extremely beautiful, being situated near the foot of the central chain of the Appenines, in one of those splendid vales which are the

glory of this division of these mountains. I proceeded on the main route towards the base of the latter, till, gaining their foot, the road leading to Nocera branched off to the left. By following this, I was led insensibly among the lower hills, over a diversified, cultivated and woodland region for several hours; passing many a beautiful dell, where the aged oaks had gathered themselves into a cluster, and combined with the wild vine which covered the brushwood, to offer a tempting place of repose, for the sun had not been above the horizon a couple of hours, before his beams became oppressive, and my knapsack also was now, from disuse, an unwonted burden. Yet I have often remarked in this country with regard to such spots of grateful shelter and retirement, that where God had seemed to bless, man had allowed his vile passions to spread a curse; for it is generally in these very places, that you see the revolting spectacle of the wooden lath cross and the rude heap of stones, marking the grave of a murdered person.

I could not avoid smiling, on passing the ruins of a large bridge which had in a great measure been carried away by the waters of a torrent, to see how well St. Nepomuck, the patron of bridges, had looked to himself in the hour of peril, and let the rest of his charge go to destruction; for there he stood, safe and sound, perched upon his pier, no way abashed at the desolation around, which showed how ill his devotees had bestowed their flowers and wax candles. After a walk of two or three hours, I came in sight of Nocera, one of the thousand hill-cities of this country, perched upon its height, and slowly climbed the stony serpent-

ine road leading up to it. I had now abundance of time to think of my future movements, for here I must stay and detain my reader seven blazing hours, principally in the shelter of a wretched, dirty coffee-house, with noise, flies, and hubbub preventing as usual any serious occupation. I made two or three attempts, 'tis true, to see what the town contains, climbed the steep street till I found an ungainly, barn-looking old church, and then higher still to the convent which occupies the most elevated point, and after exposing myself about three minutes to the noon-day heat at a point within its precincts, commanding a very fine and extensive mountain view, returned half-blinded and tottering down again to my uncomfortable asylum without the gate. A second expedition was undertaken to a so-called inn, to see if I could procure something more nourishing than lemonade. I returned in about half an hour, greatly strengthened by the sense of a great and glorious victory obtained over the hostess, an old sybil with a face in shape and colour like that of an overgrown bell-wether, about the price of some unwholesome bread and wine, though the latter had failed to perform the office of a stimulant to either soul or body. All I could learn here, as to my proposed route, was, that a road did exist from Nocera to Fabriano, and that the latter town was twenty-four miles distant, with no village of any note or size between. To reach it was indeed another matter:—however, I determined to set off, a few flying clouds about four o'clock having given me the needful courage. I made my escape slowly from the jumble of hills, in the midst of which, Nocera rears

itself; and by following the main route to Scheggia for some time, entered a noble and spacious vale extending for many miles between two ridges of mountains, and watered by a fine stream. My path, however, soon turned aside to the foot of the main chain to the right, and quitting the open country dived deeply into a wooded ravine in the first instance, then returned towards the vale, and traversed the shoulder of the mountain, into a yet more romantic defile covered with oak forest. The route ascended gradually, and at length emerged on the head of the ridge. I now overlooked a mountain region quite in the interior of the Appenines, wild and barely cultivated in the lower grounds, while the heights were partly forested and partly bare, and of a brick-red colour. No villages were to be descried, but here and there a detached building, and a single isolated ruined tower in one of the ravines of the mountains. The heads of the latter had for the most part a roundish form. My line of descent led me considerably to the right into a little glen with a few houses, and then over a broken tract to the neighbourhood of a small village. Here I heard I was still fourteen miles distant from Fabriano. However, as the cool of evening came on, I felt stronger and in better spirits, and pressed forward to the crest of the central and most elevated chain of the Appenines which I reached in the twilight, and saw before me a defile which proved to be that of the Essino, the stream which I was to take as my guide during the greater part of my remaining route to Sinigaglia. The road was good, and there was no great art in keeping to it in the fine clear starlight. It brought me to the confines of a considerable village,

and then led yet deeper through a dark woody dell for some miles, till it finally emerged into a comparatively open country, and conducted me to Fabriano, where I arrived about eleven at night. A wearisome and trying half-hour then ensued, occupied with the search after some house where I could find the necessary food and entertainment. Few situations are more truly disheartening than this, after a heavy day's march especially and few things tend more to shed a drop of misanthropy into the spirit, than to find yourself rebutted and sent from door to door. At length, I succeeded, under circumstances which will always make me think of Fabriano with pleasure—an honest family gave me the necessary shelter, and means of brief repose—brief indeed, for at two o'clock, already on the morning of

July 20th.—I was in motion, and on my road towards Jesi. I regret that the imperative necessity I was under of travelling early and late, and remaining immoveable during many hours in the middle of the day, prevents my describing as I would, in this part of my rambles, more than one interesting town out of the common route of travellers. From Sinigaglia I was still forty-six miles distant. Fabriano is a large town—so much I can say, situated in a clear open space of considerable extent, which here interposes itself between two chains of the Appenines. I was informed that it has many flourishing manufactures, and especially large paper mills. The population is about 8000. It is to be questioned if the Pope knows he has such a town. I took the road leading straight across the level towards the opposite mountains, which are

bolder in outline and details than those I had seen of late; and was very glad, by the time the sun had risen, to be safe under their shadow. The river, on approaching their foot, turns to the northward, down a confined and stony vale, accompanied by the road running on the declivities to the right for many miles, till they come into junction a little beyond the hamlet of Serra, at a spot where the Essino takes its passage through a narrow rocky gorge; one of those so common in the Alps, but of which this is the only specimen I have seen in the Appenines. The entrance, with a bold bridge of one arch, leading the traveller to the left bank, is very picturesque. I now exchanged shade for sunshine, and was so scorched by half an hour's exposure to the burning rays, that, upon issuing past the defile, and entering a more open vale, I rushed into the first shelter I found. This proved to be a wretched cabaret, near the hamlet of St. Quirico—a saint of whose title to canonization I am ignorant. Here I spent eight hours, panting for breath, in a hovel swarming with flies, fleas, and tarantulas. The misery of the greater part of these mid-day halts I cannot describe.

And now, gentle reader, you may be inclined to exclaim: 'If this be pleasure—what is pain?' But do not deceive yourself, and be tempted to draw false conclusions. There may have been moments, in the course of this my pilgrimage, when both the spirit and body were jaded to a degree which others can little appreciate, who have not been in like circumstances. Mental trouble and exertion are not always to be avoided, let our position be what it may; and the pedestrian is also open to their attack. Circumstances

may produce and add physical to moral suffering, or perhaps the latter may be in a measure the consequence of the former, and the weight of both may seem capable, in your utter solitude, of weighing you to the ground. But take heart: you may believe my testimony, that the sum and quality and order of your *enjoyments*, will, when put in the balance with your troubles, far outweigh them. Moreover the mercy and goodness of our Creator, has so moulded our minds, that past pleasures and enjoyments can always be vividly recalled to the recollection;—past suffering with difficulty, and seldom in detail. I have always considered it an advantage which we possess, as solitary wanderers, that we soon tire of listening to our own complaints, in other words, of maundering to ourselves. The mode of relief which I would recommend is, to try what good despairing thoughts will effect in the first instance, and, if you are so minded, to murmur to yourself for a good five minutes, and thus get rid of your impatient feeling: you may then be in a fit state to seek for other remedies. I own that, surrounded by flies, fleas, and musquitoes, it may be some time before you can get your philosophy and good humour uppermost. However, pray attempt it, and, having once succeeded, do not let them be again overcome. Sometimes a very slight and trivial circumstance will give you considerable assistance. Thus, at St. Quirico, I recollect, after having been repeatedly bitten by my winged assailants, when I would have sunk into transient repose, I first lost my assumed temper of patience and endurance; and then suddenly took the fancy into my head to see how in all the world they

effected their entry into my skin. I need not say that the very amusement produced by the experiment repaid me for the smart; for it was curious to see the little blood-thirsty maurauder address himself to his work in quite a workmanlike manner—poise himself upon four of his delicate legs, while the other two were extended laterally, to keep him in balance. He then forced in his little transparent proboscis deeper and deeper, till I felt him in the quick, when, holding my hand between my eye and the light, I could see that it acted just as well as that of an elephant, and drew up a minute stream of blood into his little thirsty stomach. As has been said, the effort at once turned the tide of my reflections; and the circumstance, trivial as it was, led to thoughts which restored to my spirit both equanimity and patience.

In the same manner, I would advise you to attempt by all means to divert your attention from your own person to other objects. The providence of God has surrounded us with objects of improving distraction, by considering which, we may be led to think of Him. If you are attentive, you will find that the same hand which in rocky, heated, and thirsty lands, has strewed the seeds of the finest aromatic shrubs and plants, preferably to those of any other species, for the comfort and solace of the passenger; has left no situation, however painful or disagreeable, where an antidote to your distress has not been placed within your reach. But you must rouse yourself to seek for it.

After looking in vain for some opportunity of continuing my route to Jesi, sixteen miles distant, by a carriage, and meeting with none; on the approach of

evening, I issued from my hiding place, to get forward as well as I could. It was, to be sure, a toilsome pilgrimage, and I need not go into the detail. Mile went slowly after mile, down the long and tolerably open valley of the Essino; the best cultivated and most thickly inhabited of any I had seen, though not the most picturesque: and some time after dusk I entered the large town of Jesi. At St. Quirico, you may be supposed to have quitted the Appenines. St. Jesi is a large and populous town, but I know little more of it, as, before day-break, I was in motion towards the sea-shore, and in the course of the morning, reached the busy town and port of Sinigaglia. Thus terminated my walk across tho Appenines. From this port, which is situated upon the Adriatic about twenty miles north of Ancona, a fair wind will carry you in twenty-four hours to the harbour of Trieste, But as the reader will find, there was a trial of patience in store for me.

The only point of attraction which Sinigaglia possesses for any one, beyond its immediate inhabitants and the frequenters of its little port, is, the yearly fair held here from time immemorial. It has however very much fallen off within the last twenty years. There is nothing in the town to be seen, no antiquities, no churches of any beauty either in architecture or decoration, and nothing in the country round to excite the passing attention of the traveller: nothing is to be heard of, older than the last new pattern. This being the case, it may be supposed that my object was to get forward, and I soon found a small vessel ready to sail on the morrow. It was

eventually unable to do so; the wind being so strong that no vessel could either enter in or go out of the canal which forms the port. The news of the evening was perfectly Italian. A nobleman of the country, going to his house without the walls, about the time of *ave Maria,* was assassinated almost close to the gate.

Another long day was spent in uncertainty; however, after sunset the wind dropped for a short time, just allowing the little bark upon which I had proposed sailing, and another of like burden, to make their escape. I am not yet quite sure whether that was an advantage or a disadvantage. Leaving our comrade, in this first movement to his fate, I would draw my reader's attention to our vessel and its crew. The former belonged to the same species of craft 'yclept Trabaccolo, in which I made my passage, a month ago, to Ancona:—a decked boat with two masts, a moveable bowsprit jutting out of the left side of the high prow, and two large rhomboidal sails, capable of being employed in a variety of ways. I may add that its dimensions were about five and thirty feet long by twelve or thirteen broad. Cabin, there was none: two corners, boarded off, were allotted to the patron and the cook; the crew, consisting of five men, were obliged to lie and sleep where they found a berth among the bales in the hold. I was myself the only passenger, and neither *Signor padron* nor any of his crew spoke a word of any other jargon than their own, a strange mixture between Istrian and Italian. I had nothing against the smallness of the vessel, but against the horrible state of uncleanliness which reigned in her, and every operation conducted aboard her, I had

much to say, though nothing was to be done but to endure patiently. All the men were robust swarthy fellows, sufficiently good-natured also, and were all willing to make themselves serviceable. The small boat, attendant upon the Trabaccolo was taken upon deck, covered with a mat awning, and a mattress laid down in it for my bed; it being well supposed that I should prefer the open air, under any circumstance, to the hole below deck. The only live stock, besides that already mentioned, were a little lively boy, heir to the virtues and grease of his dingy father, the cook; and certain cocks and hens, whose numbers I judge to have been very considerable, as, after having been doomed to witness five several decimations of four each time, I still heard considerable cackling, when the mouth of the pit in which they were confined was opened.

But I have unaccountably forgotten to mention, in its proper place, another and a prime feature in this peculiar species of craft, distinguishing it probably from all others.—The most conspicuous ornament of the Trabaccolo, is a sheep-skin, covering the square and lofty termination of the raised prow, which appears from the poop where I now sit (in spirit) like the uncombed and soiled wig of some sea-god. Little tufts of the same ornament are moreover affixed at the end of the long yards and the booms.

It has struck me that there must be some connection between these sheep-skin decorations and the far-famed golden fleece expedition of Jason and the Argonauts; for it is a fact of historical and poetical notoriety, that the Argo and its sheep-stealing crew were forced, after various shifts and turnings, to take refuge in the port

of Pola over against us, and subsequently settled there. Perhaps, to these far times then, we may refer the existence of the sheep-skin ornament in the Trabaccolo, in these seas: and who knows but the present vessel has a good deal of resemblance to the Argo. The form of the whole hull is in some measure antique, and though modern naval science has taught men to make more use of sails, and less of the oar, yet six large oars are still preserved in the tale of the Trabaccolo's outfit, to be taken in hand when the sails are useless. I proceed to detail my own adventures, thoughts, trials, and reflections, as follows.

The first night passed swiftly away. I was satisfied to be at length delivered from durance vile at Sinigaglia, and to feel myself in motion: and, after long watching the fading lights of the town, twinkling to the westward, and calculating our probable progress before morning, under the influence of a gentle sirocco, I slunk to my birth. Early after day-break, however, I made my sortie, and could hardly believe my eyes, when I saw the promontory of Ancona still rearing itself at no great distance over the water. Our supposed sirocco had proved a partial and short-lived land breeze, and now the wind was, as it had been, directly contrary. The day however passed in tolerable contentment, and that species of calm impatience which certainly exists on board ship whether such a thing be found on land or not.—I had, however, leisure sufficient to see that my means of employing time were unusually restricted; books, I had none in my present package; writing, was impossible from the incessant, uneasy rock of our little boat, conversation equally

so—and thought and observation both flag at times. Let us pass onward to

July 25th. The promontory of Ancona appeared to be tied to our poop, so vain were all efforts to leave it behind, and what with this unwelcome object to the south-west, and the round-backed coast near Rimini to the north-west, which began to be prominent towards nightfall, it seemed as if the coast of Italy would never be lost sight of. The wind continued in the old quarter, except at noon, when about three hours' calm, did not do much to diminish our perplexities. The pitch of the boat, and the constant flapping to and fro of the sails, as the vessel rocked upon the short swell of the Adriatic, allowed us but little repose. Impatience began to work a little, and I think the patron, if I mistake not, wrenched the necks of the daily sacrifice with more than usual bitterness. A good deal of small swearing escaped his lips, and that of his comrades, during the day, mingled (I must do him justice) with many pious ejaculations, and some short prayers to the saints. The burden of all, however, was the exclamation '*Diavolo di vento!*' However, enough of this. The sun went down to the horizon, and our second day of trial was drawing to an end. I may truly say, that whatever may have been my feeling of disappointment at seeing my hopes of soon gaining the destined port so strangely frustrated; my general disgust and impatience at the 'no canny' situation in which I found myself, (I allude to the dreadful uncleanliness,—other inconveniences being trifles in comparison), not to speak of the darker spirit of repining, against which I had afterwards to struggle,—yet sunset,

that glorious, inexpressibly glorious spectacle to the eyes of those who float upon the bosom of the wide waters—never failed to bring a season of peace, an hour of calm enjoyment, a feeling of resignation, and a disposition to humble myself before God, and weigh his infinite mercies against his mild chastisements. If indeed the objects comprised within the mariner's range of vision, are few in number, and admit of comparatively little variety; though a species of sameness may be said to dwell upon the scene around him for a greater proportion of his hours; yet, there are seasons when the small number of these objects is materially favourable to their combining together scenes of, I would almost say, greater sublimity, than the variegated face of the land, with its endless diversity of objects and forms, ever produces. The sun, moon, stars, and the clouds above, and the ocean with its changeful surface below, are perhaps all—but they are as an open book to him, the pages of which alternately instil delight into his mind, or give warning of danger and peril. It is indeed an awful and delightful volume.

The general seriousness, however, which stole over my spirits this evening as I sat on my favourite perch, in the after-part of our little vessel, with my attention fixed upon the west, and the gorgeous picture which it presented, was for an instant somewhat deranged by the unexpected show of devotion assumed by the rest of the inmates. I say my seriousness was discomposed, by what should, and probably under other circumstances would have augmented it: for, after a day passed in gaming and similar pastimes, it pleased the greatest rogue on board ship, to recollect that it was,

as he expressed it '*Santa dominica*,' and hereupon pulling off his long red cap, he led off in the usual evening service, in which of course all joined, with more or less earnestness according as each was inclined. Long after the last streak of light from the north-west had ceased to linger upon the tranquil surface of the sea, (the wind had lulled as usual about sun set,) I withdrew into my hiding place, and with the exception of the man at the helm, the whole crew seemed inclined to imitate my example. All became perfectly quiet on board, except the incessant and irregular flap of the sails, and roll of the booms as the bark rocked backward and forward. This cannot however have lasted long, for I was quickly roused from my first doze, by the whistling of a gale, the rush of the waves, and the bustle of our little crew: and, protruding my head from my covert, I saw that all hands were busy reefing the sails, that bore down the side of the vessel to the water's edge, under the pressure of a violent blast, before which we were flying in any direction but the right one. The sky was perfectly clear and starlight, with the exception of a thin, pitchy-coloured string of clouds to the south west, from both edges of which an incessant stream of bright lightning was issuing. '*Diavolo di vento, Signor*,' said the patron to me as he passed to his usual seat near the helm, when all was made snug. After an hour's violent fluster and threat, both wind and lightning ceased, and I was soon again at liberty to yield to the overpowering influence of drowsiness.

Dawn found us but little removed from the spot where sun-set had left us, as the toil of tacking to and fro during

the latter part of the night, only repaired in some measure the loss in our progress which we had endured during the squall. Rimini, or at least the mountains above it, still lay at our side : and it was not till towards evening, that we contrived to move sufficiently to the eastward, to descry the highest land of the opposite coast of Istria. The patron, passenger, and men seemed all equally tired of their situation. Many attempts to write were productive of very little good. A dolphin or two, a distant sail from time to time, were the only objects which drew the attention abroad the greater part of the day.

The weather was precisely the same as yesterday. Contrary wind, morning and evening. Calms at noon and sun-set, and squall at night. The latter was not altogether unprovoked, for the crew seemed to think no *ave Maria* necessary. The sailors, from pure ennui, bethought themselves of their oars ; and putting four of them into the sea, rowed lazily for half an hour during the evening. While plying them, they chanted together a singularly melancholy melody which occupied about three strokes of the oar ; they then paused one stroke, and recommenced it again and again.

Our stock of provisions consisted of a basket of pears, a cheese, a keg or two of thick, heavy, splenetic-tasted wine, sundry kinds of hard biscuit ; and primarily, though last in the list, the afore-mentioned pit full of cocks and hens ; for after the extraction of some fifteen or sixteen, there seemed to be no signs of our being put upon short allowance. The hour appointed for the decimation and preparation of these for our daily repast, never failed to be one of trial to me, since it was impossible to escape being witness of the whole

process, which was far from being conducted in the tidy and merciful manner practised in civilized countries.

In the course of the afternoon we were so far out of our proper course, that the hitherto contrary wind was now of some use in enabling us to approach the coast of Istria; and in a short time the high summit of the Monte Caldara, or Maggiore, became perfectly distinct. Then followed a long line of coast stretching north and south. As we approached this, the tall church-spire and town of Rovigno became visible, and appeared to considerable advantage in the course of the evening, when we passed it at about five miles distance. Pola, with its beautiful harbour, Porto della Rosa, and its little cluster of valuable antiquities, lay too much to the southward to be descried; and to own the truth, I was now comparatively indifferent about it. I had indeed all along wished, that *if* forced by the continued contrary winds to put into some harbour of the coast of Istria, that this might be the one, and in case of such a manœuvre becoming necessary, should have exerted my influence with Signor Padron to bring it about[1] But now

[1] Pola is supposed to have been founded by Jason and the Argonauts, who, pursued by the Colchians, 1353 years before Christ, took refuge in this part of Istria. It became subsequently a Roman colony, and registered in the time of Augustus 30,000 inhabitants; it now contains perhaps between 8 and 900. The Venetians robbed it of its most exquisite marbles, serpentines, and porphyries. The principal Roman antiquities are the amphitheatre, a triumphal arch, and the ruins of several temples. The amphitheatre is 400 feet long, 320 broad, and 81 in height. It has three stories, the two inferior containing each seventy-two arches, 18 feet high; the topmost contains square windows. The total number of openings is 216. The architecture is of the Corinthian order, and it differs from every structure of the kind, in having four angular projections.

Trieste! was the key-stone to all my plans and wishes. Our progress along the coast was now uninterrupted for some hours preceding the close of day, and we were alternately presented with distant views of the little ports of Orsera, Parenzo, Citta Nova and Omago. The Monte Caldara seems to be the only hill of any magnitude in the peninsula. It is close to the eastern coast, and not very far from Fiume.

Towards six o'clock, the wind which had hitherto been not the most unfavourable, began as usual to flag. The crew seemed inclined to amuse themselves by hunting for muscles with a drag-net on board, and in doing so also amused me.

The great deep has always been, and will always be, a 'marvel and a mystery' to me, and the most common and insignificant of its productions excites in my mind a species of wonder allied to awe, which is perfectly distinct from the sensation bearing the same name with which I regard the productions of the land, wonderful and incomprehensible as many of them are. I still hold the most common shell or sea-weed in my hand with a species of childish pleasure and astonishment; and having avowed this, it may be imagined that I opened my eyes as wide as possible, when, after being allowed to drag slowly along the bottom for five minutes, the net was hauled up to the deck with a tolerable load of something or other within its meshes. The

It was capable of containing 18,000 spectators; that of Verona, 24,000. The inhabitants give it the name of *the Orlandina*. The triumphal arch, or *Porto Auria*, is tolerably perfect. Besides a small temple in tolerable preservation, with Corinthian columns, there are ruins of another dedicated to Diana, the fragments of a third at the present cathedral, and many Roman fragments strewed about the city.

contents were turned out before me, and while others were searching for the muscles of which there were but few, I was busily employed in collecting from out of the mud and slime a number of strange inhabitants of the waters, all of which were new to me. That the hand of the Great Creator has shaped them and given them life, we know and feel; but beyond this, all is a blank, and our very fancy is quite insufficient to imagine the end and purposes of their creation. The animals that are under our daily notice and observation have for the most part according to our ideas, their places and duties in the great chain of existence; and even of many, and I may say of most of those, whose habits and character remove them from the immediate service of man, there is reason to believe the same. But look at this little heap of living matter, without shape, without regularity of parts, without senses of any description, as far as we can discover, or even the power of locomotion, apparently springing from the slime of the waters, and spending its existence in the spot of its creation, to what end? to what purpose? That there is a purpose, I believe; but it is as inconceivable to me, as the movement of the stars through the firmament. And how small a proportion these six or seven beings, brought to my observation by accident, form of that innumerable swarm of living creatures, which, dwelling in the deep sea, have never been, and will never be seen by the eye of man! Among the mountains and vallies of the fathomless oceans of the east and west, seldom or never traversed by man, where the tornado spends its fury, and the lightnings of the tropics blaze unseen by any human eye, what research shall ever bring

to light the treasures of God's creation; pry into the secrets of the caverns of the deep, or of the interminable forests of colossal weed, which there vegetate and rot, unexplored from age to age!

The calm which spread over the waters after sun-set, when we were just within sight of the long point of Salvore, round which our course lay into the Bay of Trieste, was followed, about two hours after, by a violent Bora, which tossed us about with reefed sails for the greater part of the night, and indeed still blew with great violence, when at sun-rise we made, with great and incessant exertion on the part of the crew, the light-house of Salvore. From this point to Trieste the distance is eighteen miles, and had the Bora been for us, instead of directly in our teeth, two hours would have brought us to an anchor; but the whole of this day also, (*July 28th.*) from sun-rise to sun-set was to be added to the number spent in making our perverse passage, and it was not without the greatest exertion that even this was brought about. The whole day was however bright, and afforded much more interest, as will be supposed, than any of the preceding ones. As the vessel slowly, and by frequent long tacks, weathered the point, and made successively the capes of Pirano and di Ronco, a full opportunity was afforded me of examining at my leisure, the detail of the magnificent spectacle which the Bay of Trieste presents to the eye, on approaching it from the southward.

A deep blue basin of agitated waters stretched out before us to the northward, spotted by the white canvass of a multitude of vessels of all burdens; some painfully employed like ourselves, in successive tacks

to and from the nearer coast of Istria, and others coming out of port with steady and well filled-sails, rejoicing in the protection and favour of the saints, and of mother Mary, whose image shone in a little frame at the mast head. Not one of the sailors on board our Trabaccolo, was without his amulet from Loretto about his neck, to save him from drowning; whatever may be its efficacy in emergences of this kind, I doubt whether it is considered to be equally potent in cases of hanging or stabbing. But to go on with my picture. On the right, lay the receding points of land just mentioned, and still further to the left, certain low portions of the coast off Aquileja. But whatever attention these might excite, it was but momentary, compared with the long and admiring gaze bestowed upon every portion of that noble mountain background, which seemed to rise immediately from the margin of the deep bay before us. This commenced with the sterile chains immediately to the East of Trieste, occupying the whole of the north of Istria. Then the mountains of that portion of Illyria called Carniola standing somewhat in advance of the Julian Alps; the latter lay almost due north, presenting a long, elevated, and varied range, prolonged far to westward, by the mountainous ridge of the south-east of Tyrol. A broad, square pile of precipitous rock, near the centre of the chain, particularly engaged my attention. I never saw a coast that presents itself with equal majesty. My spirits rose at the mere idea of my homeward path leading me amidst such glorious scenery; but I little imagined how many hours must be spent in dragging myself across the heated plains of Friuli, which intervened between the coast and these

blue ridges. Trieste must however be reached before any thing could be done, or a single step taken. So slow however was our real progress, that though we glided through the water with great velocity, hour after hour passed, before the white walls of the town itself rose at the bottom of the bay; and I was doomed, contrary to my modest hopes, to witness a fifth sacrifice drawn from the fathomless repository, and summarily disposed of. Noon passed, the afternoon advanced, the hills began to redden, ere we could form a just idea of the time of our reaching our destination. At one time we seemed close off Aquileja, the cradle of the Venetians, and a very long run to the northward, after diving deep into the bay of Capo d'Istria, brought us within a few miles of Duino; so easy was it to make any town on the surrounding coasts, that excepted, upon which our hopes and eyes were fixed! At length, about eight o'clock, we fairly came into the harbour, and as it fell dead calm, were finally towed into the canal: landing just five days and nights after I had embarked.

Ten days had elapsed since the merchants had received intelligence of their associates at the fair in Sinigaglia, and the bustle on our arrival was correspondingly great. Escaping from this, I repaired to my former hotel. To stay one day in Trieste was absolutely necessary; a longer pause I did not deem it advisable to allow myself, as I had lost an entire week at Sinigaglia and at sea.

CHAPTER VII.

> 'All is still, and nothing to be heard
> But the cicala's voice among the olives,
> Relating in a ring, to banish care
> Their hundred tales.'

THE short pause in my wanderings following my second arrival at Trieste, soon came to an end: and the resumption of my alpenstock and knapsack gave me more than ordinary satisfaction. The rocking motion of the Trabaccolo had entered strangely into my system, and as I walked the streets the morning after my landing, I could not help keeping my feet as wide apart as possible to avoid tumbling. Moreover, I thirsted after the fresh breezes, shadows, and waters of the Alps, to which every step was now to bring me nearer.

It was with no pleasant feeling, that owing to the weakness of my own nature in oversleeping myself, and the frailty of the promises of the domestic of my hotel, I found myself necessitated to commence my journey as late as five o'clock, as by that hour the sun had attained a certain height; and though he had not yet looked over the screen of hills that surround the city of Trieste, I knew well that he was gathering force, and by the time I had surmounted the ridges to the northward, would be in condition to make me fully sensible of it. In the meantime, however, I was not disposed to undervalue the temporary shelter

I enjoyed. The view that opens gradually, as you ascend, is of no ordinary description; and one feature after another is added, either to the distance, or to the portion at first hidden by the inequalities of the mountain, till upon gaining the last ridge, you have the whole spread out before you. The broad and spacious bay of Trieste, with its white city, and the hills behind, towards Fiume, then formed the middle ground of the picture; further sea-ward lay the four receding promontories of Punta Granda, Capo d' Istria, Pirano, and Salvore, with the details of which I had had so good an opportunity of becoming acquainted;—the last-mentioned fading away into the line of the distant waters. To the right of the open sea, different points in the coast towards Aquileja, likewise advanced far into the bay. The whole of the city and the country behind was lying in bright sun-shine, and the light thrown on it, contrasted wonderfully with the dark purple hue assumed by the water, upon which the Bora was blowing freshly. Many vessels, their clear white sails filled with the wind, were to be seen in every direction; here, fully displayed in every portion of their structure, standing just out of port, or sailing below the mountain immediately at your feet; there, a glimmering spot of white gaining the open sea, or turning the point of Salvore.

On passing the summit of the ridge, I descended gradually to the village of Optschina, where the two roads to Vienna and the Friuli separate; and turning my back upon the east, I began my route in the opposite direction, and kept steadily advancing, without much variation in the rate of my progress, for the next

three hours. During this interval, the road lay along a species of plain stretching between the head of the range immediately overlooking the sea, and a second interior chain of roundish hills. The character of the country was precisely the same as that described at a former part of these wanderings, when a visit to the caves at Corniaľ introduced me to a portion of the same district more to the eastward.—It is a desert of stone, cursed with sterility by that fierce scourge of these coasts, the Bora; yet in many places rendered productive by the toil of the peasant, and the care employed upon such spots, as, from their position, are but partially exposed to its blast. Towards the hills, the grey stone is studded with small bushes, and in general there is abundance of thyme and rosemary in every part. During the latter stage of the latter part of my walk towards Duino, I had recourse continually to that kind of consolation in suffering that is derived from comparison; and while panting, with dimmed and blood-shot eyes, amid this stony wilderness, I thanked God that though the heat was almost insufferable, yet there was no Roman sirocco to work up my endurance to a climax: on the contrary, now and then there came a kindly breeze from the sea, which did much towards momentary alleviation. Besides, I had my face turned towards the blue and towering mountains forming the Oberland of the Friuli, and the very sight of them spoke to me of clear streams, shadows, and fresh air! I have indeed learned to know their value—to covet and bend with extacy over every pool of water in which there is motion or shade—to hail every square yard of shadow as a blessing.

Of the sea you discern nothing again till you approach Duino, though the road runs at a very short distance from the crest of the hills that overhang it, during the whole of the way from Optschina. Then, however, by a bend in the coast, the road commands two several points of view, one towards Aquileja, and the other towards Trieste—though I am not sure that the latter city is to be descried. I shall always retain an agreeable recollection of my double visit there, and of the hospitality of which it was the scene. It forms the key-stone in some measure to my long and varied pilgrimage. About ten o'clock A. M. I arrived at Duino, and thought myself wonderfully favoured to find shelter under one of those screens of dried leaves and branches which are commonly found before cabarets in this part of Italy. Duino has a large castle belonging to the Count of Thurn, but is itself a little insignificant village.

About a couple of miles from Duino, the traveller comes unexpectedly upon a fresh abundant stream bursting out of the rocky soil, and forming a very respectable river during its short course of about a quarter of a mile to the sea, with whose waters it shortly mingles itself. It is no doubt the offspring of some of those caverns, which to every appearance, exist in this, as in other portions of the range. Here you gain your last glance of the Adriatic, as the coast from this point bends southward, and the road turns yet more inland to the town of Monfalcone. At this place I arrived early in the afternoon, and after a short halt proceeded to Gradiska. The low range of hills which I had seen to the left, during my whole walk to Optschina, terminates on the left bank of the

Isonzo, one of those many rivers, which draining the Alps of Friuli and the adjacent chains, cover very considerable portions of the plains which they traverse in their progress to the Adriatic, with broad beds of sand and pebbles; such being the force and volume of their winter supply of water, while in summer many are dried up entirely, and most reduced to puny rivulets. The Isonzo, however was still of a considerable width and strength of current, and required the use of the boat-bridge to cross. While awaiting the arrival of this conveyance from the opposite bank, I sat in a most enviable state of enjoyment, with my scorched feet up to the ancles in the fresh stream, and enjoyed the widely extended prospect of the mountains to which I was gradually approaching. I shall have more to say of them to-morrow. The town of Gradiska lay some short distance up the opposite bank, and towards it I bent my steps without delay as soon as my crossing was effected. It is surrounded with old-fashioned fortifications covered with grass. No building of any note attracted my attention. A hunt for a place of repose terminated in my obtaining one of the homeliest, as to appearance—but I have learned to care very little about that, and the hard mattresses of Italy, however they may happen to be placed, whether upon the floor or upon carved work, have the same charm for me. Gradiska lies so near the frontier, and is so connected with the German roads, that some knowledge of that language is pretty general amongst the inhabitants. Besides, the soldiery of which there are plenty to be met with every where, are almost all of that nation. I should not however, omit to mention that what common report conveyed to my ears at

Trieste, of the unsettled state of this line of route, and the danger of traversing them alone, met with fresh confirmation in every place I passed through. Government messengers, as well as private individuals, had been attacked and robbed of large sums. The place where I was told that there was most probability of having my throat cut, was on a stretch of road of about eighteen miles in length, between Udine and the mountains. I had doubts about the extremity of the danger, and resolved to proceed.

July 31*st*. I left Gradiska about five o'clock, and pursued my course towards the mountains. I had now entered upon the plains of Friuli, which in every respect, cultivation included, resemble those of Lombardy, of which they are a continuation. I must say I like the distant appearance of these rich and teeming enclosures, better than a nearer acquaintance. They present every where, without variation, the same interchange of maize, vines, corn, and lopped trees, except now and then the barren bed of a winter torrent or a hamlet. Full-grown timber is hardly to be found. Besides, the productions above enumerated, are just of sufficient growth to intercept the view of distant objects, without affording shade to solace the traveller. The whole of my route of twenty-four miles to Udine was of this character. Now and then I gained a general view of the mountains, by some fortuitous rise in the general level, and that was indeed a noble one. Though the range immediately bordering the Adriatic, and extending from beyond Trieste to Gradiska, is too low, stony, and deficient in marked features to be very interesting, the interior ranges of this portion of Illyria,

properly termed Carniola, must bear a very different character, judging from a fine diversified range seen in that direction. Beyond them, came the mountains of Friuli, exhibiting a multitude of points, soaring over a very precipitous chain in advance. Among these a square broad mass of mountains were particularly conspicuous. These were prolonged more to the west, by the ranges to the north of the Venetian States, stretching almost as far as the defiles of the Brenta. I found means to doze away about three of the hottest hours in a village by the way.

I may perhaps be doing well to break the narration of these days' proceedings, as they present of themselves no great variety, by turning again to one of those subjects connected with pedestrian rambles which I have taken upon me to intersperse from time to time in these chapters, less perhaps for the information of the general reader, than for the sake of good fellowship with the ideal companion whose presence I have so often invoked. For the time, I make choice of noon; and for the place, the settle before the door of a vile Italian cabaret by the road side, between Gradiska and Udine, where I halted during the burning hours of mid-day. Before us are the glowing and dusty road and the dust-besprinkled inclosures of vine, maize, and hemp, which are the culture of these wide plains. At our right hand a rude table, with a stoup of heavy thick red wine, a morsel of dry bread, and a large bottle of water, with a swarm of expectant flies, buzzing with jealousy and enjoyment. On the opposite side of the door, a like table with five Italian peasants, three partaking

of a similar repast in silence. and two stretched on the bench seemingly asleep. Another sleeping group may be seen lying under the shadow of an out-house in a line with the front of the cabaret. From the interior of the cabaret, come the mingled shouts and imprecations of a party playing at a favourite game of chance. Last mentioned, but not least important, there expands over our head, and along the whole façade of the house, an awning of matted and dried foliage, sufficiently thick to exclude the rays and heat of the sun, and for that we will bless God. Under our elbow, and supplying the place of a velvet cushion, lies our stout leather knapsack ; and on the table within reach, the trusty Alpenstock, as good and as true a companion as man was ever blessed with. In this and like situations, you may perhaps doze with weariness, and even enjoy broken but necessary repose : and I have done it without fear and anxiety. Yet I avow that I have sometimes, on my gradual return to consciousness, felt a disagreeable qualm at finding myself the object of fixed attention of one or even several pair of dark and glistening eyes, whose furtive but fierce glances betrayed the subject of the passing thoughts. In these cases, supposing that you have reason to believe that, all things considered, your person may have excited the cupidity and speculation of one or other of these lawless beings, who may have gambled away his all within, I think you may choose between these two alternatives :—either, while keeping quietly on your guard, and in choosing well the moment of departure, not to take the slightest direct notice, though seeing and marking all ; or, to return the glance by one equally steady. I have set it down as an

axiom, that the lawless Italian is a coward, who will never confront you breast to breast, as long as there is any chance of getting at your back, or dealing wounds without risk to himself. I must still add to this digression from the principal subject which I still wish to introduce, that there are certain precautionary measures which you may as well take, as tending to keep others out of temptation, and perhaps yourself out of some danger. Never expose gold, or even large pieces of silver at such times and places, and keep other valuables out of sight. Pay what you owe in small coin, the moment you have your refreshment brought you; this leaves you at liberty to take your departure without further question or observation. And above all, having done whatever lies in your power to avoid danger, without giving way to too great anxiety and still less to cowardice, put your trust in God.

I have some pages ago, had occasion to allude to those fits of mental impatience and depression which will sometimes be our lot in the course of a long pilgrimage, and as to the kind of antidote I should propose to apply. It may be that you are rarely troubled by such, and that you never fall into them, except at times when the weight of outward and physical inconvenience or suffering becomes almost insupportable. Hunger, thirst, faintness from heat and over exertion, are perhaps the more common incidents which may exercise a temporary and painful power over you. As to *cold*, we will not account it among the number just at present, as it is difficult to us in our present situation, to imagine, that it can ever be otherwise than an exquisite enjoyment. The three things enumerated, how-

ever, belong to the class of more ordinary trials;—as to extraordinary, such as those produced by accidents, I will not here take them into account. There are ways of alleviating all three. Faintness from heat, and too great exertion, gentle reader, may be astonishingly alleviated by a little extra patience: but if you must seek other aid, you may have recourse to the herbs of the field, and there are few situations where you will not find such as will answer your purpose. I am supposing that water is unattainable. On the borders of even dry ditches and torrents, you will frequently find abundance of cats-mint; the most barren tracts will surely afford plants of the same aromatic and reviving properties, such as sage, balm, rhue, thyme, wormwood, and rosemary. In the driest pine forests, the foliage affords you a stimulant when rubbed between the fingers: and, supposing you stand in need of one yet stronger, you need never remain without a remedy to your distress, provided you can discover one of those tall ants' nests, built of the dried needles of the pine, which are so frequently seen within them: as, by striking the swarming denizens gently two or three times with your hand or glove, you borrow for your own use a quantity of their powerful acid, without injuring them; and no vinegrette could render you better service. As to thirst, your first duty, even when the presence of tempting springs would seem to make the effort a labour of supererogation, is to struggle against it; for, having once yielded, you will never be able to avoid seeking to satisfy it; and at a later hour of the day your suffering, supposing that that satisfac-

tion becomes impossible, will be doubled. Bathing the person, or hands alone, is frequently a great resource, if you wish to avoid drinking. The alleviation produced by wood-sorrel is known to every English school-boy. A pebble in the mouth has often relieved the pain of a dry and parching thirst. But both against this trial and that of hunger I have a remedy, which I have always found very effective, and that consists in a few roasted coffee-beans, a store of which will take up but little room in your knapsack. Trust me, reader, this is a prescription of wondrous power; and, by keeping them for half an hour unbroken, you may almost, if you are credulously inclined, cheat yourself into the idea of your having enjoyed a good dinner; and, in the continental fashion, been served with a cup of *café noir* after it; in the same manner as you may daily see at Paris, *on dit*, certain impoverished epicures and gastronomes standing before the windows of their favourite culinary artists, inhaling the rich steam, gloating on the passing dishes, and munging a piece of dry bread, to cheat themselves into the idea of their having feasted delicately.

Yet, now that the sun is declining, and all the rogues seem to be out of the way, let us continue our route.

Early in the course of the evening I arrived at the town of Udine. Owing to my Lord Commissary of police being at dinner, I found myself obliged to spend the rest of the day and night here. However, though I was displeased to be *forced* to do even what I had otherwise every incentive to do, for such

a reason, I did not regret it, as I found abundance of employment. Udine, the capital of the Friuli, must once have been a town of very considerable importance. It is still large, and surrounded by an extent of wall, which proves it to have been yet larger. It is built in an irregular manner round a large knoll, rising up amidst these vast plains, and the traveller is immediately struck with the fond spirit of imitation of the capital city Venice, which is evinced in many of its buildings. The town-hall, the two Columns, the tower with the two figures to strike the hours, the angel at the summit of the church-tower on the hill, and the winged lion of St. Mark, and dome on the Caserne, all provoke a smile in recollecting their prototypes at Venice. The first-mentioned building is small, but by no means despicable. But the oldest and most remarkable edifice is the Byzantine cathedral, patched and disfigured it is true, but containing very beautiful details, and preserving at least its general form. The massive octagonal tower was perhaps never finished. One or two doorways are tolerably perfect and extremely curious. It has five aisles. The view from the eminence is very fine, comprising a large extent of the plains of Friuli, and with many towns and villages, and a magnificent mountain horizon to the north. From the latter you are still about fifteen miles distant. Most of the towns within sight have become celebrated in the history of Napoleon's campaigns, for these plains were the arena upon which he gained a portion of his early and most glorious laurels. A very early hour the following morning found me again on the road. After the first few miles, each

step became more interesting, as the surface exhibited greater unevenness. The productions of the country were planted with less formality of arrangement, and the villages appeared uncommonly picturesque. They are literally buried in vines, and their white walls and pretty churches, add greatly to the beauty of the landscape. The mountains, the mountains! how I rejoiced to see their shadows once more, so blue and so cool. About three miles from Gemona, you encounter the first hills, and with that town, your communication with the flat and fertile plains may be said to terminate. It is situated near the base of a mountain on the left side of the valley of the Tagliamento, into whose defile you are now upon the point of entering. The church of Gemona presents itself with great effect on one knoll, while the ruin of an ancient castle not two hundred paces distant, crowns another. I think I have elsewhere remarked, that my map of this part of the country was of the most meagre kind, and my information about the district I was passing through equally so; my surprise was therefore the greater, when, on entering the gate and turning round to the main front of the church, I saw a façade of uncommon beauty, in what may be termed the florid Byzantine style; and upon the whole, a finer and a more perfect specimen than any I had seen in Italy. The proportions, it is true, were not great; three rose-windows, and of these the central one particularly, were its principal ornaments. The interior too was uninjured, and in very good taste; and further, on entering the town, I found Gemona to have very considerable claims to be called such, being of tolerable dimensions,

with a market place, busy faces, and all the usual et ceteras. A shabby procession that perambulated the streets while I remained there, gave me occasion to observe, that there was no inconsiderable number of the priesthood within the walls, and that the church ranked as a cathedral, and had its regular dean and chapter. Properly speaking, the town commands no view of the plains, though a fine fertile tract of level ground, cultivated in a regular manner, lies between it and the Tagliamento. My stay was not a long one. I intended to make my principal halt at Venzone, a few miles distant, and walked on accordingly. I soon found myself in a vale that narrowed at every step and was deprived of culture, the broad stony bed of the Tagliamento having taken possession of the whole, but surrounded with rocky eminences;—in short, once more within the bosom of a mountain district. The reader would smile, if I described the influence that this had upon my very step and motion, not to speak of my spirits, which rose as they do before a thunderstorm. I arrived at Venzone, an ancient village surrounded by a wall, situated near the point, where my proposed path was to diverge from the great German road on which I had been hitherto toiling. I reposed myself during my usual number of hours, and then set forward to complete my ten leagues by reaching Tolmezzo. To do this I had to keep the line of the Tagliamento, through a vale opening to the westward. A wooden bridge of great length, situated about two miles from Venzone, bestrides the broad bed of a tributary stream, and by traversing it I got into my proper track. My walk was long and very hot, and I need not

go over any part of it again, because it offered nothing remarkable to my notice. I would only remark that the continuation of the vale of the Tagliamento beyond Tolmezzo, judging from my distant view of it, would appear to abound in noble mountain scenery. Beyond this day's march, I did not intend to take this river for my guide: finding that another lateral vale would lead me more immediately to the northward. At Tolmezzo I found a good inn, and went to rest, with the hope that the close of another day would see me, not at Lienz perhaps, but at any rate in a country which might be called German. I have almost forgotten to say, that I passed the redoubted portion of the route to day, without either having my throat or my purse cut, for which I am truly thankful, and trust my reader will be so too.

The Pass of the Monte Croce, by which I meditated passing over into the Gailthal, was some centuries ago a well-frequented one, but having been neglected, fell gradually into disuse, and was literally forgotten by the Austrian government, till during the late wars, it afforded to the French General Rusca, the means of passing from Germany to Italy, with a rapidity which confounded the unenterprising Austrians, who could not conceive from whence he had fallen. It was undoubtedly known to the Romans, the ruins of whose ancient town of Forum Julii, lie in the valley of Paluzza leading to its foot. Its site is now occupied by the village of Zuglio, and many inscriptions and fragments of pillars are yet to be met with. I regret that I did not know this at the time of my passage. I shall give a very short notice of to-day's proceedings; in truth, the passage

yielded no adventure, From Tolmezzo, as I have already mentioned, I was no longer to pursue the course of the river Tagliamento as my guide, but take that of its tributary, flowing almost directly from the northward. Paluzza the principal village in the valley was about ten miles distant, and was reached at a tolerably early hour. I should not however omit to eulogize the uncommon beauty of two or three hamlets, built among the irregular grounds on the right bank of the stream, through which the rural pathway winds to and fro. They present a perfect labyrinth of trees, vines, and cottages. From Paluzza a long dreary and burning league over a slope, deposited by the torrents and covered with low bushes, and disfigured by the frightful multitude of crosses denoting violent death which meet the eye, brought me to Tamao, the highest village. Hence, after a few hours rest, I proceeded towards the head of the vale, deep sunk in the pine forest and overshadowed by the massive heads of several rocky mountains, of which one should be the Monte Croce; a rapid ascent of an hour then brought me to the head of the Pass. I am informed that three Latin inscriptions are visible in the rocks near the summit. A short and rapid descent leads to a little Alpine pasture, wooden church and châlet. At the edge of the former you enter upon the great declivity, and the pathway continues to descend for nearly eight miles down the deep ravine, first in the pine and larch forest, and then through magnificent woods of beech, till the noble mountains and sweet vale of the Gail opens below you. The former are very lofty and bold in their outline, the valley spacious, and architecture of the village

churches very graceful. The valley of the Gail is within the frontiers of Carniola.

Passing through Mauten the first village on the right bank, I struck straight across the valley to the opening on the opposite side, at the entry of which lies another of great beauty, and here I took up my night quarters. I looked forward to Lienz, six leagues further, as the ideal conclusion of my Italian ramble. The inhabitants of this valley pretend to speak German, though the dialect that passes current among themselves can hardly be termed such.

Before commencing another day's march, I have still one or two general observations to make about the Pass of the Monte Croce. In its present state, the whole extent, from the valley of the Tagliamento to that of the Gail, can hardly be said to be a passage for carriages however light and rude in their construction; even to pilgrims journeying on foot,—I speak feelingly,—it is stony in extreme in its whole extent. The scenery is interesting upon the whole, and as far as wood and mountain suffice to give this character, the latter portion from the summit of the ridge to the Gail, is remarkably so. A plan has been long spoken of to construct a good road which would particularly benefit Trieste, but as that would entail an enormous expence to the merchants of that city, (the government taking no part,) the idea may be supposed to be chimerical.

A woody and picturesque pass of about two leagues which I accomplished before breakfast, conducts the traveller over a road practicable for light carriages, into the great valley of the Drave, and to the village of

Ober Drauburg. Four leagues further, directly up the same, brought me about noon to Lienz, which it will be recollected I had already visited in the earlier part of this journey. Lienz was, properly speaking, no less than three leagues out of my way, as I might have proceeded straight from Drauburg to Winkeln, in the vale of Döllach, where I designed to spend the night. However, I had determined to dispense, as I well might, with the majority of the contents of my knapsack on my next excursion, that to the Great Glockner, by forwarding them to Botzen; and this I should not have found an opportunity of doing from any other place. Hence my work of supererogation.

From my former opinion of the valley of the Drave, I have no reason to retract any thing, now that I had an opportunity of seeing twelve or fourteen miles of its downward course. It is truly a noble valley, and surrounded by magnificent mountains, particularly those on the right side, whose fantastic yet massive pinnacles proclaim them members of that peculiar chain so often alluded to.

At Lienz I was too busy to run much about, and having dispatched the superfluous portion of my luggage to Botzen, about four o'clock in the afternoon I prepared to commence the next episode in my general plan of return. I was induced to do this without any unnecessary delay for several reasons—first, because I knew that if my return to Switzerland was to be speedy, dispatch must be employed in the various turns and windings which diversified it: then the weather was an important object, and I thought I perceived that the

present favourable state was not to be neglected. After re-crossing the bridge, and retracing my steps for some distance down the valley, I took a footway which led me much more agreeably forward, and nearer to the foot of the mountains, till I crossed the torrent descending from the Dewanthal. I then began a steep and stony ascent through the lower and cultivated portion of the mountains on the north side of the vale in the first instance, and then through the forests, till I gained the alpine pastures and corn fields that surround the hamlet of Islberg. At this time, the clouds which had been gathering and floating about the mountains since noon, had assembled in a great body over the heights, separating the valley of the Isl and that of the Upper Drave, both opening just above Lienz; and while the declining sun shot from under their layers a bright flood of light upon the town and the depth of the vale, they cast upon the surrounding mountains, and particularly the gigantic chain to the southward, a mass of deep shade, so profound and so blue, that I thought I had rarely seen a picture of such a singularly awful description. To add to the general and uncommon effect, the sky beyond the ragged and towering pinnacles opposite was charged with a number of brilliantly illuminated thunder clouds, passing off towards the valley of the Gail. My view into the deep and sequestered vale of Döllach, when having traversed the head of the forested ridge, I came upon the brink of the descent into it, was of much the same description, though, perhaps, yet more awfully solemn, as the absence of the sun-beams, and the descending shades of evening were added to the general effect produced by a curtain

of gathering thunder-clouds floating in the atmosphere over a narrow valley, into whose depths the surrounding mountains descended with very precipitous and darkly forested slopes.

Just at the point where my footway from the vale of the Drave falls upon it, the valley of Döllach or the Mölthal, forms an angle, and in this angle, as the name denotes, lies the village of Winkeln, which I had fixed upon as my night quarters. My descent to it was rapid, and soon terminated, as the village itself lies at a considerable height upon the mountain-side—a beautifully picturesque spot, with a taper spire on its white church, and comfortable looking cottages. As to the inn, which was, as usual, the best and largest house in the village, I can speak to its unlooked-for excellences. With the morning's light, I had passed from a valley of Carniola into Carinthia—had taken my noontide repose in a corner of the Tyrol—and was now again in a sequestered vale of Carinthia.

The thunder-clouds did not menace in vain, and during the earlier hours of the night, the glare of lightning, loud, echoing thunder, and pattering rain, kept my senses a little too busily employed to allow of much sleep. With the early morning light, however, all these had subsided, and I rose with the pleasant feeling that at length I might expect a morning walk, enlivened by freshened air and cool roads. How long had I been a stranger to them! I had experienced considerable pleasure, a few days before, upon quitting the plains, and entering the mountain defiles of the Tagliamento, between Gemona and Venzone; yet neither my satisfaction, nor my partial return to

the class of thoughts and feelings, which are my companions among mountain scenery, were at that time complete, or without alloy. I was in the mountains, it is true, but I could not call them the Alps—they had neither their scenery nor peculiar character. In the gales that blew, welcome as they were, there was still a little too much of the sun, and too little of mountain-dew and the freshness of alpine pastures. Moreover, the peasant, the language, the cottage, and the garden-growth in the inclosure around it—all were otherwise. But this morning, I may say that I felt I was really once more, and to all intents and purposes, *in the Alps;* and they were, indeed, like a home to me, though still far distant from that part where my friends dwelt.

By keeping steadily in motion, with the brief exception of a halt at Döllach, I reached the hamlet of Bockhagen about 10 A.M. My attention had been principally directed to the head of the vale, though I had not omitted to remark many an elevated point of the surrounding mountains on either side, and many a cascade falling from their acclivities, as during my progress they came successively within view; yet how, and when, and where, the object of my visit would present itself, was the principal subject of my curiosity. It was shortly after passing the church of the last mentioned place, that the Great Glockner made its appearance for an instant, through a gap in advanced ridges, as I traversed the bed of the Möllbach. But after surmounting the next ridge, the view towards the head of the vale became quite open; and the church of Heiligen-blut, half up the moun-

tain-side,—the fertile little district in which it rises,—the dark hollow with its pine-covered sides and tumbling cascade beyond,—the pile of mountains that close up the depth of the picture,—and, above all, the graceful, snow-white pyramid of the Great Glockner, rising above its gigantic glaciers, were fully displayed before me. In the immediate foreground, the mountain-torrent, rolling down the valley, precipitates itself, under a rustic wooden bridge, into a deep gulf, shaded with aged larch; and a châlet and fountain are not wanting to make a complete picture. This cascade is called the Jungfrau-sprung, and falls nearly four hundred feet. At the inn at Heiligen-blut I found good entertainment, and took up my quarters for the remainder of the day, leaving it for the morrow to determine what could be done in the way of a nearer approach to the principal object of my visit.

The pen and pencil, and an examination of the immediate neighbourhood, filled up the time till sunset. Towards evening, as usual, flying clouds began to gather about the mountain-tops; however the Glockner itself remained tolerably free, and presented, from every part of the village and eminences above, a very noble spectacle. Higher, more imposing, and wider spread glaciers I have seen; but I do not recollect one that can compare with it in elegance of form. It is the sharpest pyramid, seen from this side, that it is possible to imagine; and though lines of pointed rocks obtrude themselves through the snow and ice even to the summit, they rather add to the general effect, than detract from it. The middle portion of the mountain spreads out to a waste of snow, jagged

with precipices, and displays several roundish summits. Of the base we may learn more to-morrow.

The geographical position of the Great Glockner is at the junction of three chains of the higher Alps, separating Tyrol, Carinthia, and Salzburg. It belongs to the series of the Noric Alps, which commence with the Dreyherrn-spitz, at the head of the Vale of the Isl. To that point the Rhetian Alps extend.

The Glockner was first ascended at the commencement of the present century, if my information is correct, by M. Sigismund von Hohenwart, at the instigation of the Prince Bishop of Gurk. The former gentleman effected several ascents; and two elevated châlets, were erected to facilitate subsequent attempts, the lower called the Salmshöhe, and the higher the Adlersruhe. The ordinary manner of proceeding is to go and sleep at the Salmshöhe, affecting the ascent to the summit, and returning to the same station, in the course of the second day. The highest point,—for though from Heiligen-blut the mountain appears to have but one, there are in fact two—rises to the height of about 12,000 feet above the sea; and is so sharp that four persons can with difficulty stand upon it. The horizon commanded by the summit must be a glorious one, comprising the Adriatic, the plains of Friuli, the Styrian Alps, the Bohemian Forest, the Black Forest, and the chains of eastern Switzerland. The geological formation of the Glockner is hornblend-slate: gneiss, serpentine, and micaceous-slate, with many beautiful marbles, abound in the adjoining chains.

Heiligen-blut may be about four hours' walk from its foot. This village, like most of those in this retired

vale, is perfectly Swiss in its character with the exception of its church, a large tall-spired edifice, built in a very tolerable Gothic style, and containing, amongst other interior decorations, a stone shrine, five-and-twenty feet high, with carved canopy, pinnacle, and other open work, that might grace a far larger church. From the retired church-yard, there is a charming view of the valley below and the surrounding mountains; and from the Kreutzberg, above the village, one still more imposing. These two points were my places of principal resort during the evening. There are signs of this elevated valley having once been cultivated to a far greater extent than at present; and there exist traces of ancient roads in its neighbourhood, leading into Salzburg, which are supposed to be Roman.

This day month I was standing in the vast enclosure of the Coliseum, enlightened by the clear full moon,—now the same orb is throwing its clear light upon the silver snows of the Glockner. What different degrees of sublimity; but this which hovers over the mighty edifice of rock and ice, reared by the hand of God, must be allowed to have a higher character than that, however heightened by circumstance, which dwells amidst the most noble edifices of man's creation.

The following day was one so full of action, that to give even a summary of my proceedings during the course of it becomes almost a task.

The absence of the host of Heiligen-blut, Anton Pichler, happened very unfortunately for me, as I could gain no kind of information from any one in the house, with regard to the objects I had in view for the occupation of the earlier part of this day. The same un-

certainty prevailed, whether I could engage a peasant as guide in my morning's ramble, and I arose without knowing exactly what was to be done. I saw the sun's first rays enlighten the peak of the Glockner; and it was not till I was upon the point of sallying forth alone, in a determination not to let the cool of the morning pass away wholly unemployed, that I was joined by my proposed guide, the first of his class and name ever attached to my person, and I am disposed to wish he may be the last. I soon found he was no conjuror, and that but little information was to be gained from him. Moreover he moved so slowly, that we were continually out of sight of one another. His qualifications as guide were therefore very questionable. However he was poor, and glad to earn his day's hire. I forget what his real profession was, but remember, that he gave me an account of his family circumstances which proved that they were not the most affluent. His father dying, had left certain goods and chattels to be divided between his children, and Joseph, alias Seppele,[1] had come into his fortune, consisting of a pair of imperishable chamois leather breeches which seemed to have been handed down for an heir loom for some generations,—a corner of the paternal cottage,—and a jew's harp, an ancient instrument of music, whose symphonious twangings are greatly appreciated in the vallies of Carinthia. He informed me that among the peasants, many were accustomed to play upon two at the same time, and this same was afterwards confirmed to me. Our route lay up the valley over a very steep break, which forms the

[1] A familiar name both in the Eastern and Western Alps. Josephus, Joseph, Josep, Sep, Seppi. and diminutive, Seppele.

separation between the cultivated vale, upon whose sides stands the church and village of Heiligen-blut, and an upper division, consisting of broken ground, roughly interspersed with forest, pasture, and rock. The mountain-torrent precipitates itself over this declivity with great fury, and forms a particularly fine cascade, over which, as we passed, a bright rainbow was hovering in the sunbeams. In the midst of the pines and broken rock in this higher division, stands the chapel where the holy blood of Saint Briccius was found. To add to my information, I got my guide to relate the edifying story: but Seppele was really unintelligible in parts of his tale; for, besides speaking a horrible dialect, he kept his short pipe between his teeth during his narrative, and spoke now out of one corner of his mouth, and then out of the other, in such a capricious manner, that I am afraid I lost the better half; and I will not venture to retail what I did glean from his discourse. We made pretty good progress, and at the end of the second hour were in full view of the great glacier which descends towards the valley of Heiligen-blut from the S.E. base of the mountain. To get a really advantageous view of the whole scene, it was now resolved to turn off to the right, and bend our steps towards a rocky and very high mountain called the Gems-thurm, which bounds the glacier to the eastward, and rises directly opposite the Glockner itself. To effect this, we had to climb the mountain side upon which we then were, to a considerable height; descend into a deep valley over a line of pastures, and thence recommence the main ascent, which was not directed to the summit, (that lying far out of the reach

of my time and present purpose) but to a certain point upon his rocky and precipitous flank which promised to afford a commanding view, and whence we might hope to descend with comparative facility upon the Glacier. After the lapse of about an hour and a half, this was accomplished, and we were now seated at some considerable elevation above that apparently flat surface of frozen snow, round whose edges rose the different portions of the middle region of the mountain. The upper portion of the glacier presented a swelling elevation completely covered with snow; while from the opposite edge, rose the precipitous and intermingled mass of rock, earthy slope, ice, and snow, that seemed to support the main and stately pyramid of the highest summit. The latter now lost that beautiful simple form that it had worn when seen from Heiligen-blut, and appeared split into two separate cones, still remaining however, singularly pointed and finely outlined. Of its vastness, and the magnitude of the various objects covered with the uniform and dazzling mantle, the eye can take very little cognizance, unless some object come fortuitously in the way to lend it a little assistance. I was at first enabled in some measure to do this, from the circumstance of a chamois-hunter being descried towards the upper end of the basin of ice above which we sat, traversing it towards us, a speck and but a speck, continually hidden beneath inequalities on the surface, which to us were quite imperceptible. A further and more convincing proof of this was added, when descending to the edge of the ice, we ourselves began to bend our steps directly for the opposite side. I had indeed noticed that the lower portion of the gla-

cier, where it began to bend down towards the valley, was rent and broken into fissures, and that still lower the ice seemed quite broken up; but we were at a much greater elevation, and it seemed that we should cross it with but little trouble. Yet, during the three quarters of an hour's time which the passage cost us, many were the turns, bends, and the leaps in which I had to follow my guide. It may be believed I allowed him to lead in this instance. I cannot say that I just fancied some of the blue rifts, running down no one knows how deep, over which I had to venture myself; nor the boiling sound of hidden waters which regaled the ear whenever it had time to listen; nor the ugly slopes leading down into the yawning abyss over which you *must* contrive to stride without slipping; nor even the vast accumulation of earth, rock, and pebble, that spread an uneven and unsightly mantle over a large extent of the glacier near the foot of the Glockner itself, and which only half concealed the fissures which they had in vain attempted to fill up and level. Nor, when once more on terra-firma, under the precipices of the Glockner, did I just fancy certain impending walls of very fragile looking ice, which at the same time that they gave a good idea of the vastness of the fields spread over the slopes, seemed to say, 'down we come, if not to-day, at least to-morrow; the ice behind pushes us forward, and down we must!' And they were in the right; for we were not very far up the side of the mountain beyond the slopes, when with a burst of thunder, down two immense portions did come, crashing and echoing upon the glacier below. We now kept forward, descending, but, keeping about the same height above

the glacier, which was also bending down towards the valley. I own I was surprised when I came to that portion where the descent was most rapid, to see the vast breadth of the fissures, and the size and height of the grotesque pyramids and spires of the disruptured portions, many certainly forty and fifty feet high. One of the loftiest of them was gracious enough to burst into a thousand pieces before my eyes; and besides, there were crackings and intonations enough in other portions more remote, to satisfy my curiosity. Surely these glaciers are among the greatest wonders of a world of wonders; and I look upon them as I gaze upon the wide-spread ocean, as belonging to those created things which man is indeed permitted to look upon, but not into. Who can fathom their abyss, calculate at what time their foundations were laid upon the rocks, or how long they have been moving downward towards the green vallies beneath!

My object, now that we had arrived at the lower termination of the glaciers, was to keep rather on the mountain-side to the westward, and thus preserve the advantage my long climbing had given me, instead of descending into the highest portion of the valley of Heiligen-blut, to get into the usual route or path-way across the mountains towards the valley of St. Rupert; my guide promising in this manner to bring me into the same, at a tolerably high elevation, and save me much extra exertion. Yet had I previously known what species of ground I should be obliged to pass, I think I should have preferred the usual road, circuitous as it was. By passing over a very steep acclivity, we gained the corner of the mountain to the south of the Glockner,

commanding from a singularly propitious position, the greater portion of the vale of Heiligen-blut at a great depth below us: and the whole of the opposite chain of the Thauner and Röthkopf on the frontiers of Salzburg and Illyria. They are fine, but none among them have any pretension to vie with the Glockner. More immediately at our feet, as we turned the angle, was the ravine of the Katzensteig between us and the nearest mountain to the south. To descend into this was our object, as, at its head lay the ridge I must traverse in going to St. Rupert. But to do this, it was necessary to keep a sloping direction over the flank of the mountain for a couple of miles, across certain elevated pastures which rose from the edge of a line of high precipices; and had themselves so slight a deviation from the perpendicular, comparatively speaking, that I soon found my position one of no ordinary peril. The short slippery grass gave but insecure footing: and I was only made aware of my danger, when slipping accidentally, I found that without the prompt use of my alp-pole, I should have shot downward with accelerating motion for some hundred yards, and gone down sheer over the precipices: as it was, I descended further and more rapidly than I liked: and it was not without anxiety I saw the danger increase for some time, instead of diminish. Three several times I came unavoidably upon my side, and was only saved by the hook of my pole in two instances, and the hand of a bare-footed peasant, mowing on the alp, in the other. My guide was anxious enough, but too insecure on his own legs for me to put great trust in him. At length the soil became more stony and of course safe—and we descended

gradually to the ravine in question. My danger made more impression upon me after it was passed, than at the time; for I was too busy with the momentary exertions required, to have much time for reflection at the moment; and I bless God for preserving me from such a fearful downward leap as that which I was so near taking. I now dismissed Seppele, having first made experience, that the peasantry of Heiligen-blut are commencing in their turn to feel the influence of the occasional appearance of strangers in the valley, and will shortly be as voracious as the best guides in the world; and then began to press forward towards the high ridge which still reared itself at many miles' distance between me, and the long descent to the vale towards which I looked for refreshment and shelter. The directions given me were simple, and therefore agreeable to follow. I was to trace the torrent rolling down the ravine to its junction with another tributary stream; then cross it and follow that flowing from the right to its junction with another from my left, which was to lead me, by going to its head, to the foot of the ridge I must finally traverse. My course to the first point of junction was rapid enough—now came the most important operation, the crossing. I scrambled down to the margin through a number of huge fragments of rock, and after looking up and down the stream in vain search after a bridge of ordinary construction, my attention was arrested by a thin whitish line which appeared to cross the torrent, at a point where its volume was compressed between the rocks to a whirling gulph of boiling water and foam; and this I found was the bridge to which I had been

directed. It consisted of two thin square slips of wood, placed side by side, but in their conjoined breadth not measuring more than six or eight inches, and extending from one slippery and uneven surface of broken rock, to the other, without fastening of any kind. When the foot was placed upon one end, they rocked and separated. I have passed many a slippery and awkward tree trunk, placed where none but the goat and the goat-herd are accustomed to traverse, but this was too hazardous, and the certainty of a plunge, and of consequent destruction so great, that I dared not attempt it. I never shun a wade, but here the attempt would have been attended by equally fatal consequences. I hastily made my way up the margin for full a couple of miles, but found no place where to assay the passage would not have been madness. The rocky bed was steeply inclined; the torrent rushed on with the same fury, and after lingering for some time in one place where the whole stream was compressed into a fearful 'strid,' so narrow, that I slung my knapsack and part of my apparel across it, yet so wide, that I shunned the desperate spring: and moreover having been once nearly carried away in a spot I attempted to wade, I found that I must retrace my steps towards the lower vallies, in doubt where and how I should eventually effect a passage. About three miles lower down, a shepherd at length pointed out to me a crossing similar to the first mentioned, as far as the rudeness of the construction and the dreadful under rush of the torrent went, but happily with that single difference, that the ends of the poles were fixed; and here I crossed without hesitation. So much

time had been lost by the intervention of this unexpected difficulty, that I had now barely sufficient daylight remaining to bring me over the high and rugged mountains, whose ridge still interposed between me and the valley of St. Rupert, from which I was told I was still fifteen miles distant. I had been upon my legs without nourishment since five o'clock in the morning; however my deliverance from the peril which had just been passed, acted as a spur, and I turned my face towards the sinking sun, and pressed forward with renewed vigour. A steep ascent of upwards of an hour brought me within sight of the exact portion of the ridge which I was to traverse, and at the same time to a position from which I saw the Great Glockner and his neighbours in quite a new point of view. It here rose from a glacier of no great extent, and appeared split, near the summit, into two points, one snowy and the other bare rock. It is from this quarter that the ascent is practicable; and a quick eye may descry one, if not both, of the huts before mentioned. The adjoining mountains presented, from this side, immense solid masses of fawn-coloured rock, scarcely furrowed by rent of any kind, and altogether unenlivened by herbage. The different formation of the Glockner itself from that of the neighbouring mountains was very evident from the colour and form of its rocks.

My further advance, to the westward declivity of the ridge, gave me a view of a far more extended and noble character—by which no disrespect is intended to the Great Glockner;—and, I may add, the first widely extended prospect I had obtained upon the mountains of Tyrol. The long defile of the Bergerbach, which I had to descend in my further progress to the vale of

St. Rupert, now opened below me, giving me a glimpse of the church of the same name, at its termination, and of some small portion of the surrounding village, though at many miles distance. Over this, and the flanks of the many mountains sloping down into it, rose first the range separating the Rupertithal from that of Windish Mattray, and, pre-eminent in the latter, a broad pyramidal mountain exactly opposite. Then, an horizon upon which range upon range, and mountain upon mountain were heaped, from the comparatively approximate glaciers at the head of the Taufers and Islthals, to those far beyond the Brenner. If I am not deceived, I descried the Great Ortler also. A storm gathering in the westward, cast an ominous and deep blue tint over the greater portion of these chains, and warned me, after brief repose, to commence my descent. A couple of hours were found sufficient to accomplish this; and passing through the usual maze of pasture and forest, I reached St. Rupert about sunset. A very homely lodging, in which little or nothing could be had as refreshment, afforded me a night's shelter. I am afraid I can hardly recommend sheep's ribs, dried in the sun, which was all I could get for supper, for I did not find it very strengthening. Before quitting the neighbourhood of the Glockner, I may mention that the botanist will hardly find a corner of the Alps more richly stored with alpine plants, and there are several of very great rarity which are found here.

I was early in motion, directing my course towards the mountains to the west, which separate this valley from that of Windish Mattray. The ridge, the passage of which formed my morning's business,

is of but moderate elevation, and entirely covered with pasture land; yet the absence of a track, in many parts, made it more difficult than I had anticipated. From the height, however, the view on both sides recompensed all trouble.

The descent to Windish Mattray is very fine, and indeed I may say that the passage of the two ridges which have just been sketched, presents some of the most noble and imposing mountain scenery I have seen in any portion of the Alps. Though it must be allowed that the mountains in the central chain do not generally present an equally imposing appearance with those in Switzerland, it appears to me that the secondary ranges, are more diversified, and of at least equal height.

The pretty town of Windish Mattray stands near the junction of the Thaunerbach, flowing from the northward, with the Isl, which here emerges from a long and picturesque vale, descending from the foot of some of the highest glaciers in the Rhetian and Noric Alps. The Weissenstein, a castle of considerable extent, stands upon a knoll a little to the north of the town. A change in the weather had taken place, and the clouds, which I had watched from the ridge above, gathering among the higher mountains and glaciers, now began to descend the vallies with heavy rain and thunder. The appearance of the heavens, the fall of the barometer, and other considerations, effected a change in my original plan, which was to trace the Isl to its source under the Dreyherrn-spitz; then to cross the intervening ridges into the valley of Taufers, by descending which, I should arrive in course

of time at Brunecken. Now I was contented to resign this, and betake myself to the nearer passage to the same town afforded by the vales of Teferecken and Antholz, of melancholy memory. I still hoped to gain the entrance of the former in spite of the violent rain, before nightfall.

A temporary cessation of the storm encouraged me to set off about three o'clock; and though often threatened with its renewal and hearing the thunder rolling in the mountains on every side, I was so far fortunate as to reach the bridge over the Isl, and commence my ascent into the vale opening to the right, before any serious impediment was thrown in my way. I could not however avoid being struck by the dismal and boding appearance of the whole scene, as I commenced a second entry into this forbidding district, in which my former ill fortune had, at a former period, caused me to be for a while incarcerated. The smiling cultivation which surrounds Windish Mattray does not spread to any great distance from the village; for, a few miles below, the vale of the Isl narrows, and the pine forest clothing the heights and declivities of the mountain, obtrudes itself in wide patches into the very bosom of the valley, and in many places even clothes the borders of the river, and the heaps of sand and pebble with which its bed is strewed. The air was thick and heavy, and the sky of a blackness to which I had long been a stranger. The river swept down with a discoloured stream, hurrying along with it a damp blueish mist, portions of which were seen rising in ragged, shapeless threads from its bed, and floating towards the mountains.

I had withal but just time to gain the first house on the ascent into the entrance of the Tefereckenthal, and take shelter under its spreading roof, when an overpowering deluge of rain descended from the thunder-clouds resting on the mountain above. Half an hour's patience and rest, gave me further courage to get forward, and by dint of exertion I contrived to reach my proposed night quarters in the village of Hopfgarten, before the return of the storm, which then recommenced and raged without cessation for the following sixteen hours. The lower end of this valley is by far the most interesting portion, and presents a fine gloomy scene of alpine devastation. The torrent flows in a very deep and compressed bed, and the forest, through which you pass for the last two miles before reaching Hopfgarten, is rendered very picturesque by the quantity of immense boulder-stones, many of them very curious in a geological point of view, that lie among the trees.

Instead of the bright sun to which I had been so long accustomed, thunder, lightning, and rain descending in torrents, awoke me at an early hour. It was rather a singular circumstance, that since nine weeks before, when the weather had interposed an obstacle to my progress in this valley, I had seen no rain beyond that accompanying a brief thunder-storm, and that here again, I should meet with the same ill fortune. However I was at no loss for employment, and the morning passed quickly away; affording it is true but faint indications of even a partial cessation in the tempest. Yet I did not doubt but I should find means to get forward to my old prison, St. Jacobs, three leagues

up the valley; and, in spite of the bad augury of all around me, I pertinaciously continued to prophecy a change for one o'clock P. M. Nor, as it happened, was I mistaken, as exactly at that hour the rain ceased, and I instantly quitted my homely but comfortable little inn. The weather overhead had, it is true, ceased to be an obstacle to my advance, but I found a much more formidable one threatening to put a stop to it, in the river rolling down the valley. This alpine stream, swollen to a foaming yellow torrent, by the violent rains, had, in most places, risen above its banks, and the pathway was here and there buried under its current. This entailed a good deal of climbing, leaping, and scrambling, which I had not counted upon, as I had continually to betake myself to the forested acclivity at its side, or to the pastures, to make good my progress. The sounds that accompanied the flood in its downward passage, as it carried along with it trees and rocks, I can compare to nothing more descriptive than to those which assail the ear while standing in a great iron foundery, where the rush of the great blastpipe accompanies the stroke of the many hammers; for to the latter sound the incessant clash and shock of the stones and rocks rolling against one another under the surface, can alone be compared. The narrow gorge into which the river plunges below the village of St. Vitus, was a scene of tremendous confusion, and I deemed myself fortunate in finding that the pathway, constructed chiefly of timber, was yet entire. Just at the entrance of the same, a torrent of mud had descended from the mountains, and formed an embanked fosse of a depth which entirely cut off all communication by

car or horseback with the upper part of the valley; and swift, and light, and cunning was the footstep with which it had to be passed. These obstacles prevented my gaining St. Jacobs in less than the prescribed three hours. I was however favoured by the weather, and even had the unexpected advantage of seeing the upper portion of the vale in sunshine; when I almost repented of having formerly condemned it as a corner of the earth without any beauty whatever. But the light of the blessed sun would make the nether world itself interesting.

Sitting in nearly the same spot, occupied in just the same manner, accompanied by the very same little black pug dog, I saw, on entering my inn, a certain little neatly dressed man whom I encountered on my last dolorous entry. During the course of that evening, he had taken leave and re-entered again, as if impelled by some irresistible attraction at least two or three times; and I was now an amused observer of the same kind of conduct. He was not without an air of some little self-importance, and something was to be gathered from his conversation, though if he were learned, he withheld any exposure of it in mercy to his auditory. What was he? thought I. What his profession or titles might be, I could not guess; nor what brought him so frequently to the inn. Perhaps he had no wife; or perchance he had a bad one. It appeared to me that he was one of those in whose bosoms there is a constant struggle between principle and appetite: but what am I saying—I just find out that my little man is, the priest of St. Jacobs.

CHAPTER VIII.

> 'I entered where a key unlocks a kingdom;
> The mountains closing, and the road, the river
> Filling the narrow pass There, till a ray
> Glance'd through my lattice, and the household stir
> Warn'd me to rise, to rise and to depart,
> * * * * * I slept,
> And in my dreams wandered once more, well pleased.'

THE sighing of the wind and the rush of the torrent down the valley which broke upon my ear on awakening in the course of the night, augured but badly for the early prosecution of my meditated journey. With these however, mingled a sound of a character so strange, so boding and so bewildering, that I am at a loss in what manner to convey in words the precise idea, which it produced upon my mind at the time, or left upon it, for no inconsiderable number of hours, afterward. That the being that produced it was borne upon wings I felt certain, from the velocity with which the scream, or yell, or laugh,—for it seemed to me to resemble all three,—passed from the neighbourhood of the house in which I lay, to a distance. One moment it rung in my ears as though close to my window, and the next came rushing on the wind from the depth of the valley. I thought of the cry of the female owl, but it did not resemble that; or the scream of the eagle,

but it had no affinity to that either. There was something resembling utterance in the sound that bewildered me. I never heard the supernatural scream of the Irish *Banshie,* and do not know that I shall ever have the honour; but it can hardly be more awful than the sound just alluded to. What it was I do not pretend to say, but I am not the less certain that I was wide awake. The landlady seemed loth to give any explanation; and perhaps some will not be disinclined to argue that in a country where the down-fallen castles of old days are so frequent, it would not be surprising if there were Banshies also. Be that as it may, I must leave the matter in doubt. The lazy dawn came slowly down upon the vale, and gave me a dismal view of heavy mists hanging down almost to the mountain's base, affording but faint hopes of a permament change for the better. The view without was in truth so dreary, that I almost involuntarily betook myself to repose again;—yet, I can hardly say how, just as I was about to yield and shut my eyes, I started up again by one of those sudden impulses which I am accustomed to feel and to obey, and instantly resolved to commence the passage of the ridge which still interposed between me and the southern vallies. This run of five leagues, between St. Jacobs and the village of Antholz, in the valley of that name, was rapidly performed in about four hours' time, and though the passage was, from the heavy weather, gloomy and dispiriting, I was not indifferent to the degree of favour shown me in being able to accomplish it without rain. Barely however, for I had not been housed two minutes in the latter village, before the tempest which I had

seen impending during the greater part of my descent, burst with a fury which equalled that of the preceding day's storm. Four hours of cold deluging rain followed, and when about one o'clock I took advantage of a temporary cessation to continue my journey, and looked back to the head of the valley and the ridges I had crossed, I saw them whitened with snow and sleet. I may well account myself fortunate in having obeyed the impulse to leave St. Jacobs at the moment I did, and bless God for my escape from the fury of that storm. But in getting forward with my memoranda so rapidly, I have omitted some observations I had still to make upon my second passage of these mountains and the vallies which they separate. The Tefereckenthal still remains a puzzle to me. The strange garb and stature of its inhabitants has found no parallel in my rambles in this country, and yet on all sides they are surrounded, and in connexion with some of the finest races inhabiting the Alps. I find that there is a considerable quantity of carpeting woven within its precincts, for exportation. The mountains at its head must be of great elevation, so much I can say from the glimpses I had of their snowy flanks, and the glaciers lying in the hollows; yet it will be readily inferred that I was no wiser with respect to their forms and precise position after my second visit than after the first; and I regret it, for they cannot be of a common character. The situation and aspect of the lake at the head of the vale of Antholz are truly romantic. The waters were high, and I had considerable difficulty in scrambling over the pathway that runs along its edge. A broad stratum of mud, that had rolled down from the

mountains towards its lower extremity formed a still greater obstacle,—however, not an insuperable one. What an advantage it is to feel, that here no indelible disgrace will follow your entry into the habitations of men with stained and soiled garments! Soon after I was housed at the little village of Antholz as just related, the cessation of the mass, and commencement of the storm, drove into the same shelter a dense crowd of the devout peasantry of both sexes; and as the greater portion had to remain stationary for some hours in consequence of its continuance, I had good opportunity of observation, and fancy I have not looked out of my corner in vain. I am sorry that truth constrains me to say, that in praising the stature and bearing of the peasantry, I must as usual allude only to the males. The stumpy, bossy, and awkward figure of the females arises chiefly, I presume, from the severe labour to which they are subjected in the cultivated grounds, and which is evidently too great for their strength.

The costumes in this part of the country are picturesque. The yellow hats of the men having a very imposing breadth of brim, and a very broad edging of green ribbon. But I have spoken so often slightingly of the outward appearance of the fair sex in the Tyrol, that my conscience misgives me, and I must strive to find a topic upon which I can do them equal, but at the same time, more flattering justice: and such is not wanting. I might speak of their being in general good wives and mothers, qualities which no one will be inclined to undervalue; but I may also add that their character for patriotism and bravery has been too singularly distinguished to permit

my passing it over in silence. In the late wars, they were not only ever ready to aid their husbands, and children, and brothers, where woman's asistance might be ordinarily expected and useful, in tending the wounded, collecting provisions and bringing them into the field, or even in preparing and guiding the stones, rocks, and trees hurled from the precipices, but when the danger was imminent, many were seen fighting in the ranks, and exposed to the hottest fire. Many individual instances of this cool and determinate valour in defence of their country might be brought forward. But an occurrence that took place in the vale of Taufers, to the west of that in which we now are, is too singular to be passed over. In this large and populous valley, towards the close of the war, when the whole male population was forced to absent itself, and repair to main points of danger, the women formed themselves into four regular companies, and instituted regular patroles and sentinals, Seven hundred Saxons, taken in the battles in August, were detained as prisoners in this part of the country. Taking advantage of a favourable moment, these men found means to escape, and dived into the recesses of the mountains at the head of the valley. The alarm was, however, given and the women set off in pursuit, armed with hay forks, clubs and muskets. They traced the Saxons for thirty miles up the Alps, and at length intercepted them upon the glacier of the Krimmler-Thauren, and resolutely forced them to turn back to the place whence they had fled. During the course of the war of 1809 many ladies of superior rank vied with these rustic heroines in devotion to their country. Pre-eminent amongst these

was the Baroness Sternbach. In the month of May this noble and high-minded lady had sold her numerous herds of cattle to enable the Austrian officers in the Innthal to pay their men; and never ceased to stimulate the peasantry not to forsake their own cause. Both in the moment of success and of defeat, she approved herself worthy of the land of her ancestors.

Upon the second irruption of the enemy into the country after the truce of Znaim, she was seized by the orders of the Duke of Dantzic at her castle of Mühlau, and conveyed to Inspruck by a party of French gens d'armes. Thence, about the middle of August in company with two aged Tyrolese noblemen, she was transported to Munich, and finally to Strasburg. During a prolonged and shameful captivity, exposed to the most unworthy treatment, threatened, taunted, and often deprived of the necessaries of life, she could never be brought to express herself in a manner unworthy of her rank and the cause of her country.

My descent to the lower hamlet of Antholz, and thence by way of Nieder-Rasen into the broader valley of the Rienz was adventureless. Some mineral springs not far from the first mentioned spot are celebrated for the efficacy of their waters in some peculiar cases of human infirmity. The rain came on again, as the day advanced, if not with its former violence, with sufficient to render travelling disagreeable; and I found myself about three o'clock advancing doggedly, in no very enviable plight, over the miry high road leading down the valley of the Pustherthal towards Brunecken. The multitude of cattle and knots of peasantry repairing to the great fair at the town just mentioned, did not render the walk more amusing,

for the former seemed depressed by the heaviness of the road, and the latter out of temper by the unfavourable weather which tarnished the glories of their holiday attire. Yet one circumstance had the power of producing a fit of light-mindedness when I was least prepared for it: and in alluding to it, I feel called upon to perpetuate the memory of several incidents of a like nature. However their Swiss neighbours may be accustomed to see the *hunter after the picturesque* swarming over his country, the Tyrolese is by no means sufficiently familiar with this phenomenon to guess the occupation of such a being; and in many instances I have found myself to be the subject of most amusing though humiliating conjecture. Take for example—in Botzen, I was most unceremoniously taken for a journeyman-shoemaker, because in the hearing of one of that craft, I happened to inquire after the best shoemaker in the town; and unusual eagerness was evinced to engage me, as my length of arms and short neck promised well for a tight jerk. Think of that, my courteous reader! 'Are you a blacksmith?' said a good woman to me at Tamao, looking at the dark colour of my coat, and the hook at the end of my Alpenstock. In Italy I was supposed to be on pilgrimage; in many places to be an engineer and surveyor; in north Tyrol was often addressed, 'Are you a miner?' In Illyria I was supposed to be a '*Krautsucher*,' or culler of simples. But the conversation I overheard upon the route we are now travelling did me still greater honour. 'What sort of a chap is that?' said one peasant to another, looking sideways at me as I pioneered my way through their drove of cattle. 'The Madonna alone knows!' said the second: but instantly

added, his memory giving him unexpected light, 'Hah, I have seen that fellow before now at the fair at Lienz. He plays excellently with his long staff, balancing it upon his finger and foot!' 'Yes,' added a third, 'and on his nose too:—I have also seen him.' 'In verity,' thought I,—as chuckling with diversion I made the best of my way forward,—'this is worse than all! shoemaker and blacksmith were bad enough, but now I am taken for a jack-pudding and a conjuror, and here are people ready to swear they saw me play the devil at a fair!'

At Brunecken I found the whole town and neighbourhood in a bustle and uproar, and all the preparatory steps taken for the opening of the afore-mentioned fair on the morrow: and passing swiftly through the press which occupied the interval between two rows of temporary booths erected on either side of the road, without the town ditch, I turned into the pathway leading to my old quarters at St. Lorenzen, a couple of miles lower down the valley. Brunecken, and its neighbourhood have been already sketched. While occupying my nook in the common room during the evening, my thoughts were withdrawn from the consideration of my plans for the morrow, to the bustle reigning in it, and the various subjects of conversation around. The business of the fair chiefly connected with the sale of the herds, was the topic of the elder mountaineers, while the idea of sport seemed to engross the minds of the younger peasants. The Tyrolese are known to be a light-hearted race, fond of hilarity. They are greatly addicted to musical sounds however rude; to dancing, and to games of chance. They even pride themselves upon their skill in poetry,—as far as rude, pastoral, satirical, and epi-

grammic verse can lay claim to that name. They have the character among their neighbours, of being rude to excess in their social intercourse, and it appears to me that such is the fact; yet their frank bearing, and real kindness of heart outweighed that defect. They are extremely fond of teasing one another, and will say the most bitter things too in pursuit of this pastime; yet I never remember to have seen blows given in consequence. Their wine, sour and sharp as it is, seems to have the power of washing away all real unkindness. It will have been understood, that they are devout in their religious observances; and here the Roman Catholic religion appears, in spite of its abuses, in an infinitely more favourable light from the unaffected devotion of its followers, than in infidel Italy. The manners of the Tyrolese are not the most pure; the custom of the country winking at considerable licence among the unmarried. Justice however obliges me to add, that conjugal infidelity is rarely known among them. The most influential men among the peasantry have always been the innkeepers; and this is easily understood. They are in general men of more enterprizing mind than their neighbours; mostly superior to them in wealth, and though without the aid of superior education, possessing greater advantages from their constant intercourse with men of all classes, both at home, and by attendance at distant fairs. Such were Hofer, Mayer, Kemenater, and many other of their favourite chiefs.

The long interval that has elapsed since an occasion was afforded me of alluding to the details of the war in 1809, has not I trust, had the effect of indisposing my temporary companion from listening to a continuation of

the detail. When I last turned our remembrance to this subject, the Tyrolese were victors for the third time, in the eventful year alluded to. At the end of August, the enemy, under the command of the Duke of Dantzic, had evacuated the country, and Hofer as chief, and Imperial Commandant in the Tyrol, had established himself at Inspruck.

Considering the difficulties by which this singular man was surrounded, and his apparent inadequacy for the duties of legislation which he was now imperatively called upon to discharge, it is truly wonderful to consider how much was effected, as long as transient tranquillity, and the absence of disturbances from without, allowed him to proceed with his labours with little interruption. He partially succeeded in restoring the ancient form of government as it had existed before the Bavarian innovations. He levied such taxes as were absolutely necessary for the continuance of the war, re-opened the courts of justice, and coined money to some amount. The enthusiastic love borne to his person by his countrymen, caused the regulations which he saw fit to publish for the general good in the name of the Emperor, to be generally respected: and during the course of the two following months, both the civil and military organization of the country were in a measure redeemed from the disorder into which the varying fortune of the summer had cast them. Many of those chiefs, who had fled from the Tyrol with the Austrian regulars, as we have related, when at the end of July the affairs of their native country seemed desperate, had heard in their places of retreat, with mingled joy and shame, of the unhoped

for and brilliant successes of their brethren ; and now thirsted to return. Among the number of these were Eisensteckken and Sieberer, who made their appearance at Inspruck on Sept 28*th*. as bearers of letters from the Emperor, with three thousand ducats, the first pecuniary assistance that the court of Austria had afforded, and of a gold chain and medal from Francis to Andrew Hofer. It was long before the latter could be persuaded to see them, so deeply did he feel hurt by their having abandoned him in the hour of distress. The 4*th* of October was appointed for a solemn day of thanksgiving. The Bishop of Wiltau celebrated High Mass in the great Franciscan Church of the Holy Cross, the Te Deum was chanted ; and, after the exhortation, Hofer kneeling at the foot of the mausoleum of Maximilian, was decorated by the hand of the prelate, with the gift of the Emperor, amidst the tears and acclamations of a great multitude of the Tyrolese. Many anecdotes are upon record with regard to the conduct of this patriotic man during this period. He took up his abode with his adjutants and attendants at the castle, but affected no state, retaining his national costume and long black beard, and the rustic simplicity of his manners. He was always accessible to his countrymen, who continued to address him by the familiar name of 'Anderl,' and none gave him the title of 'Your Excellency' but those who desired to ridicule him. He lived in the most simple manner, and it is calculated that the daily cost of his personal entertainment at Inspruck, did not exceed one florin, or fifteen pence of our money. Unfeigned and heartfelt devotional simplicity seems to have been one of his principal char-

acteristics. Whoever dined with him, was afterwards required to join him in his evening devotion, whatever might be the difference of their rank: 'we have eaten together,' said he to them, 'let us also pray together.'

In the mean time Speckbacher and the Capuchin were still engaged in active warfare. They had entered Salzburg with two bodies of their countrymen, to assist the inhabitants of that beautiful country, and those of Carinthia, to drive out the Bavarians; and to set on foot, in conjunction with them, a systematic plan of self-defence.

Success seemed at first to favour the attempts of both these chiefs. Speckbacher defeated the Bavarians on the river Saal, and advanced as far as Reichenhall. Haspinger on his side took the pass of Lueg, and laid the road open to the town of Salzburg. The head of the good father seems however to have been a little turned with success, and he forwarded to Hofer a plan, to which the prudent and sagacious Speckbacher could not be brought to attach his sign of approval. This was no less a scheme, than that of pushing forward into Styria, hoping by the assistance of a levee en masse of peasantry in that province, to reach Vienna itself. Speckbacher deemed the project too wild to succeed, and thought by so doing, they must leave the Tyrolese frontiers totally open to the enemy. Hofer wavered long in his opinion, and in the end ordered them to pursue a middle course which left them in a situation of such difficulty, that they were both shortly after obliged to retreat with loss.

Speckbacher was attacked, *Oct. 16th*, at disadvantage at Melek, was defeated, lost two hundred of his

bravest followers, including his little son Anderl, who had made the whole of this incursion with his father; he himself was severely wounded, and escaped with the greatest difficulty. The enemy now advanced on all sides, and by the *25th*, were again in possession of Inspruck. An ineffectual stand was made on the Iselberg during the first days of November; but rumours of the Peace of Vienna were abroad, and universal confusion reigned in consequence amongst the poor forsaken Tyrolese and their leaders.

On the *8th* of November, Hofer, having received an order from the Archduke John, fully confirming the truth of the account; and a proclamation of Eugene Beauharnais, ordering an instant cessation of hostilities; consented to lay down his arms; and, by a proclamation, advised his companions throughout Tyrol, to do so likewise. While Generals Deroy and Wrede entered Northern Tyrol by Kessen and Kufstein, General Rusca pushed forward from the valley of the Drave into the Pusterthal, so that further resistance seemed hopeless: when suddenly a Tyrolese officer of the name of Kolb undertook in an evil hour, to incite the people to believe that the official report of the peace received by Hofer was a forged document, that Austria had not forsaken them, and still looked for their resistance. This was unfortunately believed, not only by the peasantry, but by Hofer himself, and a few days after the date of his last proclamation, he published another, urging his countrymen to resume their arms, and continue the war. The consequence of this was, that during the greater part of the month of November, the peasants were induced to

maintain an unequal struggle, in which more Tyrolese blood was shed than during the whole war hitherto. The Mühlbacher Klause, the open vale of the Eisack above Brixen, the Upper-Innthal, and the neighbourhood of Meran were again made the theatre of partial but sanguinary combats. We need not enter further into the detail. By the middle of December, opposition was at an end. The eyes of men had then become open to the misery into which the treason of Kolb had led them. He and others escaped over the mountains into Austria. Some of the leaders in the last struggle, had fallen on the field of honour; none more lamented or more gloriously than Peter Thalguter: others were captives, and awaiting death for having borne arms after the publication of Prince Eugene's proclamation. A number of these were shot on the 22*nd* of December, and others at the commencement of the following year. Among these, the brave Peter Mayer, deserves especially to be remembered. He was made prisoner, and on the 10*th* of February was brought before a French court-martial at Botzen. The questions put to him were; whether he had fought at the Mühlbacher Klause, and if at that time he was aware of Prince Eugene's proclamation. Notwithstanding the prayers of his friends, he scorned to deny the truth, and answered both in the affirmative. He was shot, dying at the age of forty-five, with great firmness. His last act was to entreat his confessor to convey the expression of his repentance to the inhabitants of certain communes, upon whose dwellings the French had wreaked their vengeance after the battles at the Mühlbacher Klause:

accusing himself as the cause, and entreating their forgiveness.

That the country was in any degree restored to quiet, is in a great measure to be ascribed to the high-minded clemency of the French General d' Hilliers, who seems to have acted the part of a generous enemy: and to have done all that was possible to spread a veil of mercy over the lamentable events of the month of November: saying, 'that probably Thalguter, and others that had fallen, had misled the peasantry, and that enough blood had been shed.' He sent from Meran to Hofer and his friend Holzknecht, who were still in arms in the Passeyerthal, at the end of November—inviting them to come to him, and to accept the terms offered; pledging his word of honour for their safety. Holzknecht accepted the offer—visited the General, was kindly received, and returned to his village with a safeguard for both his own house and that of Hofer. The latter again yielded to the spirit of indecision, to which he was subject; he requested three days for deliberation, and then suddenly disappeared. Such was the termination of the war in the Tyrol. Such were the people who to use Hofer's own expression, 'were forgotten in the treaty of Vienna.' They fell again under the sway of Bavaria—having literally shed their blood, and seen their bravest die for nought—for Austria was too anxious to cement her new alliance, to avow the debt she owed to a handful of devoted men; or to testify just sympathy with them. And although the hand of God has since restored her to her rights over this heroic nation, she has grudged the payment of that debt; what the Bavarian took by force, she still

withholds by narrow policy. Year after year, she changes, what the Tyrolese shed his blood to preserve; and at this very day the Tyrolese peasant holds down his head when you speak to him of his past deeds and sufferings, and mutters: 'The emperor has forgotten all that we have suffered, and he takes from us even those rights which the Bavarians left us. It was a foolish war!' The reader may still ask: 'What finally were the fortunes of Hofer, Speckbacher, and the brave Capuchin?' There is interest in each of their stories; and we will not forget to call them to memory.

The change of weather had already thwarted two of my projects: the one, to follow the Isl to its source, and subsequently, to explore the Taufererthal through its whole length; and the other, to obtain a partial view of the same valley, by traversing the ridge at the head of the Teferecken. There was now every probability of a third and more important scheme being rendered equally impracticable from the same cause.

From the very first moment that I got a glimpse of the peculiar mountain ranges so often alluded to, as occupying the S. E. portion of the Tyrol, I had been seized with a vehement desire to penetrate into their recesses: yet, up to this moment all my plans to this end had been rendered fruitless, by the course of circumstances, and my only remaining chance had been that I should find the means of doing so in my progress from Brunecken to Botzen. The regular road between these towns had already been traversed, an additional reason therefore why I should attempt to find another: and

in studying the detail of my map, I had fixed upon the Gaderthal, opening due south from St. Lorenzen, as the most proper means of gaining the interior of the country. If this succeeded, the Grednerthal would conduct me again into the vale of the Eisack: and at the expense of a few more leagues, I should be every way the gainer. But in clouds and rain, the high road must be followed, to the exclusion of more inviting projects and the varied route offered by them; and clouds and rain closed the day,—and began the morrow.

By degrees, I worked myself into an unwilling surrender of my wishes, and having breakfasted about six o'clock, set forth from my inn, with no other idea than to move doggedly forward in the rain, which seemed to threaten to return every minute, towards Mühlbach and Brixen. Just before reaching the bridge of St. Lorenzen, however, three minutes' walk from the village, I could not resist casting another look to the opening of the Gaderthal to the southward, which I should in another minute be constrained to turn my back upon, and was inwardly lamenting the loss of my promised enjoyment, when a peculiar appearance among the clouds which enveloped the entrance, brought me to a sudden halt—Is that really sunshine, thought I, that pale green hue which appears at intervals through their folds, as they shift slowly over the mountain side—is that sunshine?—A moment's hesitation convinced me that it was such; and my course of thought and movement was instantly changed; both got a fresh impulse, with fresh hope I resumed my relinquished plan of finding my way over the mountains; and when I next drew forth my pen to resume

my memoranda, I was sitting at Botzen, after a two days' varied and favoured march, in which I had the pleasure of completely succeeding in the main object of my adventure.

The foot-way, immediately after quitting the bridge of St. Lorenzen, leads through the fields straight under the little isolated acclivity, which elevates the ruins of the old castle of Michaelsburg above the surrounding portions of the scenery; and then gradually rising upon the flank of the hills behind, quits the open vale of the Reinz, and enters the Gaderthal. It further continues rising and falling among the pastures and meadows which overhang the narrow valley, and conducts the traveller, in about two hours, to the point, where a tributary stream, flowing through the high mountain valley of St. Ulrich to the eastward, joins the Gaderbach. Though the clearing sky had given considerable interest to the scenery, hitherto of no very uncommon description, I had been impatiently pressing forward to get a glimpse of that chain which was the principal object of my curiosity. Some singular summits rising in the interior of the country to the west, had given me the first intimation that my expectations would hardly prove futile, and upon my gaining the opening into the vale of St. Ulrich, I saw that they were really fulfilled. The head of that valley presents a grotesque assemblage of these limestone mountains, and upon my arrival at the elevated village of St. Leonhard some hours after, I had still better opportunity of observing and admiring them. They are composed of that species of chrystalline limestone which is termed dolomite by geologists, and seem to

have been heaved up from their original level, by the formation of the porphyry upon which they rest. They for the most part rise perpendicularly from the general swelling surface of the country, and present to the eye, immense walls of great elevation, tinged with a great variety of colours, among which the red predominates. Towards their summits they exhibit the most singular and varied forms. The barrenness of this apparently inaccessible rock is so complete, that no living animal is known to exist upon them, and the chamois is a stranger to their solitudes. Up to the village of St. Leonhards, the Gaderthal remains very narrow, being for the most part a mere glen. There, however, the country opens, and forms a tract of wide fertile pastures, lying between two elevated ridges. St. Leonhard is a place of pilgrimage, and a large church is as usual indicative of the reputation of the shrine.

Upon my arrival, I was in very good time and humour for some refreshment, but was so grumbled at by a viperous old woman, whom I found in the village inn, that I thought there was no alternative left me, but to go further, with the hope of faring better. Accordingly I continued my walk to the next hamlet of Stern. In doing so, I left the wider portion of the valley through which a footway crosses the mountains to Cortina and the Italian frontier, to the left; and followed a branch of the Gaderbach, flowing from the opposite direction. Stern, I found to be situated at the foot of one of the dolomite ridges; and, after a brief halt, I continued advancing towards the head of the valley, passing Colfosco, the last hamlet, and climbing the ridge, which separates the

Gader from the Grednerthal. This stretches at a considerable height between two rival piles of these mountains, vieing with each other in barrenness and grotesque outline. That to the southward must be of a very considerable elevation, as large beds of snow were interpersed among the pinnacles. The ascent was long, but its length was its only difficulty: and a steady and persevering march soon brought me to the sun-side of the ridge, which I found covered with pastures to the very summit, producing grass enough to allow of their being mowed. I took my usual twenty minutes' repose, in company of two or three good-humoured peasants, who were employed in harvesting the produce; and got a very favourable idea of the inhabitants of the valley below me, from the good sense and kind feelings displayed by them. A stranger is a rarity in these mountains. What enjoyment!—what true enjoyment! rest after toil—a bright sun——delicious air—a clear spring—and glorious scenery. A descent followed. A very broken but diversified track led me down to a small hamlet, with some fine mineral springs. No one will pass this without noticing the extreme clearness of the beautiful brook which flows past it. The pretty village of St. Maria followed, situated upon the banks of the torrent which takes its course through the savage glen of Wolkenstein, opening to the right. I came finally to a halt for the evening, at a very rural inn, built near another mineral spring, close to the village of St. Christina, and not far from the castle of the Fischberg, belonging to the family of Wolkenstein. Directly over it, a singular pile of dolomite rock soars to a great height.

The Grednerthal, into which I had now descended, may, in some measure, be compared with the Engadine: not in its natural scenery, which is much more romantic; but from the humour and wandering propensities of its inhabitants, and the handsome villages which they erect, when long and patient industry in foreign lands has afforded them the means of returning in affluence and honour to the banks of their native stream. More taste is however shown in these structures than in the Engadine. The Grednerthalers are artificers in the wood of the *pinus cembra*, and celebrated for their carved works of every description. I met and conversed with few peasants of middle age, who had not made the tour of the half of Europe, in pursuance of this branch of industry.

Though the Tyrolese may be said to be unenterprising in his agricultural pursuits, and slow to comprehend all the capabilities of his native country, he is far from being so, in the pursuit of any branch of traffic which the custom of the country has rendered familiar to him. Thousands of the younger Tyrolese, chiefly from particular vallies and districts, are to be found scattered through all the countries of Europe, in the guise of pedlars. Besides the carved work, which we have mentioned as the produce of the Gredneithal, lace, gloves, rudely emblazoned pictures, and canary-birds, are the principal objects of this foreign traffic.

My object, in leaving my inn on the following morning, was to reach Botzen in the course of this day. By taking the Grednerbach for my guide, as far as its junction with the Eisack, under the picturesque rock and castle of the Trötzburg, near

Colman, I should be guilty of making a complete right angle, besides having to go over a considerable number of leagues already once before measured by my footsteps. I therefore determined to follow a line of route still higher up the country, and enter the Eisackthal as low down as possible. A foot-way marked upon my chart, leaving the valley at the village of St. Ulrich, and passing by the elevated villages of Castelruth and Vels, appeared likely to suit my purpose.

Accordingly I proceeded down the vale by an irregular road, to the pretty village of St. Ulrich; and then, turning short across the stream, I ascended the mountain-side to the left, to the hamlet of Runggatisch, and thence to the solitary church of St. Michael. At this point the view I had enjoyed, for a considerable time, upon the lower part of the Grednerthal, was exchanged for a still more extensive one, over the town of Castelruth and the mountains to the west of the Eisack. The deep defile in which the latter flowed was also distinguishable in the middle ground, though no part of the river came any where into view. To my left, I had still an immense pile of naked limestone mountains, of the class so often alluded to of late. Castelruth is a country town of some size, with a large church and more than one convent. The Monte Calvario affords a very delightful and retired promenade. My course from hence to Vels, by a route leading me to the base of the mountains in the first instance, and then to the edge of the profound vale of the Eisack, where Vels is situated, does not claim many words. From Vels I descended to the river, through a very steep but richly cultivated slope,

covered with orchards and vineyards; and from thence followed the main route, before described, for three leagues, to Botzen, where I arrived at an early hour. Here many things demanded a pause of at least one day. It should have been a day of rest, but I cannot say that it turned out to be so.

I was again favoured to see Botzen in the finest weather, but having given it its full measure of description on my last visit, shall not detain myself now. The return of my Italian feverish symptoms, which I had hitherto held at a distance by constant exertion, overtook me during this day of inaction; and when I rose, early on the morning of *August 12th*, I felt so weak, that I could hardly walk without staggering. In this state, however, I moved slowly forward according to custom, striving to stem the indisposition by not yielding to it; and by noon had ascended the wide vale of the Adige to the town of Meran, at the distance of six leagues from Botzen. Of this course, I can say but little, for the remembrance of it is like an uneasy dream. The scenery is certainly of no common character, the mountains surrounding the level bottom of the vale being very high, and for the most part covered with brushwood. If the situation of Botzen is imposing, that of Meran is equally so, and still more beautifully romantic. It is posted upon the broken land at the foot of the hills, round which the Passerbach escapes from the Passeyrthal into the great vale of the Adige, which at this point is bent into a right angle, and surrounded with a magnificent assemblage of mountains. The churches are interesting, and the town itself, with its low arcades, has a more rural

appearance than Botzen. I had proposed to move further, but prudence forbade a further waste of strength. I therefore spent the cool of the evening seated upon a little knoll on the hill over the town, among the tangled vine and walnut-trees, in calm contemplation of the splendid scene around.

It was not my intention to quit the mouth of the Passeyrthal, without making an attempt to visit St. Leonhard's, and the dwelling of Hofer in its neighbourhood. The news of the French revolution in July, which had reached me at Botzen, was productive of such a restless feeling amongst men of all classes, and chiefly among the Austrian officials and police, that I deemed it advisable not to delay my return to Switzerland. Other circumstances combined to put the project I had primarily entertained, of passing over the glaciers at the head of the Passeyrthal to the Oetzthal, out of the question.

The sun-beams were gilding the heads of the majestic mountains round the vale of the Adige, when, escaping through the little gateway at the north-west corner of the town, I followed a winding mule-path traversing the rocks on the right bank of the Passeyrbach, till it descended into the level bed of the valley. The Passeyrthal, I found, in a great measure to resemble the vales on the southern slope of the Alps, where the fury of the winter torrent, and the immense quantity of rubbish brought down by it, render human labour vain, when applied to the levels in the bosom of the vale. The slopes are well cultivated, and the higher portions of the surrounding mountains present charming pastures; but below, the pathway winds

among a wilderness of stone, or traverses marshy flats, where the alder and the barberry are the sole productions of the sandy soil.

After some hours' walk, I reached the pretty village of St. Martin, and thence, in a few miles beyond, approached the well-known inn, *am Sand*, celebrated as the dwelling-place of Hofer, and still inhabited by his widow.

Hofer's cottage takes its name from its position on the edge of a track of barren sand and pebble, deposited by the waters of the Passeyrbach a little below St. Leonhards. In the vicinity of this village, the main valley divides into two glens, that to the eastward leading to the ridges of the Jaufen, over which a frequented mule-track leads to the vale of the Eisack, near Sterzing; and the westernmost dives, for yet many leagues, into the bosom of that mass of glaciers, which rise in this part of the Rhetian chain. A devious and dangerous track over fields of snow and ice, enables the adventurer to reach the head of the Oetzthal. The form of the mountains immediately surrounding St. Leonhards is not striking. Their slopes are tolerably cultivated, and present many cornfields, interspersed with dark patches of forest; and from the front of Hofer's cottage, the before-mentioned village, with the taper spire of its church, has a very rural appearance.

Of the cottage, or its inmates, little need be said. The former is a broad-roofed Swiss-built edifice, with an irregular front, and a small gallery before the main door-way of the principal apartments, which are, as usual, raised above the basement story. Hofer's widow,

with a few domestics, are the only inhabitants. I regret that, being overwhelmed with household matters, the manifold nature of which seemed to have some effect upon her temper, I had no opportunity of conversation with the former. Indeed she seemed to shun it. Her appearance or demeanour is no way distinguished from other Tyrolese females of her class of life. But the circumstance of my expectations being a little disappointed in this particular,—for it is very natural to think that the wife of a hero should be a heroine,—did not give Hofer himself less interest in my eyes, and I trust will not render the performance of my promise to relate the manner and time of his end unwelcome to my reader.

Some general idea of his character, I trust may be gleaned from the disjointed notices interpersed in the foregoing pages. Without superior education, or any other advantages than such as accrued to him from observation and natural shrewdness, we have seen him, without ambition or intrigue on his part, invested with the twofold character, of chief and legislator, solely through the love and respect borne him by all classes of the peasantry. It was by no extraordinary display of personal courage that this was obtained; for, though there never was reason to call his personal bravery in question, it is remarkable that during the whole course of the war of 1809, he was but once actually seen in the melée. In his disinterestedness, and unfeigned devotion to his emperor, religion, and country, lay his real strength. He had one weakness, and that was, an inclination in moments of great difficulty, to lose his presence of mind and to despair: a

failing detrimental to the cause for which he fought, and fatal to himself. We have seen that unable to decide one way or the other, when General d' Hilliers would have saved him from the effects of his imprudent resumption of arms after the peace had been proclaimed —he suddenly disappeared, and few even among his friends knew whither he had gone.

His place of concealment from the close of November, was a lone châlet situated in the mountains about four leagues from his own habitation : at all times difficult of approach, and now nearly inaccessible from the winter's snow that surrounded it. Here, furnished with provisions by a few faithful adherents, frequently urged to make his escape out of the country, more than once visited, it is said, by messengers from the Emperor, promising to procure him a safe-guard to Vienna ; he lingered in the same uncertainty of mind : till, towards the end of January, a traitor of the name of Donay, once his intimate friend, bribed by the French, betrayed the place of his retreat. He had been warned of the possibility of this, but postponed his change of hiding place, and on the 20*th* of January he was surrounded in the châlet by a large force, taken prisoner without resistance, and conveyed with his wife, son, and daughter—amidst the exultation of the French and Bavarian soldiery, and the tears of the Tyrolese, numbers of whom pressed forward when opportunity offered to kiss his hand or his raiment,—to Botzen. Here he was kindly received by General d' Hilliers, and soon after sent off with a strong escort to Mantua ; taking a last farewell of his wife and children. His appearance was much altered, owing to the hardships he had undergone ;

yet he maintained his cheerful demeanour, and seems never to have suspected that his life would be forfeited. He was led to the prison near the Porta Molina, where many of his countrymen were already confined. On the 19*th* a court martial was summoned to try him in the Palazzo d'Arco. A great difference of opinion existed among his judges; but a telegraphic dispatch from Milan decided his fate. He was condemned to be shot within twenty-four hours. He heard the sentence without emotion; but requested that he might be allowed the attendance of a priest.

At sun-rise the following day, a batallion of grenadiers were ordered to the great bastion near the Porta Ceresa: and thither Hofer was led from his prison, amidst the tears and lamentations of his imprisoned brethren. On being told that he was forbidden to take leave of them, he turned to his confessor, Father Maniforti, and gave him a note for five hundred florins, with the words: 'This is all I possess: divide it among my unfortunate countrymen, and tell them that I go comforted to death, and expect their prayers will attend me on my journey.'[1] On passing the threshold of his prison, he knelt down, burst into tears, and prayed fervently for an instant.

On his arrival at the place of execution, the grenadiers formed an open square, and he was placed in the midst. Commending his soul to God, he requested his confessor to inform his family of his end. Twelve soldiers now stept forward, and he was told to kneel

[1] See the volume entitled *Kriege der Tyroler Landleute im yahre* 1809, by Professor Bertholdy: by far the best and most authentic work on this subject.

down, 'No,' said he, 'I stand in the presence of Him who has created me, and standing will I give up my soul.' In the same manner he refused to allow his eyes to be bound. He then warned the commanding officer to 'aim well,' and gave him one of the small pieces of money coined during his administration, saying 'That is my last piece of money, it reminds me of my poor country even at this hour.' He then gave the word of command to fire. The first six shots were so badly aimed, that he merely sunk on one knee. Six others failed to kill him, and it was not till a thirteenth followed that he fell dead, in the forty-first year of his age. He was first buried in the church of the citadel; I need not remind the reader where he now lies. Such was the end of Hofer, and his memory will long be cherished by his countrymen, by whom he was considered as a martyr in the cause of liberty.

His wife and family were permitted to retire to Vienna, where the Emperor gave them an estate, and settled a pension on them. His only son John is at present resident in Upper Austria.

In the course of the afternoon I returned to Meran, and as evening drew on, continued my route up the valley of the Adige. After threading the low dusky line of arcades that border the main street, I turned short round the cloister of the Capuchins, and reached the gate of the town. I have said that the vale of the Adige formed a right angle in the vicinity of Meran, and having the upper portion in view, my course was now accordingly directed to the westward. A good high road runs up the vale, and both traverses and com-

mands, during the first league, a splendid and varied scene of south alpine beauty. From the vicinity of the hamlet of Parts in particularly the view is magnificent. From a steep slope, covered with picturesque cottages and luxuriant vines, whose foliage and fruit often formed a thick roof to the road over which they are carried upon espaliers; the eye of the spectator looks down upon the angle of the vale of the Adige, its wilderness of vineyard and pretty town; on every side rise broken and verdant hills, thickly sprinkled towards the foot of the higher and peaked mountains which impend over all, with cottages, villas, and fruit trees. The sides of the chain to the north of Meran, display a considerable number of ancient seats and castles, and among these the old dilapidated castle of Tyrol, which, belonging in ancient times to the Counts of Meran, has ultimately bequeathed its name to the whole of this portion of the Alps.

The mountains are wooded to a very considerable height, particularly those on the right bank of the river, separating the valley of the Adige from the Urbenthal. Advancing half a league further, this beautiful scene however, becomes totally hidden; and, as the traveller ascends, he finds himself suddenly introduced into a savage hollow between the slopes of the mountains, admitting of no cultivation, and threaded by the foaming stream. From thence to Naturns, the valley varies much in breadth, and in feature. In the distance, the eastermost portion of the chain of the Ortler presents itself; and the sun had sunk below it, before I reached the village where I proposed halting for the night.

August 14*th*. The grey of the morning was steal-

ing over the vale, as I made the best of my way out of the village of Naturns where I had passed the night, and before noon, I had ascended the valley by the way of Latsch, to the small town of Schlanders. I cannot say, that the scenery of the higher part of the valley is in general striking. One or two pretty points there are: and among these I may mention the immediate neighbourhood of Gastenbell and Latsch. Schlanders is situated on a fine fertile oasis, near the foot of the northern chain. From thence the road passes for a league over a fan-formed tract of country, composed of the depositions of an unruly torrent coming out of the narrow Lizerthal, and afterwards descends towards the village of Laas. Here the eye obtains the view of a small portion of the glaciers in the chain of the Ortler, through a precipitous and narrow rift cutting the façade of the mountains to the south of the village: and also commands the whole of the remaining portion of the valley to the westward in the direction of Glurns, forming a kind of basin principally occupied by marshes. The ordinary term for the upper vale of the Etsch or Adige, is the Vintschgau. I proceeded along the base of the hills through the village of Eyrs to the bridge of Spandinig and the newly constructed road, which traverses the Adige and the flats, to effect a junction with the great military road over the Monte Stelvio; and by turning my face towards the latter, I renounced a visit to Glurns, in favour of the Ortler and his neighbours. The weather had been lowering, though fair, and I was not without my doubts as to the success of my project. I took up my night-quarters in a comfortable inn, in the village of Prad, at the foot of the mountains, and

near the entrance of the ravine leading up to Drofui. During the course of my walk across the level, I gained a glimpse of the little town of Glurns at a short distance, and the mountain sides surrounding me, were in general interesting from the number of hamlets upon them:—Lichtenberg, Agums, Stilfs, and many of inferior note among the number.

Of the village which gave me shelter for the night I have but little to say. Seated on a bench before the rural inn, I rested from my journey, listened to the soothing chime of the bells sounding in the environs, and saw the sun set gloriously over the mountains, spreading for the space of half an hour a flush of the deepest crimson over the heavens. We will not forget that to-morrow night we shall no longer rest within the boundaries of the Tyrol, and that if the reader will learn the fate of others of her children, in addition to that of her former Chief, there is no hour more fitting than the present.

We have followed the brave and devoted Hofer to capture and death; let us inquire into the fate of Speckbacher, and the Capuchin, Joachim Haspinger.

The latter had found reason to believe that the news of the peace, as it was first noised abroad, was authentic, and had recommended a suspension of hostilities, even after Kolb's forgeries had gained the belief of other chiefs, and of the peasantry in general. The consequence was, that he became suspected by the latter, of being a turn-coat, and various impediments were opposed to his escaping over the frontiers. He put no confidence in the information conveyed to him of a general amnesty. At length he found means to escape over the Swiss fron-

tier into the Münsterthal; but having learned that it was not improbable that he might be seized even there, he was constrained to return in deep snow, and surrounded by danger, into the Tyrol, where he lay hid among faithful friends for nine months, changing his hiding-place as necessity dictated. In August, 1810, he repaired in the monkish habit to the abbey of Einsiedeln, in Switzerland, thence by way of the Grisons to the lake of Como, and through the Veronese and Friuli, to Carinthia: reaching Vienna finally on All Saints' day in the same year.

Speckbacher had arrived shortly before him, but a far deeper measure of bitter suffering had been awarded to that brave man in the interval.

Upon the first official announcement of the treaty of peace having been fully ratified between the Emperor and Napoleon, Speckbacher, in obedience to the proclamation, had laid down his arms and disbanded his companions.[1] He then retired to his family, who had taken refuge at Stallsins, a hamlet in the mountains; intending to keep quiet till such time as the news of the peace should be fully confirmed. He refused the proposals made to him by the French General Siebain to hold a conference with him, as compliance might make him suspected by his countrymen. But he too fell into the snare laid for the unhappy Tyrolese by the misguided Kolb. He received a letter from Hofer, stating the belief of that chief that the report of the official news of

[1] In the following narration, the writer follows the account given by Professor Bertholdy in his work on the Tyrol war; the veracity of the facts having been confirmed to him at Hall in the month of May, by Speckbacher's widow and children.

the peace which had come to them, as though from Vienna, had been forged; and calling upon him to rise and renew the war without delay. Speckbacher obeyed: and instantly took measures to reassemble his comrades on both sides of the Inn. It had but just become known to the Bavarians that he was again in arms, when the peace was fully confirmed, and he had again to fly into concealment. This was about the middle of November. The instant his disappearance was observed, the Bavarians took every measure possible to effect his apprehension. A price was set upon the capture of the *Feuer-teufel:* descriptions of his personal appearance, and even wood-cuts pourtraying his features, were distributed far and wide: and the consequence was, that for several months, the hunt after him was kept up in the neighbouring mountains, day and night, without intermission. The forests, the châlets, and the caverns of the rocks were repeatedly searched by various parties.

Speckbacher fled in the first instance in company of thirteen of his companions, and wandered without much intermission from one châlet to another. He made with them more than one fruitless attempt to escape over into the Pusterthal, but was unable to accomplish it, on account of the snows. At Christmas he lay in the village of Dux, in the heart of the mountains: and here took leave of his companions, whom he could no longer feed. One of their number, of the name of Holzer, was subsequently tempted by the proffered bribes of the Bavarians to deliver him into their power, and left no means untried to effect his treasonable purpose. Speckbacher's place of retreat in Dux was imme-

diately discovered, and he had to fly from alp to alp, higher and higher in the country, till at length, he was above the ordinary region of the forests. For the space of twenty-seven days he was chased from mountain to mountain, and more than once, was only saved from capture by astonishing presence of mind. The difficulty of obtaining food was so great that on one occasion he was four entire days without nourishment. Yet he bore up amidst famine, fatigue, cold, and hourly peril. During the course of these adventures he one day unexpectedly met with his wife and family, wandering houseless in the forests, having been obliged to quit their place of retreat on the Tulferberg, lest they should have been taken as hostages for the father's appearance. He descended with them to the village of Volderberg, where they remained sometime concealed together. But the reward upon his apprehension having been raised to 700 florins, the activity of the search was rekindled, and he had again to leave them. He was menaced on every hand with capture: and now driven almost to despair, oppressed by solitude, pain, and hunger; surrounded by the snows, without shelter from the alpine storms of this inclement season, and hunted from the vicinity of man, he resolved to betake himself to a hiding-place upon which he had fixed some months before, in case of being driven to extremity. This was a cavern upon the Gemshaken, one of the most precipitous and savage rocks in these mountains. The chamois sometimes resort to it for shelter in tempestuous weather. He had conveyed into it, with the aid of a faithful domestic, a certain quantity of provisions and arms. It was justly

considered almost inaccessible, particularly at this season; and in a tempestuous snowy night, when the drifting wind obliterated his foot marks, and rendered pursuit impossible, the weary and lonely fugitive repaired to this place of retreat.

There was but one way of approaching the mouth of the cavern. This he determined to defend: and lest he should be surprised in slumber, contrived to place a carbine in such a position, that whoever attempted to pass on the narrow pathway would infallibly discharge it, and thereby give him timely warning. In this awful solitude he remained during the depth of winter, collecting wood by night, and cooking his food with the greatest circumspection, lest the smoke of his fire should betray him. He was suffering from the wounds he had received at the defeat at Melek, which his subsequent fatigues had not allowed to close: but he had not even yet reached the climax of his suffering.

Towards the commencement of March the snow began to melt. On the 14*th* a snow avalanche descended the mountain, and overwhelming him, tore him downwards with it for half a league. By this fearful accident he dislocated his hip, and found himself totally unable to climb again to his cavern. He now felt that he could no longer exist without the help of his fellow-creatures, and thought in his despair that it was better to fall into the hands of his pursuers, than to die here a lingering death, in solitude, anguish and famine. He collected his remaining strength and dragged himself down the mountain for seven miles, to the same cottage in the village of Volderberg, in which his family had been secreted some time before. He reached it at ten o'clock

at night, after having been seven hours on the road. His friend received him, and a discreet and friendly surgeon was sent for, who came and reduced the dislocation. By the time this was effected the day had dawned, and he had therefore to lie quiet during the whole of the 15th. Longer concealment was here impossible. Therefore, when night had fully set in, Spielthenner the surgeon, and the master of the cottage set off with him; and carried him on their shoulders alternately over the most unfrequented byepaths for the distance of six miles, often wading with him through deep snow-drifts, to Rinn, and laid him carefully down under the shelter of his own stable, which as we have elsewhere related, is situated in a clump of trees, at some distance from the dwelling-house. Here he lay till four in the morning, at which hour his faithful valet, George Zoppel, coming as usual to fodder the cattle, found his master lying in the position described. How to conceal him was now the question. He straightway dug a hole in the interior of the stable, under the straw of the cattle, just spacious enough in length and breadth to admit the body of his master in a recumbent position, and immediately laid him within it, and covered him over with straw and manure to the height of half a foot; leaving a small hole for respiration under the belly of one of the cattle. From this night, to the 2*nd* of May following, a period of seven weeks, lay Speckbacher in this hole, as though buried alive—without the possibility of changing his position or apparel: and was fed by his domestic with milk, bread, and eggs. During this whole interval, the Bavarians were quartered in the dwelling-house at a short distance,

and so necessary was it to keep silence, that George Zoppel did not, during this whole period, venture to inform Speckbacher's faithful wife, who was now living with her children in the house, that her husband was so near her; lest her anxiety whenever the Bavarians were seen entering the stable, which they constantly did—might betray the important secret. As it was, he had many narrow escapes from discovery. On one occasion, an officer instituted a search in the stable for concealed arms, and pursued the quest so near to the hole in which the wounded man lay, that the latter could have seized him by the foot. Towards the close of his captivity, his position became nearly insupportable, from the damp, bad air, and uncleanliness that unavoidably surrounded him. His very clothes fell piece-meal from his body. One advantage, however, which resulted from this state of 'durance vile,' besides that of safety, was, that his hip became perfectly sound again.

On the second of May, he raised himself from his bed, in order to seek liberty by escaping into Austria. Till the 5th, he however remained in the stable, his nervous system being dreadfully enfeebled from his long confinement. He then caused his wife to be led to him. When she heard how long he had been in her immediate neighbourhood, and what he had suffered, she wept aloud, and could hardly be pacified. She loaded him with provisions, and accompanied him some few furlongs on his way. To avoid being seen, was now Speckbacher's great anxiety, and he accordingly avoided every human dwelling. He held his course over the highest Alps of the Volder, and Wattenthals, to Dux; from thence over the

mountains to the Zillerthal, passing the bridge on the river Zell by night, where the Bavarian guard were asleep by their watch-fire. He continued his course to the east, and passed into the Pinzgau. His weakness forbad his making forced marches; but yet he had little rest, for when he lay down, the cold was so great on these elevated ridges, that he was soon obliged to put himself in motion again. It was not till the tenth day that he met with a human being. He had never shunned danger in battle; but the thought of a disgraceful death from the hand of the executioner. haunted him day and night, and was fearfully terrible to him.

By the guidance of Providence, he continued his journey without further danger from his enemies, and finally, traversing the Styrian Alps reached Vienna in safety. The following year he was visited by his wife. The reader will have understood that upon the return of the Tyrol to the dominion of Austria, Speckbacher came back to his native valley to pass the remainder of his days. He never, however, recovered the robust health he formerly enjoyed, his sufferings had broken his constitution, and he died, as has been already mentioned, in 1820.

With the chronicle of these adventures, I close my brief and hasty sketches of this remarkable epoch in the history of the Tyrol. If the reader has felt that his interest and sympathy has been excited or increased towards the Tyrolese, my end will be attained, and I shall feel assured that he pardons the guile of which I avow myself guilty, in attempting to add interest to my own personal narrative, by linking with it in some measure the recollection of a brave and suffering

people, and the memory of their deeds. I cannot but regret to add, that the present state of the Tyrolese is far from that which every generous mind could wish; and Austria will one day reap the bitter fruits of her narrow and ungrateful policy, towards the bravest and most devoted of her children. Her conduct during the war of 1809 was indefensible, in instigating them repeatedly to stand in the breach against an overwhelming force, which she herself had not the strength to confront; leaving them finally to extricate themselves from the effects of their imprudence, and at the mercy of their enemies. And her conduct at this day is yet more reprehensible; when, forgetful of the past, she treats the inhabitants of these vallies rather as the trophies of a recent conquest, than as those who have shed their blood, century after century, for the House of Habsburg, and honourably and victoriously upheld its banner, at a time when it was soiled and trampled on in every other corner of her dominions. But it is with nations as with individuals, and the most devoted affection may be eradicated from the bosom of a whole people by ingratitude.

The Great Ortler-spitz ranks as the third summit in the chain of the European Alps, having an elevation of 14,466 feet over the Mediterranean. It rises from an extensive range of high glaciers, but is not to be viewed with advantage from the vallies at its foot, as their extreme narrowness prevents the spectator gaining such a point of view, as would give the mountain the full advantage of its great height.

The first ascent of this colossal mountain took place in the year 1804. The Archduke John of Austria had authorized Dr. Gebhard, a gentleman devoted to scientific pursuits, to pass into this corner of the Tyrol, and procure such information as might determine the question of the summit being accessible or not. Accordingly, in the summer of the aforementioned year, he came into the Vintschgau, and examined all the vallies descending from the flanks of the mountains. But insurmountable difficulties seemed to oppose themselves to the project; and though a reward was offered to any one who could gain the summit, no one was found sufficiently hardy to effect the enterprize. Dr. Gebhard seems to have despaired of success, when suddenly a chamois hunter of the name of Pichler, a native of the Passeyrthal offered himself for the service. His known character as a fearless and skilful hunter obtained him the assistance of two peasants of the Zillerthal; and on the 27th of September he set off from Drofui. Between ten and eleven o'clock, A. M. they reached the highest point. The difficulty of breathing was so great, that they were only able to make a halt of five minutes; but they made use of this short interval to observe the barometer. At eight in the evening they were again in Drofui. Fatigue had almost deprived them of the power of speech; for they had been seventeen hours incessantly in motion, over rock, snow, and ice, and often in the most appalling danger. The two barometers, on the summit, tallied exactly; and corresponding observations were made at Mals. Pichler is still living, and is described to be in his movements, more like a goat than a human being. From

fifty to sixty chamois, in the course of the summer, are his usual spoil.

The Great Ortler was ascended from the Suldnerthal, three several times, by Dr. Gebhard in person, in the course of the following summer. It is much more accessible from that flank. Its geological formation is a dark grey limestone.

Threatening as the weather had been for some days, I was yet to be favoured; and while I was quickly working my way up the narrow vale, down which a foaming stream descends from these mighty glaciers, I was cheered by seeing the gradual dispersion of the mist that had clothed all objects for some hours after sunrise; and by the time I reached the little chapelry and village of Drofui, but little lingered upon the mountains below me, and none upon the broad glistening waste of glaciers rising from the head of the valley.

The ravine up which I had advanced forms the only approach to the base of these glaciers from the northward, though it has two distinct heads, separated by buttresses of the Ortler: the westernmost that of Drofui, and the easternmost that of Sulden. Had my time permitted, I should have been glad to visit the latter. The great glacier descending into it, is recorded to have suddenly made an advance, of nearly five miles, in the course of the year 1823; and to be now gradually retiring.

Beyond Drofui the head of the valley opens into a kind of basin, overhung by impending glaciers; the Ortler-spitz rises to the left, and before you lies the long waste of ice and snow, stretching between the latter

and the Madatsch-spitz, a singular black mass of rock, starting abruptly from the breast of the snowy mountain, directly over the further end of the valley. Extensive glaciers descend on either side of it toward the base. The acclivities are partially covered with larch forest, and furrowed by immense earth-slides. You are too much under the Ortler to see it with advantage.

In these elevated vallies, lying under the shadow of the huge mountains to the southward, spring makes its appearance at a very advanced period of the year. At that cheering and delicious season, when the face of nature appears to smile under the influence of genial suns and fruitful showers in the lower and more favoured portions of these regions, and upon the vast plains at their feet,—the gales of winter are still moaning in these awful solitudes. And, while other lands put on their fresh covering of verdure, a fearful contrast is afforded by the broad work of desolation, which here heralds the close of winter. There is no early verdure—no cheerful song of birds ; but the frequent avalanche, the bursting and encroaching glacier, and the fall of rocks, are the tokens of the sun's return.

The great military road over the Stilfser-joch or Monte Stelvio, now turns to the right, up the north side of a ravine, descending from the westward, and opposite to an enormous and precipitous pile of rock, forming the shoulder of the Madatsch-berg. After clearing the first angle of the mountain by following its windings, you arrive at a small inn, from whence the eye commands the depth and termination of the ravine before you, and the whole course of this astonishing route to the summit of the ridge, in a series of interminable zigzags

lessening in the perspective. The sun was getting to its full power, and as I surmounted turn after turn, I felt that some fatigue would be incurred before I stood on the boundary between the Tyrol and the Tale Tellina. The forests ceased with the valley of Drofui, but to them succeed slopes, covered with a vegetation of such brilliancy and beauty, that I could not but be amused. Many rare plants found only upon the southern Alps, crowd the sod at the side of the road.

Long, however, before the five miles at which the ascent is calculated had been surmounted, the herbage grew thinner, and at length ceased altogether, giving place to rock and shale which returned the hot sun-beams with interest. The greater portion of the last league presented a singular and astonishing example of human labour. Half the width of road is for the most part covered in by strongly constructed wooden galleries, with roofs and supports sufficiently massive to resist the pressure of descending avalanches, to which this slope is very subject. This need not be wondered at, when the great height of this ridge over which this great undertaking is carried is recollected. The glaciers descending from the flanks of the Madatsch-berg, had long been under my feet, and when breathless and exhausted, I stood upon the highest point, I seemed nearly upon the same level as the waste of glaciers from which the principal summits are seen to arise. They almost may be said to border the route. The extreme height of the pass is 9091 feet above the level of the sea, and consequently the road over the Monte Stelvio is by far the most elevated in Europe. It has been but recently constructed at

an enormous expense by the Austrian government, to enable the troops of that power to pass from the heart of Germany into the Milanese, without infringing upon the territories of any neutral power. The Swiss have long and nobly resisted the cession of the neighbouring Monte Brauglio to facilitate the purpose.

As the ridge is computed to rise nearly 800 feet above the snow line, the road is scarcely practicable for troops or heavy stores for longer than a period of eight weeks in the height of summer. It is not the most picturesque of the Passes of the Alps, but certainly one of the most singular. The engineer was an Italian of the name of Donegani. From this point the Ortler is seen to much greater advantage, rising directly opposite, with a roundish summit to a vast height. Yet I cannot but own that I was disappointed. The whole form and colour of the rocks of these mountains is far from being picturesque, and they conveyed to my mind an impression at the time, of forming so many enormous piles of cinders half covered with snow. Light fleecy clouds were in motion over this and the other elevated summits, sailing majestically along, till they reached the highest ridges, when they flew with increased velocity, which showed there must be strong wind playing around them. The finest point of view for the Great Ortler, is probably the passage at the head of the Vintschgaw, between Glurns and Nauders.

But here we must bid adieu to the Tyrol, and it is not without regret that the Pedestrian deos so: for it is a beautiful land, and noble and elevated recollections are associated with its name and scenery.

CHAPTER IX.

> 'The mountains of this glorious land
> Are conscious beings to mine eye,
> When at the break of day they stand
> Like giants, looking through the sky,
> To hail the sun's unrisen car,
> That gilds their diadems of snow,
> While one by one, as star by star
> Their peaks in ether glow.'

FROM the summit of the Monte Stelvio, the traveller descends by a zigzag road to a small inn and guard-house, situated at the junction of the mule-path from the Monte Brauglio with the main route. The latter is seen winding down into the narrow ravine of the Wormserloch; beyond which it is continued to the villages of Worms, Chiavenna, and the head of the Lake of Como. The whole of this line of route had originally had a place in my projected ramble, but at this moment I turned my back upon it without a struggle, having for the first time in my life reason to say, that I had sufficiently indulged in solitude and solitary wandering, and I now longed after the hour when I should see a friend's face, and hear a friend's voice. By turning to the right, and gaining the head of the Monte Brauglio, which lies about one thousand feet lower than the ridge of the Stelvio, I crossed the boundary of Switzerland, not without some feeling of ex-

ultation; and after two hours' extremely rugged descent, I gained the level of the pretty vale of Taufers or Münsterthal, near the village of St. Maria. An hour's rest under the shade of the larch forest skirting the foot of the mountains, gave me the humour to add a few miles to my day's journey, and to attempt to reach a village higher up the valley, called Fuldera.

The ordinary route from the Tyrol into this retired corner of Switzerland, is from the town of Glurns situated at the junction of the river Rom with the Adige. The Münsterthal, and the long vale of the Engadine, are the only two [illegible]es claimed by the Confederation on the eastern flanks [illegible] the Rhetian Alps. Both are attached to the Grisons. The village of St. Maria was in a very great bustle, it being the Saint's birthday; and I made the best of my way through the press, finding myself as much the object of curiosity as though I had fallen from the stars; and taking a foot-path running through the meadows, proceeded up the valley. At Fuldera I put up at a very poor house of entertainment, kept by a very decent looking woman, dressed in that sober costume by which the reformed in the Engadine and its adjacent vallies, are outwardly distinguished. The major part of the inhabitants of the Münsterthal are of this persuasion, and speak all the Romane language. On hearing this, I was somewhat surprised in recollecting the scene of truly Roman Catholic festivity I had observed in the last village of St. Maria, the more so, as I learned that the inhabitants were there also, soi-disant reformed. Though my hostess was far from communicative, I contrived to get at the bottom of the matter, and while I am awaiting the result

of certain operations carried on in the kitchen in my behalf, I may entertain my reader with a few words concerning the Madonna at Santa Maria.

This worshipful and wonder-working image of the blessed virgin had held court in the church of the said village from time immemorial, and enjoyed much reputation not only among the ancient inhabitants of this vale, but also among the dwellers on the opposite slope of the Alps and the Val Telline, not to speak of the neighbouring Tyrol. Nevertheless the day came, when a great number of dwellers in the said Münsterthal changed their faith in common with their neighbours of the Engadine; and, what is the most to our purpose, the bulk of the burgers of St. Maria were not steeled to conviction, but burst the superstitious bond which had bound them to the pope and the goddess upon the high altar of their church. Yet the number of Catholics that had a voice in church matters was sufficiently numerous to demand a compromise. Accordingly, the following agreement was solemnly entered into, between the reformists and their Roman Catholic brethren. That the church should be the common place of worship for both parties, retaining its original interior arrangement and garniture, its high altar and madonna, as long as any of the descendants of the then contracting parties should inhabit their native village, and profess Catholicism. But that as soon as these had died out, the church should be in all respects protestantized, the madonna obliged to take her leave, and the symbols of the Romish worship abolished, without regard to the number of Catholics residing in or near St. Maria, not having a claim in the property of the church.

Years passed silently forward, generation succeeded generation; and catholicism gradually ceased to be the doctrine professed by the descendants of one of the contracting parties; yet the madonna continued to be in high repute among the strangers, the Tyrolese and Italians sojourning among them, and the Saint's day was celebrated with becoming bustle and licence. But now comes the rub—the moment anticipated has arrived; all the proprietors of the church are protestant, and the madonna has been civilly desired to choose another home, and to tramp forth. To this however a stern negative has been returned; and as her abettors in this act of faithless contumacy are numerous, and have powerful allies both to the east and south, appeal has been made to the court of judicature at Coire to send commissioners to settle the business. It seems that the said court opines, that the prosecution of the matter would involve some disagreeable consequences, and therefore delay, from year to year, to bring the matter to a decision. The reader must not, however, suppose, that in the meantime the good protestants of the Münsterthal hide their heads with grief and shame, during the celebration of vanity-fair. On the contrary, they argue, that 'what cannot be cured, must be endured;' and that it would be showing a want of brotherly feeling, not to participate in the rejoicings of their neighbours, albeit that they were better laid aside. And I assure you, that as far as fraternity and liberality of feeling can be cemented by wine and strong drink, it stood a marvellously good chance at St. Maria; for both protestant and catholic were as busy tippling, as warm weather and warm hearts could make them. The

borders of the fields of rye in the neighbourhood were sprinkled with the bodies of many of both classes, a piece of intelligence which I acquired from the lips of a decent kind of man whom I overtook between the villages, and whose company I kept till I found that he was not only a protestant and a sugar-baker, but also exceedingly tipsy himself.

The evening closed in with portentous darkness. The thunder roaring among the mountains, and rain beating against my window, kept me long awake in the middle of the night, and the dawn of the coming day broke late, and with a boding glare, upon the dark forests on the mountain sides. The summits were clothed in lead-coloured mists. Between me and Zernetz in the Engadine, lay the pass of the Buffalora, and the Val del Forno, a long, deeply forested and savage tract, famed in these countries for the number of bears still existing in its recesses. I had to pass it alone, and knew moreover that the weather would in all probability be such as to demand all my strength of body and elasticity of spirit; in denying myself therefore much indulgence in story listening, I consulted my ultimate comfort rather than my present curiosity. If you are willing to hear, the peasants are willing enough to tell many a startling story of rencontres and encounters, with this unwieldy yet powerful savage. But to my journey.

I quitted Fuldera without breaking my fast, as the moment of fair weather with which the day commenced was not to be neglected; and advancing swiftly over the wet sod, soon gained the highest village of Tschirfs. Here it was not till after a considerable delay, that I contrived to secure the portion of nourishment that was

needed. I retain a grateful sense of the hospitable kindness with which, having been rebuffed by a cross-grained elderly deaf woman, I was welcomed, listened to, and well fed by the younger females of a family, whom I found occupying a small chamber, to the number of six or seven, and busily occupied in preparing a set of mourning suits for some afflicted household in their neighbourhood. God bless them for it;—and another neighbour of theirs, who, seeing me about to direct myself towards the Buffalora, opened his door, and said it was a wild road, and I should be the better for a good morning *schnaps* to keep the heart up and the wet out. Though I did not accept his offer, his kindness warmed my heart quite as much as the fiery *schnaps* would have done. Once fairly in motion, I was myself surprised at the rapidity with which the vale vanished below me, as I climbed the broken ridge at the head of the valley. But there was good reason to take time by the forelock. Thunder-clouds were closing over the mountains, and I was not aware that I should see a house for five hours to come. The ridge was soon crossed, being neither very high, (7000 feet) nor difficult of access, and then came the long descending footway, which, after traversing a small open plain, entered into those sombre fir forests, of whose inhabitants I have already spoken.

Bears there may be, and bears there were in all probability, but I had no time to think much of them. A dashing pace carried me deep into these gloomy forests, and deeper and deeper into the ravine which stretched out before me, whose closing perspective, was shut in by the flanks of the mountains. The stunted growth of

the trees generally allowed me a limited view, and one still wider was obtained whenever my path led me to one of those open pastures with which the forests were intermingled. Meanwhile instead of advancing, the day seemed to be closing : the short-lived sun-beams, which had crawled across the mountain sides as I left my night quarters, had long been quenched in thick vapour; and layer after layer seemed to be added to the curtain spread over my head. A low, indistinct moan of distant thunder had for some time, never ceased to fill the air, as, rolling down the higher ravines, its echoes were borne far from the actual scene of its production. Heavy drops of rain fell from time to time, but in no quantity; one moment, sullenly pattering upon the thickly crowded needles of the forest, and then, as suddenly withheld. The lower part of the country however soon took that appearance which could not be mistaken, as prognosticating a speedy advance of the tempest to this quarter of the mountains. A dull white haze hung down from the regular line and level of the mists, to the very depth of the valley, and frequent red glimmerings shone through the cloudy curtain, while the thunder became more distinct with the lapse of every minute. My progress down the vale was likely to bring me sooner within the scope of the coming storm, yet naturally enough the rate of that progress was rather increased than retarded. Just as the rain began to sound among the rocks and trees in my immediate vicinity, I espied before me, at a short distance, a building of some description on the verge of one of the aforementioned meadows, surrounded by the forest, and hastening

forward, I gained it just as a minute's exposure to the falling torrent, had made shelter of any kind welcome. But what a shelter! I crept through the broken wall of the shattered ruin, and cast a disappointed eye upward towards the descending torrents, from which I saw no protection, as no vestige of the roof remained. The state of the walls was such, as to threaten me with a grave every time that the deep red thunderbolt which now flashed on every side, was followed by the peal of crashing thunder. The opening to the cellars it is true, yawned at my feet, and by leaping down, I might have been in shelter from the rain, but the idea of a downfall of the old building, and the crush or incarceration consequent upon it, prevented me. I accordingly posted myself in the only angle of the building which bore any marks of solidity, and half crouched in a sunken embrasure, deprecated the torrents, which poured through the roofless opening on to the heap of matted rubbish and weeds in the interior, thus remaining motionless for the next half hour, during which the thunder-storm seemed to spend its fury. After this pause, preferring a reasonable wetting to the tenure of my insecure and comfortless place of retreat, I quitted its portal, and continued my way. Three quarters of an hour's further and continued descent brought me unexpectedly to a small farm called Ofen, and thence, refreshed by a basin of soup and flask of wine, I continued my course. A long, wearisome, and protracted march, up and down the flanks of the mountains, through what should be a strangely romantic country, brought me eventually, some time about the middle of the day, in sight of the Engádine, and in another hour's time I

arrived at Zernetz. Here I had intended to take up my quarters; but the bad weather had put a spur to my motion, and I resolved to make good my advance towards the foot of the Albula, which I wished if possible to traverse on the morrow. To this I was further tempted, by a passing sun-beam in the first place, the wretched inns in Zernetz in the second, the snapping of the dogs (upon one or two I this time executed vengeance) in the third, the rudeness of the inhabitants in the fourth, and my constitutional obstinacy in the fifth. Accordingly I lost no great portion of my time, but following the road with which the perusal of these memoirs has already made the reader acquainted, I commenced my ascent from Zernetz, towards the Upper Engadine. A loud clap of thunder which burst from this part of the country just as I left the village, was a bad omen: for I had no sooner cleared the cultivated grounds and advanced up the bare, uninhabited, and shelterless tract between that place and the next village Cinuscel, than the thunder-gust driving down the vale, poured a torrent of hail, sleet, and rain in my face. Deep red lightning and echoing peals of thunder were added to this. The storm continued to rage with unabated fury for the better part of an hour, and even then though the thunder ceased, the cold rain continued to descend in torrents, accompanied by a piercing wind, till my clothing was thoroughly soaked, and my teeth chattered in my head with the chilliness, which, in spite of continued motion I was not able to ward off. In this manner I passed Cinuscel and Capella, not turning aside, because I saw no wisdom in sitting a long evening in my wet clothes, and hoping for a fair interval before sun-set, when

continued exercise would do something towards giving me a drier back, and much towards averting bad consequences. Nor was I altogether disappointed; for it grew gradually clearer to the westward, and, before I reached the village of Scanf, the blue sky began to appear in that quarter, and the rain ceased. I passed swiftly forward to the next in succession, and finally came to a halt at a small inn in the centre of the village of Zuz. I found it crowded with a motley assemblage of travellers, all apparently of the country, as the Ladin was the language mostly current amongst them. I was shown into a villainous low dark little hole, with two beds in it, up which I climbed, by a stair like the ladder to a hen-roost; and having made what slight change I was able in my apparel, returned to the common room, the animal warmth of which was far from being unwelcome. After my frugal supper, I saw one or other of the parties around me disappear, as each withdrew to his hiding-place, and shortly after made a motion to follow.

The good woman of the house seemed to have conceived more favourable ideas of my quality than upon my first appearance, and whispered to me, that I should be conducted to a better sleeping apartment than that to which I had originally been introduced. I own I was indifferent about the matter, but first diving into the dark hole, and groping for my goods and chattels, during which operation I found that both beds were already tenanted, I followed her. I was ushered into a decent apartment for size, with a floor swimming with water, it having been newly splashed or washed,

and was filled by an atmosphere so thick and damp, that the candle burnt as though in a mist.

Now I forewarn my reader, that there is truth in the old adage that necessity is a hard task-master, and that now and then, supposing that he travels much and is contented to take things as he finds them, he may find himself in truly singular and ludicrous situations. I was here in a part of the country where there are few travellers, and the majority of these, natives of the country; probably such as had pretensions to more refined and delicate feeling, had never thrown the simple ideas of the host and hostess into confusion, by objecting to arrangements which had never before given offence. And I knew sufficient of the domestic arrangements of the people, not to be surprized at the discovery I made when left to myself.

A glance round the chamber showed me that it contained three beds, placed in as many corners: two were already occupied. Out of one protruded the head of an elderly man, and, if my judgment was not obscured, out of the other the bandaged night-gear of a woman. If doubt had existed, it was speedily dissipated by the husband breaking silence, and commencing a parley, which was soon imitated by his helpmate with such life and vivacity, that, wet, cold, and ill-humoured, as I may be supposed to have been, I could not help laughing, when stowing myself under the huge bag of feathers, I was every instant obliged to open my mouth to respond to the one or the other. At length I was tired out, and, by extinguishing the lamp, and bidding the wife a good night,—the man had

already been silent, and upon the verge of a snore, for a minute or two,—I put a civil end to the colloquy, and composed myself to rest: as to sleep, that was out of the question.

But, kept awake, my unwonted position condemned me to be witness to such constant snarling, grunting, and snorting, on the part of the man;—and sighing, wheezing, complaining, and general uneasiness, on the part of the woman, as alternately excited my smiles, wrath, and commiseration. Both must have been ill at ease; and I am sure I was. While the husband snored and grunted in his corner with a violence that was provokingly ridiculous; the wife, sitting up in bed, and continually shifting her position, rung a change every quarter of an hour, upon the ejaculations,—'Ah! Ah! He! What a cramp!—Holy Maria! Here comes a spasm. Ow, wow, wow! Jacob, Jacob!—Jacob, art thou asleep?' But her sorrows elicited no sympathetic exclamation from her partner, who continued to snore a deep, thorough-base accompaniment, to her plaintive and varied recitative.

Such being the dolorous duetto, by which my wakeful hours were soothed, it may well be believed that early on the morrow,

August 17th, I rose, quitted the uncomfortable bed, and the society to which its occupation had condemned me; and taking the road towards Pont, was glad to perceive some signs of a favourable day. Such I had every reason to wish for, as the passage of the Albula was a yet more serious matter than that of the Buffalora. I had soon traversed the level road to the village—crossed the Inn—found means to break

my fast, and by seven o'clock had addressed myself to my task.

The pathway to the Albula leaves the vale of the Engadine immediately behind the village, and commences the ascent of a broken ravine, partly studded with larch. This leads on to the pastures, and there I immediately became enveloped by mist, which, continuing to thicken rather than disperse, for some hours to come, prevented me from giving any account of the features distinguishing this passage. A long climb was followed by as long a descent. One portion of the mountain seems to be thickly strown with granite fragments, brought down by the avalanches which render the passage of this mountain dangerous in spring. The Albula takes its name from the rocks of gypsum near the summit. Two mountain-lakes, one many hundred feet above the other, may also be noticed. Some refreshment, procured in a small inn at the foot of the latter, gave me a fresh impetus, and I continued my descent rapidly, and was at Bergün, a considerable village, before I was aware. Thence the mule-path is carried through the rocks forming the wall of a profound and savage ravine, called the Bergünerstein, which may be compared to the celebrated Via Mala, on the road between Coire and the Splugen. Issuing from this, it winds down a wooded vale,—in which I remarked most beautiful marble lying on the surface in huge blocks,—and finally terminates in the more open valley at the village of Filisur. Now came the rain again; and I proceeded with dogged perseverance, having yet day-light sufficient, down the vale, in the first instance to the Baths

of Alvenue, and then over the shoulder of the mountain, by the village of Brienz to that of Lenz, where I fell into a known route. The country is dreary upon the whole, though studded with many large villages. The mountains, descending toward the deep ravine of Tieffenkastein, at the entrance of the Vale of Oberhalbstein are clothed with the gloomiest forests it is possible to imagine.

My passage on the following morning, from Lenz to Coire, a distance of five leagues, was entirely over known ground, and therefore I need not recapitulate. Hail-storms were driving on the mountains; but I descended to the town of Coire and valley of the Rhine in a cheering gleam of sunshine.

Letters which were here awaiting my arrival, gave me intelligence that rendered my proposed stay in this town unadvisable: and it was consequently limited to but a few hours' duration, I now proposed following the Vorder Rhine to its source, and gain the Canton of Bern, by traversing the passes of the Ober-Alp and the Susten. The gleam of sunshine with which I entered the town, was but of short continuance, for as I turned my face to the westward, a black storm had already enveloped the distant Falknis in its shroud, and was driving up the valley with great rapidity. Nevertheless, I persevered in advancing, and met with my reward, as though the Galanda to my right was quickly obscured by a tempest of rain and hail, the storm seemed checked by the counter-currents of air at the angle of the Rhine valley, and ascending the mountains, left me tolerably fair weather on the line of my route.

The village of Ems is singularly situated at the foot of a row of diminutive hillocks starting up in the midst of the tongue of level ground forming the bosom of the Rhine-valley, about a league from Coire. A few miles further you reach the bridge and castle of Reichenau situated near the entrance of the great valley to the left, watered by the conjoined streams of the Albula and Rofla, forming together what may be called the Hinter-Rhine. And here I was to quit the beaten road, which, turning to the southward, penetrates into the recesses of the Alps, and forms the connecting line with the Bernhardin and the Splugen; and in its place to take a mule-path for my guide, leading up the valley of the Vorder-Rhine to the Grison-Oberland.—The bridge of Reichenau is a bold and masterly specimen of carpentry, being bent in a single span, at the height of 80 feet above the broad and unruly surface of the conjoined streams of the two Rhines. It is about 200 feet in length. The castle is a large and well-kept country-seat. Here the level before alluded to comes to a termination, and from this point, for many leagues, the Rhine rolls through a varied, savage valley of considerable extent, choaked with irregular offsets from the high chains of either side. My road led me directly up to the village of Tamins, situated on the mountain side above the chateau of Reichenau, and then turning westward and ascending gradually higher, struck more into the mountains and further from the bed of the river. For some time after quitting the bridge, I enjoyed a fine view of the different vallies. Coire was just distinguishable in the shadow of the mountains,

in whose angle it is placed. Not far from the entrance of the diverging valley of the Hinter-Rhein, the picturesque old castellated pile of Rezuns was a prominent object, and the glistening church-towers of many villages were seen fainter and fainter in the distance, till lost in the intense blue of the mountain ranges which rose over the head of that valley. Their summits were hid in the layers of the passing storms. The hill-side upon which I was proceeding, being fully exposed to the southward, exhibited considerable fertility ; and many fine trees were scattered about the pathway. A little beyond the village of Trins, my path, which had hitherto kept me within sight of the main valley, rounded a picturesque hollow in the breast of the mountain, with a village situated on its outer edge, and then unexpectedly conducted me due north, and ushered me into a most peculiar little valley shut in by the mountains, and once, no doubt, occupied by a lake. I thus lost sight of the valley of the Rhine for at least a couple of hours, when, having passed over an indifferent tract of country and the outskirts of the village of Flims, situated at a height of at least 1500 feet above Coire, I was led again towards it by a rapid descent. The reason of this *détour* I was unable to discover. By the time I was in full view of the irregular hollow of the main valley, the sun was sinking amidst the broken clouds to the deep mountain barrier to the north west: and alternate pale green light and deep shadow were chequering a picture of singularly savage scenery. Views of this class, I believe, are characteristic of the Grisons.

I stood upon the brink of one of those tremendous

earth-slides which are frequently met with in those portions of the Alps, where the slopes of the main chains are formed of gravel, marl, sand, or any other yielding substance. The devastation caused by the operation of an unruly torrent, at the foot of a steep acclivity composed of these soft and crumbling materials, may be easily conceived; and, in consequence, the green slopes of the mountains are often seen to present deep and irregular rifts of astonishing dimensions. To the right, the bosom of the valley of the Rhine displayed another little level, extending to the junction of the Glenerthal, with the main valley near the town of Ilanz. Beyond the latter, the view was again shut in by the mountains. From Coire to Ilanz, the valley of the Rhine, savage as it is, in many respects is really magnificent, and worthy of being the cradle of one of the noblest rivers of Europe. I soon gained the level of the vale near the village of Sagens, took a foot-road, leading through the meadows to the following one of Schlöwis, of which the chateau is a pretty object; and in another half-hour entered my proposed night-quarters close to the bridge of Ilanz. To-day the goats had returned to their rest before me: in general I esteem myself fortunate if I reach my place of repose before the tinkle of their bells is heard in the village.

In this part of the country there is a strange mixture of the Catholic and Reformed religions, and you can never be certain that the next village will not differ in its belief from the one through which you are passing. The Romane continues to be very generally spoken. Ilanz is the principal town in this district of the Grisons,

and bad as the so-called high-road had been to-day, I was told that I must expect a still worse in proceeding. My inn here was the cleanest, prettiest, and most unassuming I have seen since I left merry England—God bless it. The night closed in unpropitiously, and the constant patter of rain did not promise much for the morrow.

I started at an early hour from the bridge of Ilanz in a heavy shower of rain, and entering the narrow part of the valley by a lane choaked with mud, waded forward to the best of my power. My haste was not uncalled for. I had a long day's journey before me, doubtful weather, and what was the most serious consideration, the passage of an elevated ridge at the *close* instead of at the *beginning*. For a couple of hours, my pathway led me through a low tract of brushwood, principally on the right bank of the Rhine: the only point of interest during which passage, was a fine cascade descending from the mountains at that side; and I did not issue into a more open country, till having traversed the stream once more near the hamlet of Tavanasa, I gained the vicinity of the celebrated village of Trons, whose fine aged sycamore and little chapel, formed a pretty foreground to the view of the higher portions of the valley, which are here spread out before the traveller.

In approaching Trons, the traveller must call to mind that he is in a neighbourhood rendered sacred in the eyes of the inhabitants of the Grisons, by the circumstance that it was within the shade of its ancient forests, that the liberty which they have enjoyed for so many years, first took root. It was

towards the commencement of the fifteenth century, that, wrung by the sense of the injustice and oppression which they endured from their feudal lords, by whom they were continually engaged in blood and broil, the inhabitants of these vallies determined to shake themselves loose from the state of slavery. In the month of March A.D. 1424. an assembly of deputies, elected by the peasantry took place here. They were met by such of the nobles as were not unfriendly to their cause, among whom was the Abbot of Dissentis. They are described as a venerable company of old grey-headed men, with flowing beards, sitting under the shade of a noble sycamore; and here they pledged themselves in unity, and by their common faith, to establish and preserve for their children, the free constitution upon which they then determined. This was the commencement of the celebrated Grey League, in which seventeen Romane and two German jurisdictions still participate. It was the custom, up to the close of the year 1778, to renew it by a solemn assembly every ten years, in a meadow a little to the east of Trons, under and about the identical sycamore which had sheltered the confederates. And there it still stands with its venerably distorted and cloven trunk, and green leaves, close by the pretty chapel dedicated to St. Anne, built in memory of the event.

In the year we have above mentioned the assembly was removed to Ilanz, and I believe is still held there. But there are many yet living who recollect the bands of venerable deputies descending from all parts of the mountains, clothed in the grey cloth of the country, each bearing his huge partizan or mace on his shoulder,

and his little wallet of provisions for the day. The other inhabitants of the country, encouraged by this example, formed at later periods the two leagues of Cadet and the Seven Jurisdictions, which, together with the Grey League or Maison Dieu, comprise the whole of the Grisons.

Quitting Trons, the high steeple of Sumvix became my landmark, till, passing it, I soon descried the imposing church and monastery of Dissentis in the distance; and by the simple and natural movement of placing one foot before another, I contrived to reach the village of that name early in the afternoon. On the way thither there was little of an interesting nature to detain me.

The Benedictine abbey of Dissentis is by far the most ancient and celebrated in the Rhetian alps. It was founded at the commencement of the seventh century by Sigebert, a monkish emigrant from North Britain, a fellow student of Saint Gall. He was the first to bring the knowledge of Christianity into these vallies. His successors, many of whom had more of the soldier than the abbot about them, became very powerful, and were often engaged in war with their neighbours, either as principals or as auxiliaries to the Dukes of Austria. Among other instances we may call to mind the unsuccessful display of their sacred banner against the Swiss Confederates at the Battle of Morgarten, where they lost many of their retainers.

Within a century after this event, however, we find the abbot of Dissentis among the most forward in the cause of liberty, as Peter von Pontaningen was one of the principal promoters and protectors of the Grey League of which we have just spoken; and his suc-

cessors remained from that time till the commencement of the present century, the most influential members of the same. In 1799 the French burnt the monastery and part of the village. On this occasion a library, collected during the course of nearly a thousand years, was destroyed. It has since been rebuilt, and forms a very large and spacious edifice, situated on the flank of the mountain, on the sun side of the valley.

Very little time could be spent here, as I had nearly six leagues before me if I intended reaching Andermatt, and I could discern that it was already snowing on the higher mountains. Leaving the opening into the Medelserthal to the left, I advanced over an undulating half-cultivated, but bleak tract of country, through the hamlets of Mompetavetsch, Sedrun and Ruäras, to the mouth of a small confined gorge through which the Rhine, now but a roaring mountain torrent fed by the snows, came rushing into the larger valley. A moment's pause and glance to the east, gave me a view of the valley I had ascended, retiring in long perspective, with Dissentis, Sumvix and other villages in the distance. The reader need not be surprised at a sudden feeling of neglected appetite which came across me at the sight of a number of little flat-sided, red pigs, that I met with in this portion of my progress, routing among the scattered herbage, and looking quite crisp and tasty even in their uncooked state. The truth is I was rather hungry, and knew I should be more so. Hunger is hunger, and though I was never pushed to the extremity of eating a boiled hat or a fricaseed shoe or boot, I have just sufficient experience to be certain that I could do

either or both upon certain occasions: nay, I believe that there are few things which extreme famine will not render desirable, whether it render them digestible or not. But it is time we move forward, for, though the sun is shining merrily this moment, there is a fearfully black snow-storm in the eye of the wind, and the latter sings too ominously in the twisted branches of the larch, not be heeded.

A quarter of an hour's passage through a narrow ravine, ushered me into a small and sequestered valley, lying embedded at the foot of the mountains, and apart from all the world. In this lay the little hamlet of Selva, at the foot of the passage of the so-called Ober-Alp.

After five minutes' halt at the door of the catholic priest, during which time I discussed a morsel of bread and a flask of wine, I set forward with renewed strength to the last and most arduous stage of my days' journey. I had not cleared the first acclivity and begun to turn my steps upon the higher and more broken portion of the ridge, when the bewilderment in which I was every now and then involved from the utter absence of a regular track, and the innumerable furrows worn on every side by a large herd of cattle occupying this portion of the mountain, was greatly increased by the snow storm. I had long been anxiously watching it, as it gathered and spread to the windward; and it now burst upon these mountains with uncommon violence for the season. The yellow beams of the sinking sun, which till then, had at intervals lighted up portions of the landscape, were now utterly quenched in a thick grey and cheerless atmosphere, through which a biting and furious wind drove the sleet and

snow over the surface of the mountains full in my face. Nevertheless I toiled forward, following the track which best agreed with my idea of the route, and in about half-an-hour's time from the commencement of the tempest found myself upon the highest ridge, and on the brink of the descent leading to the westward. At the same time the air began to clear, and by the time that I had descended through the soaked and spungy soil, to the brink of the little mountain lake that lies cradled in the hollow immediately below it, the wind and snow had both spent their force, and the tranquil and glassy surface of this mountain mirror was brightening with the golden hue of closing day. A disagreeable moment of doubt as to which side of the lake I should take in continuing my descent, and an awkward plunge to the depth of two or three feet in a mossy pool, ended by my providentially making choice of the safe side, and striking into the right track. I had no time to lose, and flew over the rugged and stony surface of the mountain with such earnestness and good will, that ere an hour had gone by, and the twilight had ceased to give timely light, I had reached the cultivated portion of the descent, and with the last gleam saw the alpine vale of Urseren lying at my feet. A wary descent over the pastures on the right of the torrent flowing from the Ober-Alp, which in the latter part of its course, forms a rapid of singular appearance, if I may judge from my twilight views, brought me finally to good and comfortable quarters in the great inn at Andermatt. It was with a feeling of no small exultation and thankfulness that I closed this day's journey.

Now that I had reached civilized Switzerland, and fallen into the general track of tourists, I really began to be half-ashamed of my time-worn and travel-stained equipment. A man is placed in a sad dilemma, when he begins to lose self-respect, be the cause what it may; and though of a sufficiently independent disposition, I must say I never felt half so much tempted to keep out of the way of well-dressed, and well-appointed travellers. But I came from countries where a man wearing white gloves, a starched cravat, and a quizzing glass, would be taken for a wild beast. A bright morning succeeded to the stormy evening. My primary idea had been to cross the Furca and Grimsel, and so to proceed to Meyringen: but having recollected that the line of Meyenthal and the Susten Pass would offer me a shorter cut, and perhaps enable me to reach the Oberhasli-thal this day, as well as give me the advantage of seeing the only one of the passes over the Berne Alps I had not visited; I now changed my plan and descended the Schöllenen to Wasen. Another advantage resulting from this step was the opportunity thus offered me, of seeing the new road over this portion of the pass to the Gotthard, constructed since my last visit in these parts.

Though I found the road open, many workmen were still employed upon it. The new bridge, built over the celebrated Devil's Bridge, is a bold and solid arch spanning the rocks at a much greater height, and makes the older one which is left standing, look quite diminutive. I had not descended much further when I found an unlooked-for impediment to my progress. An immense block of gneiss had

descended from the mountain above, some days before, sweeping away the entire breadth of the route beneath, together with the two last of a string of mules that happened to be passing, and falling with a thundering echo into the bed of the Reuss. Many workmen were engaged in repairing the damage, and I had little difficulty in scrambling among the broken rock above, to pass the yawning hollow.

At Göschenen the old road commences. Twenty minutes' walk lower down I reached Wasen, and turning to the left without halting, climbed up the mountain side to the opening into the Meyenthal. This forms a narrow and irregular ravine between two inferior ridges of the Alps, and has no particular features worthy of note. At the little chapelry beyond the village of Meyen, which I reached after about an hour's walk, I took my morning's refreshment with the Catholic priest, a talkative, bustling, round little man: and then continued my road towards the Susten, at the head of the vale. The route over this mountain, some years ago, had claims to be called a carriage-road; but it has been so much neglected, or rather demanded such continual repair, that of late it has lost its pretensions to that distinction. In summer no difficulty can attend the passage in good weather; but in winter, there are circumstances which render it extremely dangerous, particularly its being greatly exposed to avalanches on the side towards the canton of Uri. The main zig-zag ascent commences about an hour's walk from the chapelry, at the further limit of a small level plain lying at the foot of the snow-mountains. The passage of the higher portions I found to be sufficiently embarrasing, from the heavy

snow-drifts accumulated on the route during the preceding days' bad weather.

On the summit which forms a ridge of an elevation of about 6000 feet, stretching between the Titlis and the Sustenhorn, I found the wind blowing strongly, and all the rocks encrusted with magnificent ice chrystals of about two inches in length. My descent towards the Gadmenthal was rapid. The upper road, as far as the edge of the glacier descending from the Sustenhorn, is conducted over the rocky and bare acclivity of mountain; and the second, mostly in fine forests, whose openings are covered with a variety of plants of great beauty. But I must not move past the above-mentioned glacier without detaining my reader a little. The gradual advance and spread of this phenomenon has now quite broken up the regular route, over which it is on the point of stepping. The manner of the glacier's advance has often struck me as singular. The portions in motion are evidently not the upper layers, as might be at first sight supposed—but the lower strata of ice and snow, resting on the rock; and the consequence is, that the rock, wood, and earth in its way, are not *overwhelmed* but *subversed.* The common expression among the country-people—that the glacier 'moves with its snout in the earth,' is sufficiently just and descriptive. The mountains surrounding the Gadmenthal are among the most singular in this portion of Switzerland. Those on the left form granite ridges, and the upper portion of the vale is strewed with immense blocks, which have descended from them. Those on the right, lime-stone, rising like a broken wall of immense rocks, and soaring to the very

clouds, are nearly as bare as the dolomite ranges of Tyrol, and in many respects recalled them to my memory. A very fine *staub-lauine,* or snow-avalanche, poured over a portion of them, as I passed down in front. In the vicinity of the village of Gadmen are two or three strikingly beautiful groves of mountain sycamore.

The descent from hence to the valley of Grund and the Aar is broken, by steep acclivities, into three separate vallies—the Gadmenthal, Nesselthal, and Mühlithal. The latter deserves to rank among the most beautiful of its class. The extreme inequality of the ground adds to its beauty, and to the exquisite foreground of intermingling trees and cottages: nothing can present a more noble background than the dark mass of towering mountains which surround the deep vale of Grund, lying at the foot of the descent. With the last beams of the setting sun, streaming among the scattered oaks, and over the wide vale of Oberhasli beyond, I quickly traversed Mount Kirchet, and descended to Meyringen. I have wandered far, it is true, but I have seen nothing more enchantingly beautiful than these portions of Switzerland:—and my admiration was not weakened, by my return during the course of the following day, through some of the most glorious scenes of the Berne Oberland, to the threshold of that quiet home among the mountains, whence I had set out.

To-morrow is a day of rest.

CONCLUSION.

> 'But now a long farewell! Oft, while I live,
> If once again in England, once again
> In my own chimney-nook, as night steals on,
> With half-shut eyes reclining, oft, methinks,
> While the wind blusters, and the pelting rain
> Clatters without, shall I recal to mind
> The scenes, occurrences, I met with here'

WHAT to the weary can be a greater blessing than a day of rest!—and it was to the full enjoyment of this, that I awoke from my long and undisturbed repose, on the morning succeeding my arrival.

The sun was shining cheerfully without; and the sound of the fresh mountain-breeze playing in the leaves of the vine and fruit-trees, which trailed over the windows of my apartment, mingled with the dash of the mountain-stream behind the parsonage. There was no longer need of haste to rise and seize my staff, lest, at an hour later, the sun should have power to drain my strength. My trusty Alpenstock was resting from its labours, like its master, in the very corner to which it had been so often consigned in former years, and after former mountain rambles. My knapsack too, was empty, and suspended on its familiar peg. Like the hunted hare, I had returned to the form whence I had started · and when I now thought of all the

turnings and windings of my long and varied travel, I could scarcely believe that they were indeed passed and ended.

It was Sunday morning; the day which God has hallowed by his own repose, and bestowed as a sacred gift upon his creatures; and the simple church-yard and covered porch beyond, were already filled with the peasants of the Simmenthal, awaiting the hour of social worship. I rose and went to worship with them, for none had greater cause to carry the offering of praise to the altar of God than myself. I had often owned his preservation, and the guidance of his Providence in solitude, and I now rejoiced that I was spared to bless and give him thanks with my fellow-men.

Here then I take leave of my reader, wishing him with all my heart, the same protection and guidance if he travels, an equally gratifying return to the society from which he may have been self-exiled for a season, and moreover, attentive and indulgent auditors to the tale of his adventures. If he should possess the latter, the memory of the most bitter moment of his past pilgrimage will be linked with some gratification.

THE END.

PRINTED BY L. B. SEELEY AND SONS,
THAMES DITTON, SURREY.